THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

AUGUST 5, 1916 — 5c. THE COPY

In This Number: Harry Leon Wilson—Samuel G. Blythe—George Lee Burton Joseph Hergesheimer—Stewart Edward White—Charles E. Van Loan

Tarvia

Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust

The use of Tarvia means *better* roads and *lower* taxes

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, smooth and well-kept roads were the special pride of Old England, where they were the product of two centuries of incessant road improvement.

But those fine roads were only macadam and they were not fitted for the gruelling of automobiles.

Now, with the automobile everywhere, you find in all sections of America examples of better roads than Old England's best roads of twenty-five years ago.

Tarvia has been an important factor in this development.

Good roads now don't require generations of labor nor immense outlays from the taxpayers.

The use of Tarvia on an ordinary macadam road will make it the pride of a community; it will give comfort to all the citizens; it will be a delight to visitors;—and most important perhaps, it will result in reduced taxes.

Recently a town celebrated the completion of a Tarvia road by having a civic dance on it in the moonlight, helped by the electric lights. The road was almost as clean and resilient as a waxed floor.

Do you know what Tarvia is, and what it does? It is a special coal tar preparation peculiarly fitted for binding as well as reinforcing the surface of macadam roads.

What Tarvia does to a road is almost magical.

It makes it smooth, resilient and dustless.

Roadway at Green Lake, Wis. Constructed with "Tarvia-X", penetration method, in 1913. Note smooth, dustless surface.

It gives to the automobile a glide that makes a mile seem like a quarter. It gives to carriage riding a welcome comfort and to teaming an easier pull. It abolishes the curse of dust and the messiness of mud.

A Tarvia road brings the farm, the town and the city closer together. It is an asset to the community.

Tarvia roads often last years without any renewal. But even renewals of Tarvia are the lowest cost road improvement that has been invented.

The reduction in maintenance expense, for a Tarvia road, in most cases more than covers the total cost of treatment.

There are three kinds of Tarvia. "Tarvia-X" is very heavy and dense. It is used as a binder in road building and is the most thorough and permanent of the Tarvia treatments. "Tarvia-A" is a lighter grade, used for hot surfacing applications. "Tarvia-B", which is fluid enough to be applied cold with modern spraying apparatus, is for dust prevention and road preservation.

Kingshighway, St. Louis, Mo. Constructed with "Tarvia-X", penetration method, in 1915.

Illustrated booklet on request. Address nearest office.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking.

If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

The *Barrett* Company

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston
St. Louis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh
Detroit, Birmingham, Kansas City, Minneapolis
Nashville, Salt Lake City, Seattle, Peoria

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited: Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., Sydney, N. S.

This is a "Simmons" Steel Bed, No. 1898. To Saturday Evening Post readers, the grace of proportion in square tubing and the subdued shades of finish relieved by delicate hand decorations, will offer an entirely new thought in correct bed style. This is but one of a hundred equally interesting creations.

Steel Bed Beauty *at* Moderate Prices

SIMMONS great achievement has been the production, at reasonable prices, of beds in steel that possess true artistic distinction—beds that fit perfectly and unostentatiously into American homes of refinement and good taste.

The artistic quality of metal bed designing of the past was sacrificed to the mechanical limitations of the manufacturing methods then in vogue; today the improved medium in which they work allows Simmons artisans to preserve faithfully all that is best in artistic traditions and to attain that intimate relation of line and space so essential to furniture of character.

In the charm of their distinctive finishes these remarkable steel beds manifest their individuality. There are cleanable and durable plain finishes in many subdued shades; rich, full-bodied lacquer effects, reproductions of woods and a great variety of hand-decorated designs.

See Your Dealer's Exhibit of
SIMMONS STEEL BEDS

On the floors and in the windows of the better stores you will find these Simmons new steel beds exhibited; for your guidance look for the Simmons name on the foot-rail.

Always buy a Simmons Spring for a Simmons Bed

SIMMONS COMPANY

The World's Largest Makers of Metal Beds and Springs

FACTORIES: KENOSHA, WISCONSIN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Branch Warehouses at: Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Va., Pittsburg, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Detroit, Indianapolis, Buffalo, St. Paul-Minneapolis, Toledo, Seattle, Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis, Portland, Ore., Los Angeles

DEALERS: Write the Simmons Branch Warehouse nearest you today for Booklet illustrating all advertised Simmons Beds.

"that's what makes it quiet—

"and that's why I enjoy driving my car so much."

"Really?"

"Yes, the salesman said there were some Hyatt Quiet Bearings in the —oh I've forgotten just where— and that they helped a whole lot in keeping a car quiet.

"I always thought, too, that a gas car would be so noisy, but ours runs quietly and has been running quietly for thousands of miles.

"And we've never seen nor even heard those Hyatt Quiet Bearings."

Make sure *your* car has Hyatt Roller Bearings.

HYATT

QUIET BEARINGS

HY·FLEX·ROL

TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE 1915

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1916
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 189 *PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 5, 1916* *Number 6*

PETE'S BOTHER-IN-LAW

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ON THE Arrowhead Ranch it was noon by the bell that Lew Wee loves to clang. It may have been half an hour earlier or later on other ranches, for Lew Wee is no petty precisian. Ma Pettengill had ridden off at dawn; and, rather than eat luncheon in solitary state, I joined her retainers for the meal in the big kitchen, which is one of my prized privileges. A dozen of us sat at the long oilcloth-covered table and assuaged the more urgent pangs of hunger in a haste that was speechless and far from hygienic. No man of us chewed the new beef a proper number of times; he swallowed intently and reached for more. It was rather like twenty minutes for dinner at what our railway laureates call an eating house. Lew Wee shuffled in bored nonchalance between range and table. It was an old story to him.

The meal might have gone to a silent end, though moderating in pace; but we had with us to-day—as a toastmaster will put it—the young veterinary from Spokane. This made for talk after actual starvation had been averted—fragmentary gossip of the great city; of neighboring ranches in the valley where professional duty had called him; of Adolph, our milk-strain Durham bull, whose indisposition had brought him several times to Arrowhead; and then of Squat, our youngest cowboy, from whose fair brow the intrepid veterinary, on his last previous visit, had removed a sizable and embarrassing wen with what looked to me like a pair of pruning shears.

"They Found Him About Thirty Miles on His Way—Slumped Down in the Wagon Bed"

The feat had excited much uncheerful comment among Squat's *confrères*, bets being freely offered that he would be disfigured for life, even if he survived; and what was the sense of monkeying with a thing like that when you could pull your hat down over it? Of course you couldn't wear a derby with it; but no one but a darned town dude would ever want to wear a derby hat, anyway, and the trouble with Squat was, he wished to be pretty. It was dollars to doughnuts the thing would come right back again, twice as big as ever, and better let well-enough alone. But Squat, who is also known as Timberline, and is, therefore, a lanky six-feet-three, is young and sensitive and hopeful, and the veterinary is a matchless optimist; and the thing had been brought to a happy conclusion.

Squat, being now warmly urged, blushingly turned his head from side to side that all might remark how neatly his scar had healed. The veterinary said it had healed by first intention; that it was as pretty a job as he'd ever done on man or beast; and that Squat would be more of a hit than ever with the ladies because of this interesting chapter in his young life. Then something like envy shone in the eyes of those who had lately disparaged Squat for presuming to thwart the will of God; I detected in more than one man there the secret wish that he had something for this ardent expert to eliminate. Squat continued to blush pleasurably and to bolt his food until another topic diverted this entirely respectful attention from him.

The veterinary asked if we had heard about the Indian ruction down at Kulanche last night—Kulanche Springs being the only pretense to a town between our ranch and Red Gap—a post office, three general stores, a score of dwellings and a low drinking place known as The Swede's. The news had not come to us; so the veterinary obliged. A dozen Indians, drifting into the valley for the haying about to begin, had tarried near Kulanche and bought whisky of the Swede. The selling of this was a lawless proceeding and the consumption of it by the purchasers had been hazardous in the extreme. Briefly, the result had been what is called in newspaper headlines a stabbing affray. I quote from our guest's recital:

Then, after they got calmed down and hid their knives, and it looked peaceful again, they decided to start all over; but the liquor was out, so that old scar-faced Pyann jumps on a pony and rides over from the camp for a fresh supply. He pulled up out in front of the Swede's and yelled for three bottles to be brought out to him pronto! If he'd sneaked round to the back door and whispered he'd have got it all right, but this was a little too brash, because there were about a dozen men in the bar and the Swede was afraid to sell an Injin whisky soopenly. All he could do was go to the door and tell this pickled aborigine that he never sold whisky to Injins and to get the hell out of there! Pyann called the Swede a liar and some other things, mentioning dates, and started to climb off his pony, very ugly. The Swede wasn't going to argue about it, because we'd all come out in front to listen; so he pulled his gun and let it off over Pyann's head; and a couple of the boys did the same thing, and that started the rest—about six others had guns—till it sounded like a bunch of giant crackers going off. Old Pyann left in haste, all right. He was flattened out on his pony till he looked like a plaster.

We didn't hear any more of him last night, but coming up here this morning I found out he'd done a regular Paul Revere ride to save his people; he rode clear up as far as that last camp, just below here, on your place, yelling to every Injin he passed that they'd better take to the brush, because the whites had broken out at Kulanche. At that, the Swede ought to be sent up, knowing they'll fight every time he sells them whisky. Two of these last night were bad cut in this rumpus.

"Yes; and he'd ought to be sent up for life for selling it to white men too—the kind he sells." This was Sandy Sawtelle, speaking as one who knew and with every sign of conviction. "It sure is enterprising whisky. Three drinks of it make a decent man want to kill his little golden-haired baby sister with an ax. Say, here's a good one—lemme tell you! I remember the first time, about three, four years ago ——"

The speaker was interrupted—it seemed to me with intentional rudeness. One man hurriedly wished to know who did the cutting last night; another, if the wounded would recover; and a third, if Pete, an aged red vassal of our own ranch, had been involved. Each of the three flashed a bored glance at Sandy as he again tried for speech:

"Well, as I was saying, I remember the first time, about three, four years ago ——"

"If old Pete was down there I bet his brother-in-law did most of the knifework," put in Buck Devine firmly.

It was to be seen that they all knew what Sandy remembered the first time and wished not to hear it again. Others of them now sought to stifle the memoir, while Sandy waited doggedly for the tide to ebb. I gathered that our Pete had not been one of the restive convives, he being known to have spent a quiet home evening with his mahala

"At Seven the Next Morning I'm Waked Up by the Telephone—Wanted Down to the Jail in a Hurry"

and their numerous descendants, in their camp back of the wood lot; I also gathered that Pete's brother-in-law had committed no crime since Pete quit drinking two years before. There was veiled mystery in these allusions to the brother-in-law of Pete. It was almost plain that the brother-in-law was a lawless person, for whose offenses Pete had more than once been unjustly blamed. I awaited details; but meantime ——

"Well, as I was saying, I remember the first time, about three, four years ago ——"

Sandy had again dodged through a breach in the talk, quite as if nothing had happened. Buck Devine groaned as if in unbearable anguish. The others also groaned as if in unbearable anguish. Only the veterinary and I were polite.

"Oh, let him get it offen his chest," urged Buck wearily. "He'll perish if he don't—having two men here that never heard him tell it." He turned upon the raconteur with a large sweetness of manner: "Excuse me, Mr. Sawtelle! Pray do go on with your thrilling reminiscence. I could just die listening to you. I believe you was wishing to entertain the company with one of them anecdotes or lies of which you have so rich a store in that there peaked dome of yours. Gents, a moment's silence while this rare personality unfolds hisself to us!"

"Say, lemme tell you—here's a good one!" resumed the still placid Sandy. "I remember the first time, about three, four years ago, I ever went into The Swede's. A stranger goes in just ahead of me and gets to the bar before I do—kind of a solemn-looking, sandy-complected little runt in black clothes.

"'A little of your best cooking whisky,' says he to the Swede while I'm waiting beside him for my own drink.

"The Swede sets out the bottle and glass and a whisk broom on the bar. That was sure a new combination on me. 'Why the whisk broom?' I says to myself. 'I been in lots of swell dives and never see no whisk broom served with a drink before.' So I watch. Well, this sad-looking sot pours out his liquor, shoots it into him with one tip of the glass; and, like he'd been shot, he falls flat on the floor, all bent up in a convulsion—yes, sir; just like that! And the Swede not even looking over the bar at him!

"In a minute he comes out of this here fit, gets on his feet and up to the bar, grabs the whisk broom, brushes the dust off his clothes where he's rolled on the floor, puts back the whisk broom, says 'So long Ed!' to the Swede—and goes out in a very businesslike manner.

"Then the Swede shoves the bottle and a glass and the whisk broom over in front of me, but I says: 'No, thanks! I just come in to pass the time of day. Lovely weather we're having, ain't it?' Yes, sir; down he goes like he's shot, wriggles a minute, jumps up, dusts hisself off, flies out the door; and the Swede passing me the same bottle and the same broom, and me saying 'Oh, I just come in to pass the time of ——'"

The veterinary and I had been gravely attentive. The faces of the others wore not even the tribute of pretended ennui. They had betrayed an elaborate deafness. They now affected to believe that Sandy Sawtelle had not related an anecdote.

They spoke casually and with an effect of polished ease while yet he recapitulated, as taletellers so often will.

"I remember a kid, name of Henry Lippincott, used to set in front of me at school," began Buck Devine with the air of delicately breaking a long silence; "he'd wiggle his ears and get me to laughing out loud, and then I'd be called up for it by teacher and like as not kept in at recess."

"You ought to seen that bunch of tame alligators down to the San Francisco Fair," observed Squat genially. "The old boy that had 'em says 'Oh, yes, they would make fine pets, and don't I want a couple for ten dollars to take home to the little ones?' But I don't. You come right down to household pets—I ruther have me a white rabbit or a canary bird than an alligator you could step on in the dark some night and get all bit up, and mebbe blood poison set in."

"I recollect same as if it was yesterday," began Uncle Abner quickly. "We was coming up through Northern Arizona one fall, with a big bunch of longhorns, and we make this here water hole about four P. M.—or mebbe a mite after that or a little before; but, anyway, I says to Jeff Bradley, 'Jeff,' I says to him, 'it looks to me almighty like ——'"

Sandy Sawtelle savagely demanded a cup of coffee, gulped it heroically, rose in a virtuous hurry, and at the door wondered loudly if he was leaving a bunch of rich millionaires that had nothing to do but loaf in their club all the afternoon and lie their heads off, or just a passel of lazy no-good cowhands that laid down on the job the minute the boss stepped off the place. Whereupon, it being felt that the rabid anecdotist had been sufficiently rebuked, we all went out to help the veterinary look at Adolph for twenty minutes more.

Adolph is four years old and weighs one ton. He has a frowning and fearsome front and the spirit of a friendly puppy. The Arrowhead force loafed about in the corral and imparted of its own lore to the veterinary while he took Adolph's temperature. Then Adolph, after nosing three of the men to have his head rubbed, went to stand in the rush-grown pool at the far end of the corral, which the gallery took to mean that he still had a bit of fever, no matter what the glass thing said.

The veterinary opposed a masterly silence to this majority diagnosis, and in the absence of argument about it there seemed nothing left for the Arrowhead retainers but the toil for which they were paid.

They went to it lingeringly, one by one, seeming to feel that perhaps they wronged the ailing Adolph by not staying there to talk him over.

Uncle Abner, who is the Arrowhead blacksmith, was the last to leave—or think of leaving—though he had mule shoes to shape and many mules to shoe. He glanced wistfully again at Adolph, in cool water to his knees, tugged at his yellowish-white beard, said it was a dog's life, if anyone should ask me, and was about to slump mournfully off to his shop—when his eye suddenly brightened.

"Will you look once at that poor degraded red heathen, acting like a whirlwind over in the wood lot?"

I looked once. Pete, our Indian, was apparently the sole being on the ranch at that moment who was honestly earning his wage. No one knows how many more than eighty years Pete has lived; but from where we stood he was the figure of puissant youth, rhythmically flashing his ax into bits of wood that flew apart at its touch. Uncle Abner, beside me, had again shrugged off the dread incubus of duty. He let himself go restfully against the corral bars and chuckled a note of harsh derision.

"Ain't it disgusting! I bet he never saw the boss when she rode off this A. M. Yes, sir; that poor benighted pagan must think she's still in the house—prob'ly watching him out of the east winder this very minute."

"What's this about his brother-in-law?" I asked.

"Oh, I dunno; some silly game he tries to come the roots over folks with. Say, he's a regular old murderer, and not an honest hair in his head! Look at the old cheat letting on to be a good steady worker because he thinks the boss is in the house there, keeping an eye on him. Ain't it downright disgusting!"

Uncle Abner said this as one supremely conscious of his own virtue. He himself was descending to no foul pretense.

"A murderer, is he?"

I opened my cigarette case to the man of probity. He took two, crumpled the tobacco from the papers and stuffed it into his calabash pipe.

"Sure is he a murderer! A tough one too."

The speaker moved round a corner of the barn and relaxed to a sitting posture on the platform of the pump. It brought him into the sun; but it also brought him where he could see far down the road upon which his returning employer would eventually appear. His eyes ever haunted the far vistas of that road; otherwise he remained blissfully static.

It should perhaps be frankly admitted that Uncle Abner is not the blacksmith of song and story and lithographed art treasure, suitable for framing. That I have never beheld this traditional smith—the rugged, upstanding tower of brawn with muscles like iron bands—is beside the point. I have not looked upon all the blacksmiths in the world, and he may exist. But Uncle Abner can't pose for him. He weighs a hundred and twenty pounds without his hammer, is lean to scrawniness, and his arms are those of the boys you see at the track meet of Lincoln Grammar School Number Seven. The mutilated derby hat he now wore, a hat that had been weathered from plum color to a poisonous green—a shred of peacock feather stuck in the band—lent his face no dignity whatever.

In truth, his was not an easy face to lend dignity to. It would still look foolish, no matter what was lent it. He has a smug fringe of white curls about the back and sides of his head, the beard of a prophet, and the ready speech of a town bore. The blacksmith we read of can look the whole world in the face, fears not any man, and would far rather do honest smithing any day in the week—except Sunday—than live the life of sinful ease that Uncle Abner was leading for the moment.

Uncle Abner may have feared no man; but he feared a woman. It was easy to see this as he chatted the golden hours away to me. His pale eyes seldom left the road where it came over a distant hill. When the woman did arrive —— Oh, surely the merry clang of the hammer on the anvil would be heard in Abner's shop, where he led a dog's life. But, for a time at least ——

"So he's one of these tough murderers, is he?"

"You said it! Always a-creating of disturbances up on the reservation, where he rightly belongs. Mebbe that's why they let him go off. Anyway, he never stays there. Even in his young days they tell me he wouldn't stay put. He'd disappear for a month and always come back with a new wife. Talk about your Mormons! One time they sent out a new agent to the reservation, and he hears talk back and forth of Pete philandering thisaway; and he had his orders from the Gov'ment at Washington, D. C., to stamp out this here poly-gamy—or whatever you call it; so he orders Pete up on the carpet and says to him: 'Look here now, Pete! You got a regular wife, ain't you?' Pete says sure he has; and how could he say anything else—the old liar! 'Well,' says Mr. Agent, 'I want you to get this one regular wife of yours and lead a decent, orderly home life with her; and don't let me hear no more scandalous reports about your goings on.'

"Pete says all right; but he allows he'll have to have help in getting her back home, because she's got

"I Said it Was True That Everybody Knew Pete Bumped Off This Old Creek, But They Could Never Prove It"

kind of antagonistic and left him. The agent says he'll put a stop to that if Pete'll just point her out. So they ride down about a mile from the Agency to a shack where they's a young squaw out in front graining a deerhide and minding her own business. She looked up when they come and started to jaw Pete something fierce; but the agent tells her the Gov'ment frowns on wives running off, and Pete grabbed her; and the agent he helps, with her screeching and biting and clawing like a female demon. The agent is going to see that Pete has his rights, even if it don't seem like a joyous household; and finally they get her scrambled onto Pete's horse in front of him and off they go up the trail. The agent yells after 'em that Pete is to remember that this is his regular wife and he'd better behave himself from now on.

"And then about sunup next morning this agent is woke up by a pounding on his door. He goes down and here's Pete clawed to a frazzle and whimpering for the law's protection because his squaw has chased him over the reservation all night trying to kill him. She'd near done it too.

"They say old Pete was so scared the agent had to soothe him like a mother."

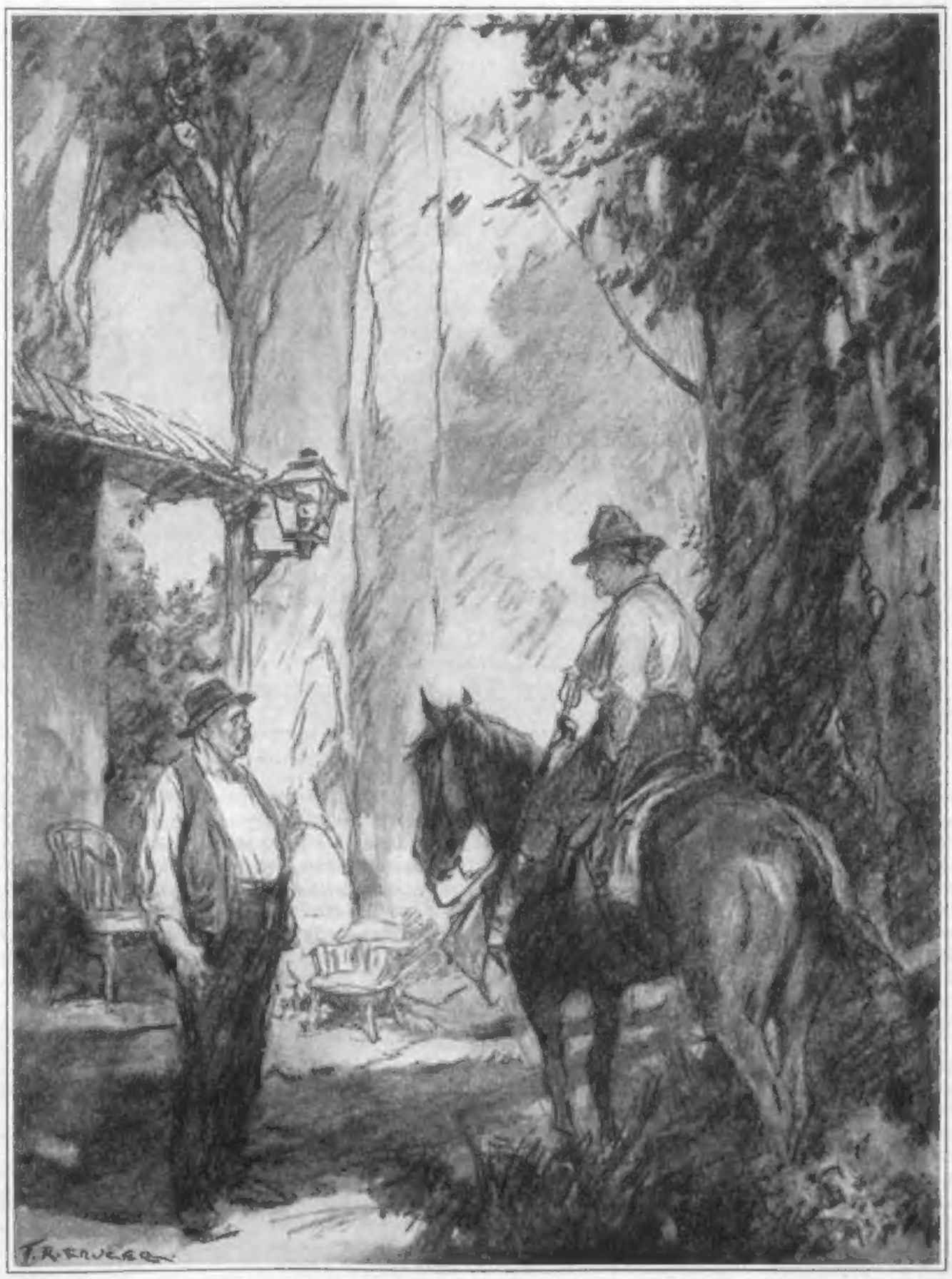
Uncle Abner paused to relight his pipe, meantime negotiating a doubly vigilant survey of the distant road. But I considered that he had told me nothing to the discredit of Pete, and now said as much.

"You couldn't blame the man for wanting his wife back, could you?" I demanded. "Of course he might have been more tactful."

"Tactful's the word," agreed Uncle Abner cordially. "You see, this wasn't Pete's wife at all. She was just a young squaw he'd took a fancy to."

"Oh!" Nothing else seemed quite so fitting to say.

"Nother time," resumed the honest blacksmith, "the Gov'ment at Washington, D. C., sent out orders for all the Injin kids to be sent off to school. Lots of the fathers made trouble about this, but Pete was the worst of all—the old scoundrel! The agent said to him would Pete send his kids peaceful; and Pete said not by no means. So the agent says in that case they'll have to take 'em by force. Pete says he'll be right there a-plenty when they're took by force. So next day the agent and his helper go down to Pete's tepee. It's pitched up on a bank just off the road and they's a low barrier of brush acrost the front of it. They look close at this and see the muzzle of a rifle peeking down at 'em; also, they can hear little scramblings and squealings of about a dozen or fourteen kids in the tepee; they was likely nestled up round the old murderer like a bunch of young quail.



"On Top of That I Had a Run-In With the Swede for Selling Whisky to Them Poor Injin Boys"

"Well, they was something kind of cold and cheerless about the muzzle of this rifle poked through the brush at 'em; so the agent starts in and makes a regular agent speech to Pete.

"He says the Great White Father at Washington, D. C., has wished his children to be give an English education and learnt to write a good business hand, and all like that; and read books, and so on; and the Great White Father will be peeved if Pete takes it in this rough way. And the agent is disappointed in him, too, and will never again think the same of his old friend, and why can't he be nice and submit to the decencies of civilization?—and so on—a lot of guff like that; but all the time he talks this here rifle is pointing right into his chest, so you can bet he don't make no false motions.

"At last, when he's told Pete all the reasons he can think up and guesses mebbe he's got the old boy going, he winds up by saying: 'And now what shall I tell the Great White Father at Washington you say to his kind words?' Old Pete, still not moving the rifle a hair's breadth, he calls out: 'You tell the Great White Father at Washington to go to hell!' Yes, sir; just like that he says it; and I guess that shows you what kind of a murderer he is. And what I allus say is, what's the use of spending us taxpayers' good money trying to educate trash like that, when they ain't got no sense of decency in the first place, and the minute they learn to talk English they begin to curse and swear as bad as a white man? They got no wish to improve their condition, which is what I allus have said and what I allus will say.

"Anyway, this agent didn't waste no more time on Pete's brats. He come right away from there, though telling his helper it was a great pity they couldn't have got a good look into the tepee, because then they'd have known for the first time just what kids round there Pete really considered his. Of course he hadn't felt he should lay down his life in the interests of this trifling information, and I don't blame him one bit. I wouldn't have done it myself. You can't tell me a reservation with Pete on it would be any nice place.

"Look at the old crook now, still lamming that ax round to beat the cars because he thinks he's being watched! I bet he'll be mad down to his moccasins when he finds out the Old Lady's been off all day."

Uncle Abner yawned and stretched his sun-baked form with weary rectitude. Then he looked with pleased dismay into the face of his silver watch.

"Now, I snum! Here she's two-thirty! Don't it beat all how time flits by, as it were, when you meet a good conversationalist and get started on various topics! Well, I guess like as not I better amble along over toward the little shop and see if they ain't some little thing to be puttered at round there. Yes, sir; all play and no work makes Jack a dull boy, as the saying is."

The honest fellow achieved a few faltering paces in the general direction of his shop.

Then he turned brightly.

"A joke's a joke, all right; but, after all, I hate to see old Pete working hisself into the grave that way, even if he ain't a regular human being. Suppose you loaf over there and put him wise that the Madam's been off the place since sunup. The laugh's on him enough already."

Which showed that Uncle Abner had not really a bad heart. And I did even as he had said.

II

PETE was instantly stilled by my brief but informing speech. He leaned upon his ax and gazed at me with shocked wonder. The face of the American Indian is said to be unrevealing—to be a stoic mask under which his emotions are ever hidden. For a second time this day I found tradition at fault. Pete's face was lively and eloquent under his shock of dead-black hair—dead-black but for half a dozen gray or grayish strands, for Pete's eighty years have told upon him, even if he is not yet sufficiently gray at the temples to be a hero in a magazine costing over fifteen cents. His face is a richly burnished mahogany and tells little of his years until he smiles; then from brow to pointed chin it cracks into a million tiny wrinkles, an intricate network of them framing his little black eyes, which are lashless, and radiating from the small mouth to the high cheek bones of his race.

His look as he eyed me became utter consternation; then humor slowly lightened the little eyes. He lifted the eyes straight into the glare of the undimmed sun; nor did they blink as they noted the hour. "My good gosh!" he muttered; then stalked slowly round the pile of stove wood that had been spreading since morning. He seemed aggrieved—yet humorously aggrieved—as he noted its noble dimensions. He cast away the ax and retrieved some outflung sticks, which he cunningly adjusted to the main pile to make it appear still larger to the casual eye.

"My good gosh!" he muttered again. "My old mahala she tell me Old Lady Pettengill go off early this morning; but I think she make one big mistake. Now what you know about that!" He smiled winningly now and became a very old man indeed, the smile lighting the myriad minute wrinkles that instantly came to life. Again he ruefully surveyed the morning's work. "I think that caps the climax," said he, and grimaced humorous dismay for the entertainment of us both.

I opened my cigarette case to him. Like his late critic, Pete availed himself of two, though he had not the excuse of a pipe to be filled. One he coyly tucked above his left ear and one he lighted. Then he sat gracefully back upon his heels and drew smoke into his innermost recesses, a shrunken little figure of a man in a calico shirt of gay stripes, faded blue overalls, and shoes that were remarkable as ruins. With a pointed chip in the slender fingers of one lean brown hand—a narrow hand of quite feminine delicacy—he cleared the ground of other chips and drew small figures in the earth.

"Some of your people cut up in a fight down at Kulanche last night," I remarked after a moment of courteous waiting.

"Mebbe," said Pete, noncommittal.

"Were you down there?"

"I never kill a man with a knife," said Pete; "that ain't my belief."

He left an opening that tempted, but I thought it wise to ignore this for the moment. "You an old man, Pete?"

"Mebbe."

"How old?"

"Oh, so-so."

"You remember a long time ago—how long?"

He drew a square in his cleared patch of earth, subdivided it into little squares, and dotted each of these in the center before he spoke.

"When Modocs have big soldier fight."

"You a Modoc?"

"B'lieve me!"

"When Captain Jack fought the soldiers over in the Lava Beds?"

"Some fight—b'lieve me!" said Pete, erasing his square and starting a circle.

"You fight too?" *(Continued on Page 57)*

LEARNING TO FLY

The Observations of a Military Aviator

MY EDUCATION as a French army aviator was declared complete last week. I have received my brevet to pilot a reconnaissance machine, and after my brief *permission* in Paris I am starting for the line. Frankly, I know that I may not come out alive; and it has occurred to me that I would better record now, as I have always expected to do after the war, some of my impressions and observations on the art of flying. They are talking a lot about preparedness at home; and one of the first things we must do is to build up an aviation corps. Perhaps this article may serve to help point us in the right way.

Although I am an American by birth, training and nationality, I have enlisted not in that American squadrilla which has been doing such good work at the front, but in a French corps. My teachers and associates have all been French; I am the only foreigner among them. Consequently I have been in a position to see how the French handle their own men—their regular method of making aviators out of raw material.

PHOTO. BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

French Aëroplane Attacking a German Dirigible Along the Battle Front in France

To begin with, I came to the job with a little preliminary training. I had driven racing automobiles at home and had the "feel" for engines and steering. So, too, I had made one or two flights with a French aviator. I had already experienced, as most raw pupils have not, that sense of fright when you realize that the machine is about to leave the ground, and that sense of reassurance that follows when you see the ground dropping away from you and find that you are sitting in something strong and stable, like a ship at sea. Before I tried flying a sheer height always made me faint and dizzy. I have never had the same feeling in an aëroplane; and other aviators who began with that instinctive terror tell me the same thing.

In spite of my preliminary experience I had to begin with the others at the bottom of the primary class. Under the French system classwork and field practice go together. Before they let you take hold of a machine they give you thorough training in engines. You must even take an engine apart and put it together again. Then there are lectures and classroom instruction in machine and air dynamics and in the whole theory of flying. All that is like going to college again. The really interesting part, of course, is the field instruction.

Promoted to a Penguin

AT THAT time the method of instruction was a little different from the one they are following at present. Military aëroplane work is divided into three classes, corresponding to three classes of machines: There are first the light *appareils de chasse*—the fighting machines. Of these the Nieuport is the commonest type in the French army. They are very fast—capable of nearly one hundred miles an hour. They carry a mitrailleuse which is always in fixed position. In order to aim it the pilot must point his machine. The *appareil de chasse* is not only fast but it is capable of the quickest maneuvering, which is why it can fight on more than equal terms the heavy armored machines.

Heavier and slower are the observation machines. They are large biplanes, mostly Farmans, very stable and moderately fast. Whereas the *appareil de chasse* carries only one man, these carry two—an observer and a pilot. They have a machine gun fixed before the observer's seat and running on a swivel, so that it can be pointed in almost any direction. As the name implies, they are used to observe the enemy's movements, to record those movements by photograph or by notes, and to mark for batteries. When necessary they fight, but attacking the enemy is no part of their function.

Finally, there are the heavy armored bombardment machines. Although they are the slowest of all, they are the ones generally used for bomb raids into enemy territory. They are employed also for guarding cities. Neither an *appareil de chasse* nor a reconnaissance machine can carry enough bombs to make a really effective raid. Many of these bombardment machines have not only mitrailleuses but small nonrecoil cannon as well. On account of their low speed they are usually accompanied on raids by an escort of *appareils de chasse*, whose task it is to fight off the enemy machines.

Now it has become recognized that the work of the *appareils de chasse* is the most important of all—or rather that it calls for the greatest qualities of skill, courage and intelligence in the aviator. The famous aviators of whom the public hears, like Navarre, all made their reputation with the little, fighting Nieuports. So at present the men who pilot these machines are graduates from the other two classes. A man is promoted from a reconnaissance machine to an *appareil de chasse* because he has shown qualities of skill and initiative. Before he is sent to the line with this new machine he has a few weeks of special instruction.

When I began they were training the three classes of aviators separately, since it was then the theory that each man should run only one kind of machine from the beginning. It happens, however, that I know by experience the method of training each class; for they started to educate me as an *aviateur de chasse* with a Nieuport machine. But I am large and heavy; and after a few weeks it was decided that my weight was a handicap, so that I began all over as an *aviateur de reconnaissance* with a large Farman biplane.

After I had received my preliminary instruction in the construction of Nieuport machines and the technique of handling them, I was put on a machine called the "roller" and given my first instruction in steering. The roller is simply a Nieuport whose wings have been cut down to such an extent that it will not rise—except for perhaps a foot or so in a great burst of speed. It runs almost like an automobile. By its use one develops the instinct for steering in a straight line and for turning. It is really much harder to steer a roller along the ground than to steer a real machine in the air. The contact with the earth is always twisting and turning it in the craziest fashion. By the time one has finished his course on the roller he understands horizontal steering and knows something about the management of his engine. Perpendicular steering, which is more important, of course, comes when he is promoted to a "penguin." This is a complete machine, except that the engine is so weak as not to permit it to rise more than twenty-five or thirty feet. On it the student aviator practices rising and descending, and especially the art of landing.

Landing is the most difficult and the most important department of aviation. Half or three-quarters of the accidents occur because the aviator has made a bad contact. It used to be noticed in the early days of aviation that most of the accidents occurred near the ground. People supposed that this was because the lower air currents are the most treacherous. That is not true. I am inclined to think that, with the exception of "holes," air currents have little to do with aviation accidents. It was because aviators did not know how to land. You must shut off your engine, catch the air and volplane down against the wind. This is most important. If you land with the wind, even the lightest breeze, you are likely to turn a somersault and bring up smashed under your own engine. But volplaning down and facing the wind are not enough. Just before alighting you must make an upward turn, so that the machine at the moment of contact is traveling parallel with the ground. It is beautiful to see how a real master drops as lightly as a feather. If you fail to make that little upward turn at the right moment you will strike with a force that will either wrench your machine or smash it, according to how fast you are going and the nature of the ground.

When he had learned to land, the apprentice *aviateur de chasse* was given a machine of old type and allowed to make a short flight.

How the Instructor Teaches

HOWEVER, I was shifted over to the reconnaissance department before I reached that point; and so I had to begin all over again. In the reconnaissance department they started you at once on a big biplane with a system of double controls. This is better than the roller and penguin; but those little *appareils de chasse* carry only one passenger, so that a system of double control is impossible with them.

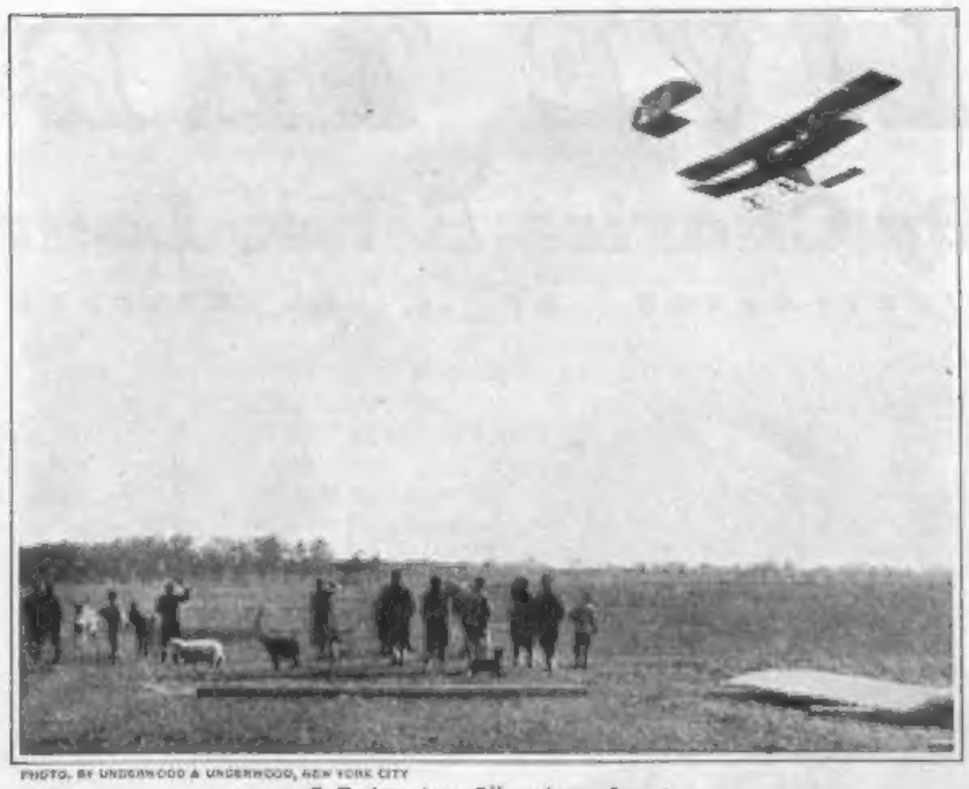
The double control works in this way: Your controls and pedals are exactly like those of your *moniteur*, or instructor, and are connected with the engine and steering apparatus in exactly the same way. Either set will steer the machine. You take hold of the controls and put your feet on the pedals. Every motion your instructor makes is duplicated in your own control and pedals—your hands and feet are moving with his. So you develop from him the sensitive reaction and the instinct for doing the right thing with the machine. After my monitor had made several flights with me he began to take his hands off the controls and let me fly alone. Finally he permitted me to make a landing. That was not so difficult in my case, because I had already learned on the penguin something about landing. However, he kept his hands on the controls and his feet on the pedals all the time. When next we went up together we used a tandem machine; his seat was directly behind mine. He had controls, but after we got up in the air he did not use them at all. I did all the flying. Once I made a little false move and he reached over my shoulder and corrected it. That time I made a landing all alone.

I was now ready to fly it without assistance. When next morning the mechanics rolled out an old-fashioned, single-seated biplane for my use I admit that I was frightened and nervous. I should have been less nervous, probably, had no one been looking, but my monitor, my captain and my two mechanics stood there watching to see how the cub would handle himself. I got my nerve only

when I rose and found myself flying smoothly and easily. I did not ascend that day more than five hundred feet. I landed a little bumpily, but without breaking anything in the machine, and the captain said that I would do.

Five hundred feet seemed to me a tremendous height just then. Within two or three more days, however, I was allowed to go a thousand feet, and then fifteen hundred. Now I was ready for my trial and for my certificate as a military pilot.

Perhaps I had better stop here to describe some of the dangers of flying. Except for actual destruction, there is almost only one thing which will bring an aëroplane down—loss of speed. In the school they call it *perte de vitesse*—loss of speed—and it is the devil of aviators. You must keep a certain pace, which varies between different machines according to their wing spread. When the engine is running the propeller furnishes that speed; when you shut off your engine and volplane the attraction of gravitation produces the same result. The indicator just in front of you shows you when you are slowing up to danger point. If, when you shut off your engine and start to volplane down, your wings are not inclined at the right angle, you may momentarily lose your speed and drop or—what is worse—"go off on the wing." By that I mean that the machine may begin sliding down sidewise in such manner and with such force that your rudders cannot right you or that the propeller cannot pick up your forward speed. Going off on the wing is the great danger in making too rapid a turn. The way to recover your balance when this happens is to remember that as the machine dips your horizontal rudders become your vertical rudders, and vice versa. You must think quickly and act still more quickly in this emergency or it is all off with you. Among the accidents to beginners this, next to faulty landing, is the most common.



PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

A Bulgarian Aëroplane Scout

The Dangers of Air Holes

IT IS a curious fact that the things which are the dangers of a new aviator often become his safety when he grows expert. Take this very case. A master will deliberately go off on the wing and right himself by the use of his horizontal rudder. That saves us every day in doing observation work above the line. When an observer, circling to mark batteries, perceives from sight or sound of exploding shells that the enemy is getting his range he will deliberately go off on the wing, thus suddenly taking an entirely new course and forcing the enemy to readjust their sights.

An air hole causes a sudden *perte de vitesse*. That is why it is so dangerous. I have run into an air hole only once. It happened shortly after I began to take out the machine alone. The day was rainy and miserable, which made the accident all the more singular—air holes are most common on warm days. Suddenly I felt the machine check its speed, for no particular reason, and dip backward. I looked at my indicator. I was just on the margin of safety. I threw the machine forward with all my strength, and suddenly the speed indicator shot upward. I had passed the air hole and was moving forward again. But although it was only a matter of seconds, it was a close call.

Many aviators believe in meeting such an emergency by taking hands and feet off the controls and pedals and letting the machine right itself. These modern aëroplanes are made so stable that they will frequently do this if let alone. A curious instance of the kind happened up at the front only a few weeks ago. An aviator was marking batteries with an observer. Just as they reached the danger zone the Germans got their range with shrapnel. The pilot was shot through the heart and killed instantly. His observer knew nothing about running the machine and, moreover, he could not possibly have got the pilot out of the seat and have taken hold of the controls in time to save himself. He could only wait there for death. Fortunately the pilot, with a kind of a reflex motion, had in dying shut off the engine. The machine went off on the wing, righted itself, went off on the wing again, volplaned, went off on the wing, and so on. It happened that by some freak of its course it turned toward our line. They tell me that it behaved exactly as you will sometimes see a leaf behave in an autumn wind. If it had been going off on the wing when it reached the ground the whole thing would have smashed. Fortunately it happened that at this moment it had righted itself again and begun to volplane. Although the apparatus was badly strained the observer was not even scratched.

I know another case where an aviator, in a curious and highly dangerous situation, saved himself and his observer partly by letting the machine go. They were under shrapnel fire, and a splinter of shrapnel casing struck his observer in the neck, causing a ghastly wound. The observer fell over against the pilot. The pilot, it happened, had a little brandy in his pocket. Steering the machine with one hand, he kept the observer from falling out. In some manner, which not even he understands, he soaked his handkerchief in that brandy and roughly dressed the wound. To do this he had absolutely to relinquish the controls, but the machine volplaned of itself for a few seconds. For the rest of that volplane he held the observer with one hand and steered somehow with the other. They made a bumpy landing, but they came through all safe. Shortly afterward a light gangrene started in the wound of the observer. The surgeons said that he would certainly have died from gangrene if the aviator had not applied that antiseptic brandy. As it was, he recovered. The aviator, of course, got the Croix de Guerre.

There is one accident against which most aviators are powerless. That is what we call in the schools *cheval-à-bois*, or, as we say in English, "merry-go-round." In an air hole, or occasionally when an aviator has made a very bad turning in "spotted air," the machine will begin to whirl round and round, not on its center of gravity as an axis, but on the tip of its own wing. It is quite impossible for most of us to right the machine when it does this. And yet Navarre, who has probably the best technique of any aviator in the world, will sometimes deliberately make his machine do a *cheval-à-bois* and then right himself. How he does it I do not know, but I have watched him perform the feat and nothing I ever saw in the air thrilled me more. It is an instance of the principle I have cited before—the dangers of an inexperienced aviator are often the devices of a master.

As I have said, I had been flying higher and higher before the time came for my official test or brevet. I had also been making longer and longer flights. My first attempt alone in the machine had lasted only five minutes. I was now flying an hour or an hour and a half continuously, yet the brevet called for higher and longer flights than I had ever performed. I had, however, gone high enough to learn to train my eye.

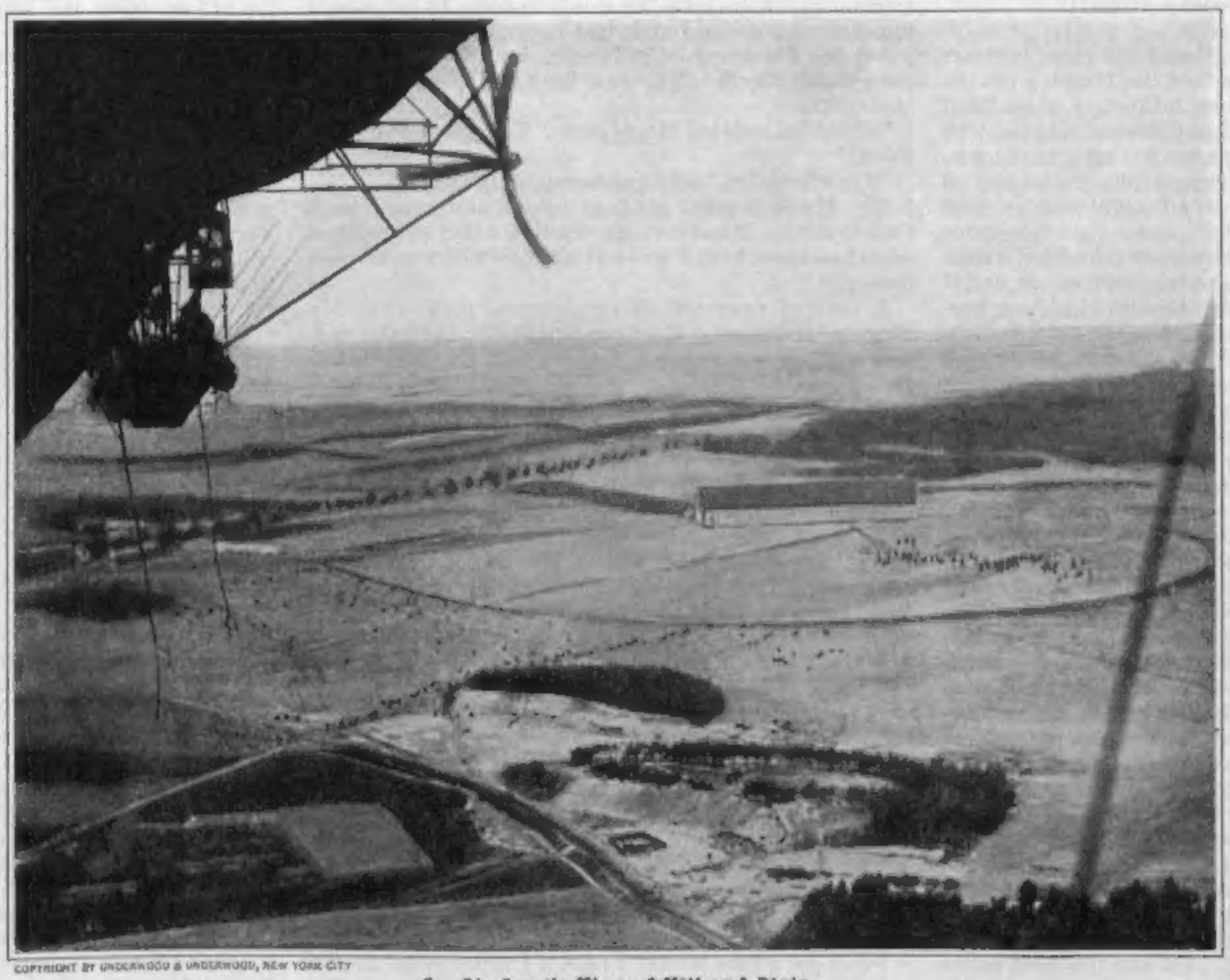
The Triangular Endurance Test

PERHAPS those who have watched aëroplanes at work have wondered why an aviator almost always cuts a spiral course as he approaches the earth. There are two reasons for this: In the first place, he is maneuvering so as to land against the wind. In the second place, he is accustoming his eye to the ground—recovering his judgment of distance. After one has been up for an hour or so at anything like a respectable height he loses his sense of altitude. He cannot tell by the eye whether he is fifty feet or two hundred feet from the ground. It is necessary always to train his eye for distance again, just as a baby trains it. This takes only a few moments, but it is absolutely necessary.

For my brevet I had to make two flights of two thousand meters, or roughly more than six thousand feet. I took up with me a registering barometer to prove my record. The next day I had to fly an hour at three thousand meters. I may say that, except for the deafness inevitable at these great heights, these flights seemed to me no different from my flights at thirteen hundred feet. I even had, I remember, an extraordinary sense of freedom and power. The next test was a little more difficult technically. I had to rise to fifteen hundred feet, shut off my motor, spiral down and land on a given space. I almost failed in this test, because, though I struck the right spot, I made one of the bumpiest landings in my experience. However, the captain and the monitors decided to pass me on the strength of my previous good record in landing. Then came what I might call the endurance test—the triangle. This is a flight of two hundred and fifty kilometers, or about a hundred and fifty-five miles. I had to make three landings at various towns where there are aviation fields—the third on my own field. At each of the other two landings I had to report to the aviation officer in charge and receive a certificate. The aviator whose machine breaks down on his triangle flight has forty-eight hours to make repairs and finish the test. If he does not report within those forty-eight hours he has failed, and he goes back to the school.

The day of my triangle test was a bad one for flying. It was the first warm morning in early spring, and a disturbing mist was rising from the ground. The air was spotty and

(Continued on Page 50)



COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

An Air Scout's View of Hill and Plain

LONG LIVE THE KING!

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

"Size These Quick! And, for Pity's Sake, Get a Hump on You!"

THE worst thing about Old Man Munn," remarked Dave Holland, city editor of the Morning Oracle, "is that he meddles entirely too much. He's as ignorant of a newspaper as a hog is of hip pockets, but he's always butting in on the different departments and upsetting things. If he owned an automobile I suppose he'd be under it half the time with a monkey wrench, tightening up every nut he could reach!"

"And unscrewing a few for luck," added Johnson, the political reporter. "Then he'd fire the poor miserable chauffeur because it didn't run. Old Munn is nothing but a pot-bellied cash register. He ought to confine himself to ringing up the dough and giving the proper change; but no, he's got to go behind the ribbon counter every so often and ball things up. Who's he got in his den now?"

"Daubenspeck this time," answered Holland with a glance at the closed door of the owner's private office. "A fine pair to draw to, eh?"

"And Dobby," grinned Johnson, "is reminding the boss for the umpty-steenth time that the Oracle hasn't been sued for libel since he's been the news editor."

"Or done anything else that made people sit up and take notice," growled Holland. "A fine chance for anybody to sue us on the kind of a sheet that Dobby gets out! And only last week Old Munn had the gall to ask me—me, mind you!—why there wasn't more snap and go to the paper! I told him that I thought we were too conservative in the way we played the news."

"What did the old pelican say to that?"

"Well, he hemmed and he hawed all over the place, and he finally said that it was better to be safe than sorry. I told him it was a shame we had to be both; but he didn't get me at all, and went maundering along about what a good, cautious man Daubenspeck is."

"That's all that ails him," snapped Johnson. "Daubenspeck doesn't think anything is news until after it's happened and everybody is on to it."

"Even so," said Holland, "Munn thinks Dobby is a whale of a news editor, and that's the answer."

"Humph!" grunted Johnson. "Dobby ain't fit to be the news editor of a monthly poultry journal!"

Now this was hardly fair to the oldest man, in years and service, on the editorial staff of the Morning Oracle.

Henry Daubenspeck had been intimately acquainted with printer's ink since boyhood, and after serving eighteen years in a job office, sticking type and jerking a hand press, he had come to the Oracle as a compositor. He was by no means a brilliant man, but he was a faithful plodder, with a genius for mastering petty details, and in time this genius was recognized. He came downstairs to the editorial floor as a combination proof reader and telegraph editor, and it was during this period that Mr. Achilles K. Munn purchased the paper and set out to mold public opinion.

Daubenspeck took one look at the new owner and decided to study his idiosyncrasies and acquaint himself with the things that were apt to please him. He also studied the rather peculiar libel laws of the state until he knew them by heart, and it was this knowledge that had brought him the reward of the news editor's desk — one of the best jobs on the paper.

Immediately the typographical dress of the Oracle began to reflect the safe, sane and ultraconservative mind and personality of Henry Daubenspeck. The first page of the paper, which is the place to look if you wish to know what manner of man sits at the news editor's desk, became as prim and precise and permanent as Daubenspeck himself. Every morning the Oracle appeared with a three-column cartoon at the top center of the front page, with a two-column Number Eight head at the right, a one-column Number Six head at the left, and two Number Four heads under the cartoon—and no matter what the news of the day might be, it had to fit into this make-up.

This everlasting sameness annoyed the younger men on the editorial staff. They chafed under it, for they belonged to the newer school of journalism and rebelled at the cut-and-dried appearance of the Oracle; but Henry Daubenspeck went on his cautious way, unmoved by criticism and deaf to argument and entreaty. He was the news editor of the paper; he was the man who "had the say." He loved order and truth and esteemed facts, and he loathed red ink, screaming headlines and yellow journals.

In all his years of service he surprised Mr. Munn but once, and this was when he closed the door of the private office behind him and left Holland and Johnson to make the unkind remarks with which this story begins.

"Boss," said Henry Daubenspeck, "you'd better be looking for another news editor. I'm going to quit."

Mr. Munn's pendulous lower lip sagged and he opened his piggy eyes as wide as possible. To the world at large, and such of his employees as did not know him very well, Mr. Munn presented himself as one conscious of his extreme importance, speaking slowly in order to put weight into his utterances; but it had been years since he had posed for Daubenspeck's benefit, and it was straight one-syllable English that came from him when he caught his breath.

"Quit!" ejaculated Mr. Munn. "You won't do no such thing!"

"It's all settled," said Daubenspeck quietly.

Mr. Munn fingered his heavy jowls and gave himself time to think. It had been his experience that an employee who threatened to quit was an employee who wanted more money.

A look of pain and disappointment crept over Mr. Munn's fat features; it pained him to discuss money matters with a workingman, and he was disappointed in Henry Daubenspeck.

"This ain't a holdup, is it?" he asked plaintively. "Ain't I paying you what you think you're worth?"

The directness of the question embarrassed the old news editor; he jingled the keys in his pocket and his face grew red.

"It's not a question of money," said he. "It's just this: I'm getting on in years and so is my wife. My health ain't what it used to be—too much blood pressure. . . . You remember Daddy Belknap, don't you? He dropped dead with a lot of proofs in his hand. . . . I don't want to go that way. I've saved enough to keep us in comfort and I'm due for a rest."

It was a long speech for Daubenspeck.

"Better wear out than rust out, Henry."

The remark was by no means original, but it was all Munn could think of at the moment.

"I won't rust out—much," said Daubenspeck. "A bungalow in Southern California within sight of the ocean; a truck patch in the back yard; a garden in front, and a few chickens—no; I won't rust out."

"Suppose I should say eighty-five a week—eh?"

The news editor shook his head.

"I've got all the money I need if I never make another cent," said he; and Mr. Munn realized that it was useless to argue with a man who had a vision of a bungalow upon which the snow would never fall. Mr. Munn said he was sorry—and perhaps he meant it.

"Who shall we put in your place?" he asked.

"That's for you to decide—you and Hazzard. I don't want to influence you, and I don't want to stand in anybody's way; but a young, inexperienced man might get you into all kinds of trouble."

"How about Jimmy Haley? He's done mighty well on the telegraph desk."

"He has, because I've been holding him down. Jimmy Haley is a good boy—sober and hard-working, and anxious to get on—but he ain't what I call reliable in a news way. He wants to take chances and play up the things that he thinks ought to happen; I've had to watch him like a cat to keep him from slipping something over. A paper like the Oracle can't afford to make any mistakes; it can't be going off at half cock all the time—like the Globe, for instance."

Daubenspeck never failed to put a sneer into his tone when he mentioned the hated morning rival. The Globe was not exactly a yellow journal, but it was a modern one; and there were times when it seemed to have a slight canary tinge.

"Uh-huh!" rumbled Mr. Munn thoughtfully. "That's so, Henry. . . . . But the Globe has got us licked for circulation."

"It's not healthy circulation," argued Daubenspeck, bristling at once.

"Any circulation is healthy when you're the fellow who's got it," remarked Mr. Munn.

The owner of the Oracle lapsed into silence, for his mental machinery moved slowly and on a one-way track. He could not think and talk at the same time.

"When do you want to leave?" he asked at length, and Daubenspeck named a date.

"Humph! Two weeks, eh? . . . Have to talk this over with Hazzard. He might have a man in view."

Mr. Munn waddled away in the direction of the managing editor's office and Daubenspeck returned to his desk, where he was soon lost in a fascinating brochure entitled The Partnership of the Hen and the Orange; or, How Hens Help Pay for an Orange Grove.

II

THE news that Henry Daubenspeck was about to amputate himself from the Oracle pay roll created a tremendous stir in the editorial department, and a keen interest centered on the desk so soon to be vacant.

Lightning rods were hoisted, wires were pulled, mysterious conferences were the order of the day, and "influence" was lined up; for not less than five men coveted the news editor's job. Four of them wanted it because it meant more money; the fifth man wanted it because it meant a chance to show what was in him. The fifth man was Jimmy Haley, the telegraph editor, and he wanted that job as he had wanted only one other thing in his life.

Every newspaper office has its share of gray-faced, middle-aged, silent men—half artists, half artisans—who look upon life's shifting panorama from beneath green eyeshades. They are the men who "get out the paper." The reporters are on the firing line part of the time and see the things about which they write, thus spicing a daily task with variety; but there is no variety for the men under the green eyeshades. They see nothing outside the office walls until the paper is "put to bed," and then they share the deserted streets with the milkmen. They live in a little world all their own—a world that smells of hot metal and acids and printer's ink; and it makes them old before their time.

Jimmy Haley had no wish to wear out his youth under a green eyeshade, but he found himself wearing one at the age of twenty-eight. He should have been a reporter, for he could write rather better than the average newspaperman and was cursed with imagination and ambition; but a swirling eddy of circumstances landed him on the telegraph desk. Because he believed that the best way to get a better job was to prove his fitness for it, Jimmy became a good telegraph editor.

Now the mind of a good telegraph editor should be a storehouse of the odds and ends of information, and the round world is his parish. Jimmy subscribed to the Consular Reports and studied the Gazetteer religiously. He acquainted himself with the names of all the Congressmen; he ransacked the Oracle "morgue" from end to end until, at mention of any prominent character, Jimmy could tell whether the man's picture was in the collection, and, if so, whether it would make a one-column or a two-column cut. He knew the names of the men who had been defeated for the Vice Presidency—could even name the winners over a period of twenty years; he could spell the names of all the small European principalities; and he was fairly well posted on the political situation in the Balkans. He was an authority on royal families and an omnivorous reader of books dealing with life at the various courts of Europe.

He had a genuine passion for getting out of the news everything it contained, both in the lines and between them. From the store of his knowledge he liked to drag forth facts with which to adorn the bare skeleton of a telegraphic bulletin—facts that the cautious Daubenspeck prefaced thus: "It is alleged"—or, "It is supposed "

On the subject of news Haley was an enthusiast; he believed in putting ginger into his headlines. When Daubenspeck found it there he grunted and cut it out again. Haley was strong on inferences and conclusions; Daubenspeck refused to look behind the printed word for a meaning. Haley could add two and two and make seven; Daubenspeck grudgingly allowed four and sometimes insisted on three. It was the new take-a-chance school of journalism in opposition to the hidebound conservatism of an earlier day; but the trumps were with the aged news editor and he played them mercilessly.

Two men could not have been more unlike; but the day after the veteran said good-by to the Oracle office the managing editor summoned Haley to a brief but important conference. Mr. Munn was also present, looking preternaturally solemn and dignified. He greeted Jimmy with the manner of a bishop welcoming a novice.

"Well, Haley," said Hazzard, "you're to sit in on the news desk for the present. Look after the late proofs and I'll put the paper to bed myself. Holland will assign a man to help out on the telegraph desk, and you can sort of keep your eye on him too."

Jimmy, taken entirely by surprise, tried to express his thanks, but Mr. Munn cut him off with an uplifted hand.

"The arrangement," he rumbled, "may not be—ah—permanent. It is more in the nature of an experiment. You will—ah—take up all important matters with Mr. Hazzard, and be guided by his—ah—judgment."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy; "and—I'll give you all I've got."

"But don't give us too much," warned Hazzard.

"Watch me!" said Jimmy Haley.

"He will," rumbled Mr. Munn, by way of a parting blessing; then he added rather grimly: "And so will I."

It was after three o'clock the next morning when Jimmy Haley let himself quietly into the furnished room he called home. Mrs. Haley greeted him with a sleepy smile. She had not been Mrs. Haley long and was still an extremely pretty girl.

"Well, honey," grinned the husband, "guess what."

"Oh, Jim!" she cried. "Did they give it to you? Truly?"

"They truly did," answered Haley, sitting down on the side of the bed and beginning to unlace his shoes. "Woman, meet the news editor of the Morning Oracle!"

She kissed the news editor instead.

"Of course," said he, "it's more or less in the nature of a tryout. As a matter of fact, Hazzard is going to help out a bit; but when I show 'em what I can do they'll have to hand me the yellow jacket and the peacock feather all right!"

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

And in order that there might be no doubt about it Mrs. Haley began to cry.

"Why, honey, what's the matter?"

"N-nothing, Jim. I—I'm just happy, that's all. You wanted it so much, and—and "

"And now we can move out of this place and have a little home of our own. Won't that be bully—eh? I guess some of the folks that thought you made a mistake when you married me will change their minds now."

"Oh, Jim! Will we have a house—and a yard?"

"A little house with a yard all round it!" promised Haley recklessly. "And maybe you can keep a girl. What would you think of that—eh?"

Mrs. Haley sighed.

"I don't need a girl. All I want is to get out of a boarding house. When can we move, Jim?"

Haley paused, with a shoe in one hand.

"By golly!" said he. "Munn didn't say anything about money. Perhaps he's waiting to see if I make good. . . . Well, that won't take long, dear. The job ought to pay fifty a week at least."

"It sounds too good to be true!"

"Nothing is ever too good to be true. This is only a start for me. Wait till I show Old Munn how to play the news and get something out of it! Now the trouble with the Oracle ——"

For half an hour Mrs. Haley listened to a monologue, nodding eagerly every time Jimmy paused for breath; which is a short and easy way of saying that Jane Haley was indeed a good wife and a true helpmate. At the end of that half hour Jimmy had talked himself into Hazzard's shoes and was casting his eyes toward New York and metropolitan triumphs.

"Put out the light, dear," said Mrs. Haley; "and we'd better go to sleep now, because to-morrow I'm going to start looking for that house."

Jimmy Haley came back to earth with a bump.

"Wait till I see what's in my next pay envelope," said he.

III

IT WAS a dull night in the editorial rooms of the Oracle. The news of the day, telegraphic and local, offered no striking feature; the next issue of the paper promised to be flat and lifeless, and Jimmy Haley sighed over his dummy.

Even the worst newspapers are premeditated; they do not happen by chance. The news editor plans them upon the dummy, which is a miniature copy of the paper, with seven columns ruled on each blank page. The business office blocks out the total amount of advertising for the night, after which the dummy passes on to the editorial department.

Jimmy did not concede the dullness of the night without a struggle. He even followed up the hopeful queries of the country correspondents, hunting everywhere for a first-page story, but found none; and all he acquired was an increased telegraph bill. At midnight he submitted the dummy to Hazzard, who yawned as he glanced over it.

"Nothing else in sight?" asked the managing editor.

"Not a thing! I went after a couple of stories upstate, but they flivvered on me."

"Looks like a dull night," said Hazzard wearily. "You put her to bed, Haley. I think I'll go home and make up some sleep."

Jimmy walked back to the news editor's desk in sole charge of the next issue of the Morning Oracle; but the thought gave him no thrill, no sense of power. The night was barren of big news stories; Jimmy felt that the whole round world was perversely determined on good behavior and in league against his first page. The yellow jacket and the peacock feather were his at last; but a news editor, be he never so clever, is only as big as the news he handles, and the night had given him nothing worth printing.

"Hazzard wouldn't have gone home if there had been anything doing," was his resentful reflection. "Oh, if something would only bust now!"

He told his troubles to Dave Holland. Dave did not covet the news editor's job and he was honestly glad that the choice had fallen on Haley. The Daubenspeck régime had worn the city editor's patience very thin in spots, for he also knew the value of news and liked to see his big stories played up instead of played down. When he knew a thing was so, he hated to find it prefaced by "It is alleged." He looked for better things from Haley.

"Jimmy," said he, "it's tough; but I haven't got a thing worth while. It's a dead night."

The night remained dead, and there was nothing for Jimmy to do but start his inside pages on their orderly procession to the press in the basement. Great metropolitan journals, which can afford to spend a fortune on equipment, stereotype several pages simultaneously; but the various mechanical forces of the Oracle wrestled with one page at a time as it came to them. Three pages were already accounted for and lifted to their appointed places on the great cylinders—the market, society and editorial. These pages, containing no news, had been made up early.

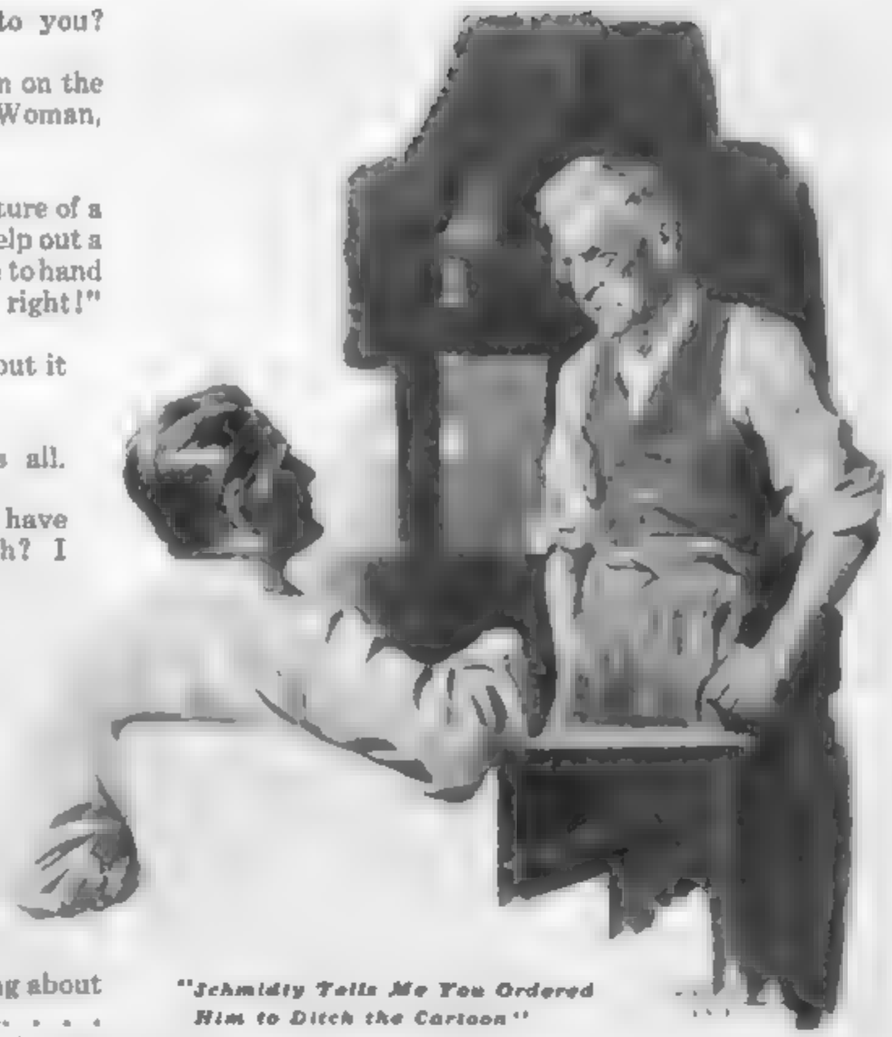
At one-thirty half the inside of the paper was on the press and out of the way; the other half was in the composing room, and Jimmy Haley, with nothing else to do, was playing a hand of seven-up with a reporter while waiting for the last proofs to come from the composing room. Jimmy was about to lead his king for the reporter's jack when the messenger of the Universal Press, the great international news-gathering bureau, dropped three sheets of "flimsy" on his desk.

"Just a second, Joe," said the news editor. "There may be something here."

There was something there, and Jimmy Haley found it, tucked away in a single line at the bottom of the second sheet:

"London, May Twenty-eight. . . . Court physician announces King's condition serious."

Only six words; but a tremendous story was behind them. For an instant Jimmy Haley was dazed, and during that instant there flashed through his mind a paragraph he had read in some one's Memoirs of the English Court: "It is well known that the illness of the sovereign must never be



"Schmidty Tells Me You Ordered Him to Ditch the Cartoon"

"Woman, Meet the News Editor of the Morning Oracle!"

made the subject of public discussion unless in extremity." And before him, in black and white, on the bulletin of the Universal Press, was the solemn pronouncement of the King's physician!

One lone young man was left in the art department, and he was putting on his coat when a wild-eyed cyclone burst in at the door. It was Jimmy Haley, his hands full of line drawings of the royal family of England.

"Size these quick," ordered Haley, "and make me a border right away—King in the middle, Queen on one side, Prince of Wales on the other!

"Put Buckingham Palace below. Work a skeleton and a scythe into it—yes, and an hourglass. And, for pity's sake, get a hump on you!"

"What is loose?" asked the artist, shedding his coat with peevish alacrity.

"The King is dying! Soon as you get those sized, send 'em down to the zinker. Mark 'em: 'Border to come.'"

"Well," remarked the artist, "he picked a fine time for it, I must say! Why couldn't he ——"

But Haley was already on his way back to his desk, where he took counsel with Dave Holland.

The city editor's lips puckered into a whistle as he read the six-word bulletin.

"How are you going to play it, Jimmy?" he asked.

"Play it!" cried Haley. "All over the first page, of course! Man alive, it means he's dying!"

"It doesn't say so. It says: 'Condition ——'"

"Listen, Dave! It's a rigid point of court etiquette never to let any such news leak out unless the case is desperate. A bulletin from the court physician admitting that the King's condition is serious always means only one thing over there—impending death."

"You're sure of that?"

"Of course I am! I wouldn't take a chance like this unless I knew what I was doing. I'm going behind this bulletin to tell what it really means! I'm going to beat the afternoon papers to this story—and beat the Globe too! McMurdo is the news editor over there, ain't he? He's a fathead; he won't see anything behind this bulletin and he won't play it up. I'm going after it for a full-page smash!"

"Glory!" ejaculated Holland. "How about sending a reporter out to interview the British vice consul?"

"No!" cried Haley. "Interview nobody! We don't want the story to leak into the Globe office from this end, do we? Let the local stuff go—the story is over on the other side. It's three-thirty now in New York—a dull night, and they've all gone to press early. McMurdo won't get any tip from New York and we'll bottle it up here. It's the chance of a lifetime, and I'm going to play it just that way—play it hard!"

"I'm for you," announced Holland. "You're a marvel, James! What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to write me a screamer—quick! We can't call it a special dispatch, but stick a London dateline on it and start out like this: 'All England on its knees to-night . . . . bulletin from the royal physician first intimation that beloved sovereign is near death'—all that sort of thing. Work in that point about no discussion unless it means the end. Don't forget that the members of the Cabinet will be summoned in attendance at the Palace. Spin it out as far as you can—write something about the King's life—his affection for the common people—his popularity with the masses and on the Continent. And—oh, yes!—better have a crowd waiting outside the walls watching the light in the sick chamber. That's always good stuff—and let's have it p. d. q.!"

"Coming up!" exclaimed Holland, dashing for the nearest typewriter.

About this time Oscar Schmidt came wandering into the editorial rooms in search of the managing editor. Oscar was the Oracle's zincographer, a slow-going Teuton with a fuzzy blond beard and mildly inquiring blue eyes.

"Vare iss Hatzard?" demanded Oscar, wiping his hands on his overalls.

"Gone home," he was told. "See Haley; he's in charge."

So Oscar saw Haley.

"De art department sends down a lot of bictures," he explained, "and dere iss a porder vich iss to come. Vot shall I do mit de gartoon?"

"Cartoon!" howled Haley. "Are you still working on that?"

"Yet still," answered Oscar, nodding emphatically.

"Then ditch it, because those pictures must be rushed!"

Now it had been many years since the Oracle had appeared without its daily cartoon, and Oscar's blue eyes became more inquiring than ever.

"But de gartoon ——" he began.

"You heard me, Oscar! Ditch it! And get busy on that other layout or I'll snatch you bald-headed!"

Oscar Schmidt went away very much disturbed in his mind, but he found time to talk to the composing room by telephone, whereupon John Dillon wiped his hands on his apron and started for the editorial floor.

"It's come," said he to himself. "Been looking for something like this ever since Dobby quit!"

John Dillon was the foreman of the composing room, and a foreman of a composing room is what they call a high-billy mogul in his own right. John was a sober, spectacled person, who had been born deeply in doubt on all vital questions. They used to say of him that he could not pass a Fresh Paint! sign without putting his fingers on the woodwork to satisfy himself that the card told the truth.

Dillon and Daubenspeck had been close friends; they understood each other perfectly, for they were of the printers' caste, and between printers there is a bond stronger than any union. Rival editorial departments may clash bitterly, but between composing rooms all is peace and harmony. Jimmy Haley had entered journalism through the front door, and for this reason John Dillon regarded his incumbency with grave suspicion.

Haley, hard at work, became aware of an accusing presence at his elbow. He glanced up to find John Dillon staring at him with a peculiar expression on his solemn countenance.

"Schmidty tells me you ordered him to ditch the cartoon," said the foreman with ominous calmness.

"I did," answered Jimmy briskly. "What of it?"

"You can't do it, son."

Jimmy's chin rose several inches. He resented Dillon's tone and manner.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because the cartoon is tied to an editorial," answered Dillon. "Old Man Munn had that editorial written and the cartoon drawn to fit it. One is no good without the other—and the editorial page has gone."

"Call it back!" barked Haley, deciding upon the instant. "Yank it off the press! Cut out the editorial entirely and I'll give you something else to fill in with!"

"Can't you run the cartoon inside?" asked Dillon.

"No! Schmidty has got his hands full with a first-page layout. Call the editorial page back. And, by the way, what's the ten-point machine doing?"

"Half-page dry-goods ad for Cole & Cole," was the laconic response.

"At this time of night?" shouted Haley.

"The copy came up at eleven o'clock," explained Dillon.

"If they don't get their copy in at eight o'clock that's their look-out!" snapped the news editor. "I've got a twenty-six-em lead—a screamer—and I need that ten-point machine to set it. It's time Cole & Cole learned that this is a newspaper—not an advertising sheet. The news has got the right of way. I'll send that screamer up to you in a minute, and you put the ten-point to work on it—savvy?"

"Oh, very well!" said the foreman, departing with stately tread. "Just wanted to be sure—that's all! First he kills a cartoon and ditches an editorial. Now he takes the ten-point machine away from me and I can't get the ad set up in time without it. . . . There'll be hell here to-morrow for somebody, but it won't be old Mrs. Dillon's son!"

The editorial page came back with a gaping hole in it, and into this Jimmy dumped an armful of miscellany already in type. This was only one of the terrible things he did. With a tremendous piece of news on his hands, he proceeded to tear the Oracle to tatters in order to make room for it. He wanted the entire first page for his "spread"; and this forced the remodeling of six pages—and four of them had already been stereotyped and were on the press.

Now the orderly process of getting out a safe, sane and conservative journal cannot be trifled with in this scandalous fashion without creating a certain amount of confusion. It was the Oracle's nightly habit to amble to press on a dignified schedule, with just enough men in each department to handle the usual amount of work in a given time; but the remaking of the paper had thrust double and triple tasks upon the mechanical force without advancing the hour of going to press. Jimmy Haley had put a dynamite bomb under that dignified schedule and blown it higher than Gilderoy's kite—and the wheels had to start turning at two-thirty, just as if nothing had happened.

The entire establishment hummed like a wasps' nest. Never since the oldest employee could remember had there been such a wild night in the Oracle office. The news editor was here, there, everywhere, yelling for speed, and still more speed. Even as the men raced the minute hand of the clock, they looked at Jimmy Haley with awe and shook their grizzled heads; they told themselves that there would be something doing in the morning when the Old Man came down. And Jimmy Haley, in the exact storm center, guiding the cyclone, found time to hope that no other news editor in the country had appreciated the full significance of that six-word bulletin.

John Dillon read the screamer; and, though it impressed him as important, he could not resist the temptation to hold up a mental reservation. He sent Duffy, the composing-room boy, over to the Globe office on the pretext of borrowing a cut belonging to an advertiser, and gave Duffy careful instructions. When the boy returned Dillon made one more little journey to the editorial floor.

"They ain't playing this story up over on the Globe," said Dillon to Haley and Holland, who had their heads together in final council. "Duffy says there's no excitement over there—nothing doing at all."

"Hooray!" yelled Holland.

"I said McMurdo wouldn't get it!" laughed Haley; and John Dillon retired, disgusted but unconvinced.

He had dropped his fly in the pot of ointment and had succeeded in only improving its fragrance.

At two-twenty only the first page was left on Jimmy's hands—the rest of the paper had gone down. That first page was a masterpiece of the newer journalism; Henry Daubenspeck would have expired at sight of the flaring headline stretching across seven columns:

BRITAIN BOWS BEFORE HAND OF IMPENDING DEATH!

Underneath, in type almost as large, was another shocker:

MIGHTIEST OF EUROPEAN RULERS STRICKEN BY MANDATE OF THE KING OF KINGS!

"Some class to those headlines!" exulted Jimmy Haley, who had written them. "That'll hit 'em plunk in the eye. And we're going to press right on the dot too. I guess this proves that I can give a big news story a play when it breaks!"

Again the messenger of the Universal Press placed some sheets on his desk—the last for the night. Jimmy glanced them over in feverish haste, hoping that no further details had uncovered the story to the world. Many of the items were uninteresting, but there was one which leaped out at that unfortunate reader and laid him, prostrate and groaning, under the ruins of the edifice which ambition had built:

CORRECTION. . . . In bulletin, London date, read: London, May Twenty-eight. . . . A dispatch to the Standard from Puddlesdorffs, capital of Hamerania, says: Court physician announces King's condition serious.

It may have been seconds, it may have been minutes, before a strangled howl of anguish brought Dave Holland across the editorial room at a keen run. Jimmy Haley, lately a czar, now a quivering wreck, pawed the city editor's sleeve with one hand while with the other he waved the final bulletin under his nose.

"Dave," he wailed hysterically, "here's a hot one—here's the blow that makes a tramp of me! It ain't the King of England at all! It's one of those six-for-a-quarter kinglets over on the Continent—king of a country about as big as your pocket handkerchief! . . . And I've shot the old sheet all to pieces! Ain't it hell, Dave? I ask you, ain't it hell?"

And after Holland had examined the bulletin and glanced at the clock, he agreed that it was just that, and no less.

For More Than an Hour He Had Been Walking the Streets Alone With His Misery

IV

THE first faint streak of dawn was in the east when Jimmy Haley crept into the furnished room. For more than an hour he had been walking the streets alone with his misery, estimating the bitter total of his misfortune, dreading to face his wife. He hoped that she was asleep

(Concluded on Page 30)

MY UNCLE'S WILL AND MINE

By George Lee Burton

HE AND I happened to be alone in the smoking compartment that August morning, when the train slowed down, bumped along a little in broken, lumbering fashion, steel screeching against steel and hacking into wood, and then came to a dead stop out in open country. Neither of us had been smoking, but I had the wicker chair and a magazine to alleviate the tedium of the daylight trip; and he had apparently sought the long upholstered seat for the purpose of stretching out full length, head propped on hands, as he lazily blinked through the window at the blue-and-white sky.

I never saw a man more relaxed until that jarring stop: then instantly he was up with a jerk, alert. The contrast was so sudden and marked that it was uncanny. The lounging, outstretched figure with every muscle at rest; the passive face with sleepily blinking eyes and a detached half smile about the mouth—a picture of careless and habitual irresponsibility; then the jarring stop, and suddenly a tense, capable, energetic man was on his feet, leaning out of the window, taking in the situation and ready for any emergency.

We might be off the track, but the car had come to a stop with my chair still upright; and my interest in the accident became instantly secondary to my interest in the man before me. He wasn't alarmed at all—you could see that; only from a hopelessly temperamental loafer, an irresponsible devil-may-care drifter, he had in a second metamorphosed into a tense, muscle-strung man, with catlike readiness to spring, into a totally different man whom the other had not suggested.

Presently he drew in his head and exclaimed, with a flash of a smile: "Have to look into this!" Then he was gone to the seat of the trouble.

I remained where I was and found myself slowly smiling, too, partly in response to the engagingness of that flashing bit of a smile, partly at myself, student of human nature, smugly appraising and misappraising human souls.

"Which is the real man?" I wondered.

When after ten minutes he came back, announcing a broken flange on an engine wheel and at least two hours' delay, I examined him more closely. He was about forty-five, of the youngish type; of medium height, but seemingly taller on account of his slim figure; with a face smooth-shaven, slightly smile-wrinkled, surmounted by plenty of dark curly hair that showed little gray. He just missed being handsome, I scarcely knew why. Possibly an irregular nose and the line of his chin interfered.

My magazine was turned on my knee, back upward, and I stretched and tilted my chair as we exchanged sentences on the accident and its consequences. I wished to show him I was open to conversation, and waited for him to lead; but he slipped easily into silence and laid himself down again, relaxed, on the long upholstered seat. That would not do; I must learn my lesson.

"Nothing like taking troubles calmly," I ventured—"though delays do grate on a busy man."

He opened his eyes, smiled again faintly, then drawled: "What's the use?"

"Right," I answered; "what is the use? A man might look at this as simply a two hours' vacation, mightn't he?"

The Servant to the Lender

"SURE—especially when he's on his vacation," he replied, contentedly closing his eyes again. Presently he continued, without opening them: "That's me—first vacation for over five years."

I involuntarily started to sit up at that, then settled down in my chair and tilted back a little more.

"Five years—you must be a fine worker," I vouchsafed carelessly.

"Oh, any man'll work when he has a big enough stake in sight," was the response. "You'd have worked yourself."

"Was our appraisement mutual?" I wondered.

He opened his eyes somewhat to see how I took that, then laughed outright, boyishly, at the surprise my face showed.

"Well, you would in my place. Anybody would. I'll tell you about it, and leave it to you if you wouldn't."

So, still stretched out, at times with eyes closed, at times aimlessly watching through half-closed lids the sky out beyond, he told me his tale. He did not begin at once. In fact, he was quiet so long that finally I suggested:

"You were going to give me the facts, the evidence?"

"I Don't Think All Her Graciousness to Him Was Based on a Desire to Find Out How to Run a Grocery."

He nodded with his eyelids, and smiled a little.

"I was thinking where to begin," he replied. Then after another minute he turned his head toward me and said abruptly:

"Did you ever try to borrow five dollars? Oh, go along, I know you have. Everybody has. Well, do you remember the most disagreeable time, the time borrowing was worst?

"I don't know what you went through with then, that time you had most trouble getting your five; but I know it wasn't anything to what I suffered from my Uncle Joe that last time. If a fellow has any gumption at all this borrowing business always makes him feel like a dog, like a dog whining for a bone. You know how that is—everybody does. But how'd you like to be kept waiting and waiting, looked down upon, held balancing upon your hind feet until your legs ached, whining, your mouth watering, and then be told you were nothing but a dog, and a no-account dog at that? Now you know how I felt with my Uncle Joe.

"I had felt whipped to begin with or I wouldn't have gone to him for money. I had put it off as long as possible. I always did. In all those years he never lent me a dollar without quoting 'The borrower is servant to the lender,' or 'The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again,' usually both of those things.

"It's all right to be only nephew to a rich uncle if he likes you and isn't stingy. But to tackle a miserly rich uncle who hates to give you a nickel and always makes you feel worthless—that's no fun, believe me!

"Have you ever been poor, desperately poor, with fairly decent cheap clothes but not a cent in your pocket and no definite hope of any, with no work and no definite hope of any, and with debts and wants piled up until you couldn't go it any farther alone?

"It was a long walk out to my uncle's, and about the hottest day for early June you ever saw. I took it slowly on the shady side of the street—had time for a lot of thinking and sweating; and I became right sympathetic with myself and sorry for myself before I got there.

"He owned and lived in a dingy old grocery at the outer edge of the central district, the older factory and factory-homes district. It was a dirty, poorly stocked, fly-specked place with few customers.

"He looked as neglected as the place, but he seemed content, undisturbed by dirt or by the neighborhood opinion, which classed him half philosopher, half hermit, wholly miser. He reveled in leisure and ease in his old rocker between the potato barrel and the stove, and was gruff with customers who came for a loaf of bread or a bar of soap when he was reading his paper or a book. He was supposed to have much money; and frankly said he had kept this grocery, without clerk or delivery wagon, for the last twenty-five years simply to have some place to loaf.

"'Old bachelors don't fit into chimney corners,' he used to say. 'They need some place to sit round, and it's hard to find one where they're not in the way.'

"He was sitting in his rocker reading his paper when I got there. He looked up in answer to my greeting, grunted 'Sit down' as he pointed with his right forefinger to the chair on the other side of the stove, and then finished his paper. After twenty minutes of this and silence he carefully folded his paper across his knee, smoothed it out, laid it on the floor beside him, looked over at me, and asked abruptly:

"'What you want?'

"'Five dollars, if you please, Uncle Joe. I'm up against it good and proper.'

"For answer he looked down, grunted, and said in his deliberate low voice, but loud enough for me to hear: '"The borrower is servant to the lender."'

"He did not say anything more, but kept on chewing his little wad of tobacco for probably two minutes. Then he spit straight into the old box of sawdust by the stove, looked over at me, scowled and asked: 'What's the matter with you anyway? Why don't you ever get on?' He asked it in just that tone of voice.

"I knew Uncle Joe well enough never to be surprised at anything he said, but sometimes I couldn't help it.

"'Well, don't keep looking at me in that dumb way,' he continued. 'What's the trouble?'

"'My dear uncle, that's exactly what I'd like to know,' I replied as lightly as I could.

"He scowled at me a little deeper, squared himself uncomfortably in his chair, and exclaimed indignantly:

"'If you were only absolutely worthless, and I could have the satisfaction of cussin' you out every time I saw you, I'd feel better!'

"'Sorry I did not know it before,' I murmured.

"If the good Lord didn't give me luck, He gave me the gift of seeing the funny side of things, even when they go against me—of seeing the joke of life. And that's better than a fortune, isn't it?

"'It isn't what you are, so much as what you're not!' uncle continued, scowling."

Uncle Joe's Lecture

"YOU would have been amused if you could have seen Uncle Joe saying these things. He himself by no means suggested a blooming success. He was a thin little slouchy figure in old clothes and old cap. I never saw him without that cap, except when he was in his coffin; and I never saw his coat or vest without samples of preceding meals down the front. He had faded blue eyes which still did the work; and when he fastened them upon you, you felt he saw aplenty. He always wore a short grizzled beard which he chopped off himself with the scissors.

"After staring at the floor and fingering the left side of his grizzled chin for a while, 'You don't seem to get anywhere,' he reiterated.

"'Or anything,' I added. I did not wish him to forget I'd come for something.

"He ignored my remark.

"'Yet you have sense enough, too, in a way,' he admitted. 'What is the matter?'

"'I'm sure I don't know,' I responded.

"'And don't try to find out—that's the trouble!' he exclaimed wrathily, so loud his old striped cat woke up and arched his back.

"'Gently, uncle; you disturb Thomas Jefferson.'

"'I wish I could disturb you, you easy-going, good-humored nobody! Your father married your mother because she was sweet and pretty; but she was about the limpest, most lackadaisical woman I ever saw. You favor her a good deal, though you've got enough of your father in you to keep you from being good-looking enough to hurt.'

"'Thank you, uncle,' I replied.

"The old man grinned for the first time.

"'Well, I suppose we had just as well be friendly about it, as well as frank. After all, you're Dan's only child, and the Lord knows I loved him. I wish you were more like him; you seem to be like only the weakest parts of him.'

"I could not deny this, since I never knew my father. He died when I was a baby, and my mother before I was five. After a while, during which a wistful, tired expression came into his old blue eyes, my uncle drew himself up and turned to me again.

"I Didn't Want to Sit Round and Pound a Typewriter Anyway"

"'Let's talk this thing over sensibly for once, boy. We never have; I've never had the patience. But I'm getting old—feeling mighty weak these days—and you're Dan's boy. You're always striking me for money, money, money. Something's wrong with you. What is it? I believe in vivisection. How old are you?'

"'Thirty-nine.'

"'You don't look it. I suppose that comes from letting someone else do your worrying. Thirty-nine years old! How many jobs have you held in those years?'

"I commenced to count mentally—and it took a little time. I did not feel as light-hearted as my uncle seemed to think; in fact, I was feeling wretchedly mean. You don't know how mean unless you, too, have been a down-and-outer, with nothing but debts and a wife and a daughter!

"'Well, how many? Can't you count 'em?' he exclaimed impatiently.

"'Not in a minute, uncle. Be patient!' I responded. My self-respect, what little I had left, demanded independent treatment of the old man, even though he thought me flippant.

"'About how many?'

"'About twenty-two, I believe, that I actually tried. I'm not counting your offer to put me in the grocery here.'

"He snorted at that, and we each looked round involuntarily. His grocery was a joke—the dingiest, dirtiest, stalest of jokes; a large old store that had not been painted inside or out for twenty years, with living rooms behind and above. Then he said a little more gently:

"'I know this ain't a real store, R. J., but I would've helped you make it one if you'd only taken hold. Want to try it now?'

"'No, thanks, uncle.'

"'Come on and try it a while,' he urged with a grin and a gleam in his eye. 'I'd love to see you work. It'd give me pleasure to see you sticking to something from morning to night, day after day. I'd love to sit round and watch you!'

"The idea of his talking to me like that, and me so helpless, still waiting for that five!

"'No, uncle,' I replied as patiently as I could, 'I'm not cut out for this. It's too—well, I think you understand it's not the kind of thing I'm meant for, selling five cents' worth of soap and matches and bacon and cheese. Excuse me!'

"'Well, sir, you're no better than I am,' Uncle Joe replied hotly. 'Beggars oughtn't to be choosers. That's what's the matter with you—too choosy about your work! That's one thing's the matter.'

"'Do you suppose it is?' I answered."

Jumping From Job to Job

"I KNEW I was a little particular, but I'd taken many a job I didn't like simply because I'd needed the money. Often I'd have given almost anything for the kind of job I wanted. I wasn't so terribly particular either. There were fifty kinds of positions I'd have liked, from ticket seller at a theater to bank president; but somehow none of those jobs came looking for me.

"'Come on, let's get to business. Tell me about the positions you have had from the beginning.'

"So I commenced, naming them over and explaining why I quit or lost out on each. I had never seen Uncle Joe until I was twenty-one, when I came to the city the year before I married. My father had settled in Missouri after his marriage, and died shortly afterward. My mother's family lived there and I was reared there, but did not seem to get the right start somehow.

"I hardly remember my mother, I was so small when she died. Her sister, who lived on a farm, reared me. I did odd chores and a little work on the farm, but went to school most of the time, and I had an easy time until I was nearly grown. Then my aunt married again and her husband wanted me to work like a hired hand.

"So I left and started out for myself—went to St. Joe and worked for a while. I had a place in a small hotel first; but that didn't last, and I found a job before Christmas in a shoe shop. When the rush season was over they let me go, and I was idle for a month until I got into a livery stable. That didn't suit me at all; so I soon quit, and after a time went into a drug store and got a job.

"That wasn't so bad. The mirrors appealed to me, and the nice-looking girls who came in to the soda fountain. The girls liked my looks, and I liked their liking. I saved a little money there, and when I lost out I got the idea, through some fellows I knew, of taking a course in a business college. I tried that; but took only the bookkeeping—the shorthand was too hard, and I didn't want to sit round and pound a typewriter anyway.

"However, I did not get a position after I had finished, as I had thought I would; and when my money was about gone I came over to my Uncle Joe. He had never suggested my coming in the letters he wrote in answer to mine, and did not seem glad to see me; but he did offer me a job in his stale little grocery, as I said. It was dirty and run-down even then, and I told him so.

"'No, thank you; I'm a bookkeeper!' I announced.

"At that the old man got mad.

"'You good-for-nothing fool!' he cried; 'you're no better than I am. You ought to take what you can get. Find a bookkeeping job if you can; but don't come round asking me for anything.'

"Wouldn't that jar you? All because I didn't want to work in his grocery!

"I had a hard time at first finding just the place I wished. I might have starved if my Missouri aunt had not sent me a little money. In fact, I found it easier to find a sweetheart than a job.

"And such a sweetheart! The neatest, sweetest, most managing little somebody, with good looks and plenty of sense—the plump, cheerful, smiling kind—that was Susie Lou. That is Susie Lou, and she's my wife!

"I got the bookkeeping position six weeks before I was twenty-two. It paid sixty dollars a month; so we were married after the first month, and went to live with her parents. That bookkeeping job lasted only a year, and I found myself without work when the baby was born.

"I thought maybe uncle would help us then. He did, but not much. He gave us twenty dollars, and he gave the baby a name. We let him name her because he wished to, and we thought it might be good for her to be named by a rich uncle.

"He never did like our names—that's the reason he wished to name her—said we had such fool names. My name is Reginald Julian Brown, but I wasn't to blame for that. I usually write it 'R. J.' anyway. Uncle said he thought Susie Lou was too frivolous a name for a married woman; and although I explained that she wasn't married when she got it, he said that didn't excuse her—she ought to change it to Susan.

"He called the baby Patsy—said he liked the name: it had a sort of smack to it, sounded wholesome and energetic; and he added: 'I hope your baby will be that kind—the Lord can work miracles even now.'

"So uncle gave Patsy her name, but he never gave her much else. He said he wished to be loved for himself, not his gifts—which was a cheap way of getting out of giving, I thought. Of course I didn't tell him that.

"I went into industrial insurance, as collector, had a route and wrote a few policies. I held this job for several years after Patsy's arrival. Not that I liked it; it always seemed beneath me to collect nickels and quarters and dimes. But there was Patsy; and there were two boy babies later, neither of whom lived; so it was six years before I got out of the insurance business. I may as well confess that I was kicked out after all—reorganization and consolidation of our company with another. Then I tried clerking in a furniture store, and finally got into the outbound freight office of the L. & N. R. R. When I lost out there I was city salesman for a paint house for a while. So it went, one thing after another, with gaps in between, from clerking in a dry-goods store, in a cigar store, flower shop, working in a garage, to selling subscription books and soliciting orders for a washing machine.

"We would live with Susie Lou's parents for a while; then when I got a position and a little start we'd keep house in a cottage or flat. I will say Susie Lou was the best manager you ever saw—always made a good show. That was her idea, always to make a good show. She was neat and energetic and capable. With one dollar she would make a show like another woman's two; and she always put that dollar to work doing it. If I had fifteen dollars a week we spent fifteen.

"Sometimes when I had the blues I used to wonder why she didn't help her husband more, she came so near to doing it. If I wanted to save something sometimes, she'd agree; and then talk me over into spending it for something that was such a bargain! I had married a pretty wife, and I found that pretty wives like pretty clothes. You know how that is—everybody does.

"I loved her and enjoyed being with her; and got into the habit of looking on life as luck, for she never scolded. I don't know whether I spoiled her more or she spoiled me more, by our not trying to change each other. We simply settled down into a rut, taking each other as each was, 'for better or worse.'

"Uncle Joe used to say:

"'She never looks beyond to-morrow.'

"Yet when we were up against it she would finally sigh, then smile and say:

"'I'll go home and arrange for us to visit until you get another place.' And she did, time and again. She was practical, even if she didn't seem to see ahead of or beyond her little circle."

Jobless and Penniless at Thirty-Nine

"AT THE time I am telling you about—that last talk with Uncle Joe—her one thought seemed to be to have things for Patsy, who was then sixteen and through the second year of the high school. Patsy was pretty and smart. She took after her mother a good deal, though she is built more like me, and has dimples that neither of us have.

"I suppose I have tried more different kinds of jobs than most persons of my age, but I never seemed exactly to fit anywhere. I was like a key that couldn't find its own particular lock. There is no use in running over the rest of the positions I held or didn't hold, though in telling them slowly that hot afternoon to Uncle Joe I don't think I missed one of them, from the agency for the Lives of Our Ex-Presidents to the last position in a piano factory.

"I suppose there is no use in running over vacancies either, those times when there was no position for me, those weeks and sometimes months of looking for work I would like to have before taking work I didn't want. This isn't a hard-luck story; it's a story of good luck that came hard.

"When I had finished the list Uncle Joe and I were both silent for several minutes, while he continued thoughtfully to finger his grizzled chin. We were so quiet that Thomas Jefferson came over and began to rub against my leg.

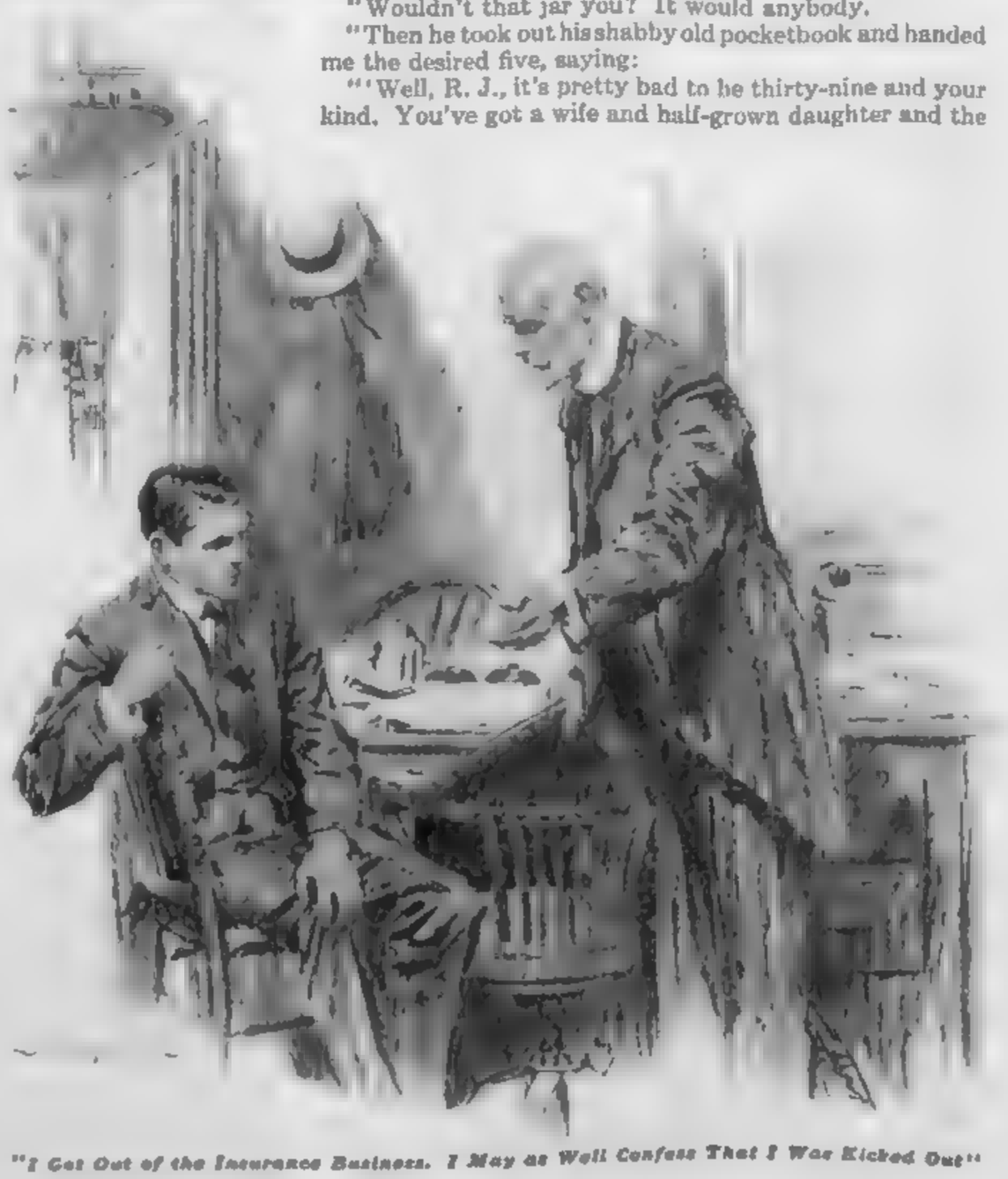
"Finally uncle straightened up, sighed and said:

"'"The borrower is servant to the lender." "The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again."'

"Wouldn't that jar you? It would anybody.

"Then he took out his shabby old pocketbook and handed me the desired five, saying:

"'Well, R. J., it's pretty bad to be thirty-nine and your kind. You've got a wife and half-grown daughter and the



"I Got Out of the Insurance Business. I May as Well Confess That I Was Kicked Out"

artistic temperament, as I make it out—the curly-haired artistic temperament, which is part natural laziness and fun, part spoiled childishness. You're too choosy about what you do, about the kind of work you want; and you don't work hard at it when you've got it. You won't stick—you're a quitter. I don't know what'll become of you unless something jolts you. Maybe it will. Now good-by.'

"He said that last not unkindly, but without my having made any move to go.

"'Good-by,' I answered, rising. 'Much obliged. Any suggestions about how to change myself?'

"'Not to-day,' he grinned. 'Try to think out some for yourself. That's the trouble—you're too derned lazy and irresponsible even to think! I wish I knew whether or not you are utterly hopeless!' He grinned again, but that did not make me think he did not mean what he said.

"Those were the last words I ever heard him speak, for he died suddenly two weeks later, before I had gotten those five dollars together to pay him back.

"His old lawyer, Judge Gibbons, attended to the funeral at an undertaker's chapel, as Uncle Joe had arranged long before. We were among the dozen persons present, and felt sorry during the brief service. But I could tell from Susie Lou's eyes, as we drove back from the cemetery, that she shared the glad feeling I couldn't help of being at last on Easy Street.

"The judge had indicated after the interment—and he had actually been crying a little, you could see that—for us to come to his office the next morning. We went—on time too. You know how that is, everybody does. Some may be late at a wedding or a funeral, but nobody's ever late at the reading of a will.

"Judge Gibbons was very quiet and solemn in his manner always, but a little more so that morning, it seemed to me. And he wasn't at all impressed with how pretty Susie Lou looked in her borrowed mourning, or by my being the sole heir. He told us to be seated, produced an envelope, and said:

"'I have here your uncle's will. It should be probated this morning; but it is proper that you should hear it first. I will read it to you.'"

Uncle's Will

"AND he did. I can hear him now, reading in that steady courtroom voice of his:

"'In the name of God, Amen.' I have learned since that that isn't necessary; but it was just like Uncle Joe to put it in. 'I, Joseph X. Brown, of Louisville, Jefferson County, Kentucky, being of sound mind and disposing memory, hereby make, publish and declare this to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking any and all wills by me heretofore made.'

"Unconsciously Judge Gibbons was reading in the tone of voice Uncle Joe always used. It sounded like Uncle Joe, just like his solemn voice from his unsodded grave out at Cave Hill. It was almost spooky, the way the judge read it, not meaning it that way either.

"'First. I direct that my just debts, should I leave any, and my funeral expenses shall be first paid out of my estate.

"'Second. I hereby devise and bequeath, upon the conditions hereinafter set out, to my nephew, Reginald Julian Brown, the property in which I now live, at the southeast corner of Fifteenth and Blackstone Streets, being the same conveyed to me by Conway W. Jenks and wife by deed dated May 5, 1879, recorded in Deed Book 203, page 918, in the Jefferson County, Kentucky, court clerk's office; together with all the stock of groceries, furniture and personalty of every kind now in or about said premises, to be his absolutely in fee simple; provided, however, that said nephew within one month after my death moves into said property with his family, and for five years continuously thereafter continues to reside there with his family and to conduct a grocery there as my successor in business.

"'Should my said nephew comply with the above conditions, at the expiration of five years of continuous residence and conducting a grocery there, as set out above, all the remainder of my estate of every kind, real, personal and mixed, wherever situated, shall vest in said nephew in fee simple.

"'Should, however, my said nephew not take up his residence in said property, or fail to commence conducting a grocery therein as my successor for one month after my death, or should he at any time within five years thereafter cease to reside there with his family or cease to conduct said grocery, then in that event all my nephew's interest in said property and the personalty therein contained shall immediately cease, and said property, together with all the remainder of my estate of every kind, real, personal and mixed, shall immediately and irrevocably vest in the Louisville Charity Organization Society, a corporation, of Louisville, Kentucky.

"'Furthermore, I hereby avow my fixed belief that a man has as much right to dispose of his property by will in the manner which pleases him as he has to hold same while living; that no one has any more right to attempt to alter or interfere with any disposition a man makes of his property by will than he would have to take said property by trickery or force from the same man while living; and I hereby warn my said nephew that should he attempt to set aside this my will, a curse will descend upon him. Moreover, said attempt would avail him nothing; for there exist and will be produced if necessary—one after the other after each legal contest, should a verdict or verdicts be obtained contrary to my wishes as expressed herein—a series of wills which will absolutely cut off my said nephew from any portion whatever of my estate.

"'Third. I hereby appoint my friend, Justus P. Gibbons, executor of this my will and trustee of my estate, hereby giving him full power and authority to sell and convey any and all of my estate, real, personal or mixed, at such times and upon such terms as may seem to him best, with authority to reinvest as it may seem to him best, hereby giving him as full authority to act in all matters concerning my estate as I myself now possess, his acts to be as unquestioned as if I had performed them while living; provided, however, that said power of sale shall not extend to said property at Fifteenth and Blackstone Streets, unless my said nephew shall fail at some time within said five years to live on said premises or to conduct there said grocery.

"'I hereby direct that said executor and trustee be allowed to qualify as such without surety on his bond, that no settlement in court be required of him, and that no inventory or appraisement be made of my estate.

"'I have paid in advance for the next ten years rent for a box in the safety vault of the Jefferson County Trust Company; and at my said executor's request for his protection I have deposited therein a complete, duly sealed, inventory of my entire estate, with the understanding and agreement with said trust company that said box shall not be opened until five years and one month after my death, or until such time as my said nephew shall have forfeited all interest in my estate and same has reverted to said Louisville Charity Organization Society as indicated above.

"'This will is written by me entirely in my own handwriting. In testimony of all which, witness my signature this the eighth day of June, 1905. JOSEPH X. BROWN.'

"'Signed and acknowledged in our presence by Joseph X. Brown to be his last will and testament, and signed by us as witnesses thereto at his request in his presence and in the presence of each other this eighth day of June, 1905.

"'JOHN G. CARLTON.
"'WILLIAM HODEPP.
"'JAS. MILLER.'

"Well, sir, when the judge got through reading I couldn't say a word. I was floored, stunned, helpless. The idea of Uncle Joe treating me that way, and me his only nephew! If he had given a little—a few thousands—to charity and the rest to me I wouldn't have cared. But to do me like that!

"I looked round at Susie Lou and could see she was hit hard too; but she sat up very straight and quiet, and asked in her best low voice:

"'What is the value of the estate?' Just that way."

"After a Time I Went Into a Drug Store and Got a Job"

The Judge's Secret

"'YES,' I echoed, also sitting up. 'How much did Uncle Joe leave?'

"'That I am not at liberty to state,' he replied with dignity. 'My lips are sealed. I was especially charged not to divulge the amount—have papers to show you to that effect; and the sealed package referred to in the will pertains to that also. You were not to know under any circumstances the amount of the estate.'

"Unknown stakes to work for—wouldn't that jar you? You know it would—it would jolt anybody!

"'If you wish to move in and commence business at once,' the judge continued, 'you can come up this afternoon after the will is probated, get the keys and take possession.'

"'Thank you, judge, we will consider it,' Susie Lou answered for us, and we left.

"'R. J., how much do you think your uncle had?' were her first words when we had gotten to the street.

"'I'm sure I don't know—haven't any idea,' I replied. 'It might be a hundred thousand or more—it might be only fifty; he didn't confide in me. And from the difficulty I had in getting fives and tens out of him you'd think he didn't have anything. I know he used to have some Texas and some Florida land, and he's kept a safe-deposit box a long, long time. I think he must have had a lot of government bonds.'

"'One hundred thousand dollars!' Susie Lou rolled out the words slowly, as if she were letting ice cream melt in her mouth. 'My, what I could do for Patsy with that! One hundred thousand dollars—I never dreamed it was that much!'

"'Maybe it wasn't,' I replied. 'Maybe it was only fifty. Maybe it wasn't that much. How should I know?'

"'I could do as much for Patsy with that hundred thousand as Mrs. Mack Mickenzie did for her Lorelle with her half million. I know I could; and Patsy would help me. But Patsy would be twenty-one before we could begin to use the money—and we'd be running a grocery meantime. Still, twenty-one is not old; and with plenty of money and sense to use it, one hundred thousand dollars ——'

"The amount seemed to have gone to her head and gotten lodged there. I may have been foolish myself, but I didn't want her to be.

"'Now look here, Susie Lou,' I cautioned her, 'don't you set your heart on any such sum. I don't know, I tell you; I haven't any idea how much he had.'

"'It may have been more; yes, I understand.'

"'Or less, much less.'

"'Oh, yes, I understand. But we could do wonders with fifty thousand—Patsy's an attractive girl.'

"What's the use of arguing with a woman anyway? You never get anywhere. If you're married you know that—everybody does.

(Continued on Page 27)

Brother Bill on the Border

By GEORGE PATTULLO

PRIVATE BOB LAMOND, G Company, 2d Texas National Guard, came up through the dark from the banks of the Rio Grande with a couple of unwilling Mexican prisoners in front of him. Every time they hesitated he prodded them in rear with his rifle, lustily exclaiming: *"Pumpus plante! Pumpus plante!"* In such choice Spanish did Private Lamond convey to the benighted natives the explanation that they were pinched for having been caught trespassing on the premises of the Madero pumping plant, which supplies the towns of Mission and McAllen and about twelve thousand troops with water.

Arrived at the outpost he reported his capture and tied up the prisoners with rope for the night. A little later he brought in another whom he had challenged on the road. There is an order that every native walking abroad after dark in Madero City, and below to the river, must carry a light. As soon as he realized he was in the presence of an officer the Mexican began to protest his innocence to Lieutenant Kendrick. Private Lamond listened patiently for a space.

"What's that guy saying, Jim—I mean Lieutenant?" he inquired.

"He says he had a lantern going, but it was low."

"Well, anyhow," said Bob, "he didn't have no tail-light going."

Outpost duty such as that, miles from the main body, is one of the things done every day and night on the Border. Your big brother Bill may be on the same sort of job at this minute.

If he belongs to the Fighting Fourteenth, from Brooklyn, he has probably relieved Private Lamond at the pumping plant, and is watching the roads and the thickets of trees round it, stepping a little high to avoid the snakes, it may be, and wondering when some sneaking yellow belly will take a crack at him from the gloom.

A stick of dynamite or a can of kerosene might easily do the trick of cutting off the water supply of three brigades, so Brother Bill keeps his eye peeled. Also, he makes unexpected descents upon the hamlet called Madero City, and forces his way into houses to search for arms and ammunition.

While I was there the detachment found a rifle and a hundred rounds of snub-nosed cartridges hidden in a bundle of women's clothes; also, a few knives built on the lines of young bayonets. And they spent an entire night trying to round up a fellow who had crossed to recruit a company from the American side for service in Carranza's army.

As for the natives of the place, they love him the way you do a polecat. They won't look at Brother Bill at all when he goes by until he can't see them do it. Often he glimpses a figure lurking in the rear of a house while the wife and children sit on the porch, and an indefinable menace in the furtive scrutiny warns him that the place will bear watching.

The Bet the Sergeant Lost

THE Border heaved a long sigh of relief when it heard the first blast whistle of a troop train. With a Mexican population in all the towns and counties outnumbering the whites in the ratio of seven to one in some cases, and a hundred to one in others, and agitators constantly stirring up trouble, there was always a danger right at their doors as well as from the other side of the Rio Grande. The Rangers and deputies, than whom there are no finer fighting men in the world, have kept the lid on with an iron hand, but there has never been an hour since the troubles started that did not hold possibilities of attack too formidable for local officers to cope with. Now Brother Bill is on the job.

He came to it fresh from desk and shop and the soft comforts of urban life. The people of the Lower Valley gathered at the stations to watch the trains go through, and stared curiously at the men in the windows.

"My, ain't they nice and pink!" observed a deputy who has seen about two heavy rains since he was born.

They certainly had a pale and callow look beside the bronzed dwellers of the Valley, but it was gone within three days. The Texas sun and a couple of dust storms had them looking like boiled lobsters in no time, and they are now a copper hue.

The line is about eighteen hundred miles in length, and the National Guard is strung along its length—in Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. El Paso has a large force; outside of that point, more troops are concentrated in the three towns of Pharr, McAllen and Mission in the Lower Valley than in any other area of equal extent. These places are within a radius of eight miles, and about eighteen thousand men are encamped therein. They are the National Guard of New York and some of the Texas guard.

"Say," bawled a sergeant of the 71st, when his train stopped at Pharr en route to McAllen, "where are we, anyway?"

Somebody told him.

"Yes, but what state?"

"Texas."

"Good night—I lose!" he said glumly. "I just bet a guy fifty cents we were south of the equator."

All the towns had made preparations to receive them. Grounds for the camps were cleared, water pipes laid down, and extra helpers put on at the soda fountains and the saloons with beer licenses. Pharr got ninety acres into shape, only to be visited by a fire that wiped out the business section the night before they expected to receive their quota of troops.

The Texas boys watched these preparations balefully. They were veterans. They had been there a month. Had anybody cleared cactus and mesquite and other thorny underbrush for them? They had not. By my halidom, they had not! Yet here were Pharr, McAllen and Mission breaking their backs to welcome the visitors from the North.

"I hope to Gawd," exclaimed one of the 2d piously, as he came off guard, "that a dust storm hits them dudes!"

The lucky 7th were first to arrive, and consequently found practically everything done for them in the way of preliminary labor. Then along came the 71st, and were sent outside the town of McAllen to a waste of brush which had to be cut out and burned before they could make camp. There had been a misunderstanding, but that didn't soften the blow for the 71st. A sergeant of the regiment explained the situation to me in a few well-chosen words.

"Ain't it fierce?" he said. "Just as soon as Pershing gets into trouble they have to send for us—and this is the sort of treatment we get. Say, do you know where I can get some real Mexican chile?"

The 71st had to clear a thousand by three hundred yards of as rough tangle as can be found in that vicinity. And to see boys who had never set eyes on cactus before hauling it away at the end of a stick, and trying to dodge the thorns, was a sight to wring the heart.

The cactus down here is not a plant at all, but belongs to the animal family. No plant could possibly display the devilish ingenuity of a cactus in stinging a fellow from any angle; it must belong to a higher order of life. And the thorns make a bad sore. They have a way of clinging and of breaking off. There were acres and acres of that and prickly brush for Brother Bill to remove, and he sweated over it and murmured gently chiding words when stung.

"Naughty, naughty!" and "Oh, goodness!" were what he said.

Then there were snakes to enliven things. If a visitor be a prospective investor they have no snakes at all in the Lower Valley. At other times and in jovial mood they will tell you about the time Snake King, of Brownsville, bet Rattlesnake Bill fifty dollars he could catch ten rattlers quicker than Bill could. Then to give zest to the affair he added a ton of snakes to the bet; and they went to it. Snake King got his in about eight minutes or some such marvelous time, and poor Rattlesnake Bill had to work hours rustling up the ton of snakes he had lost.

The Assaults of Land Flea and Chigoe

THERE were rattlers round all right, because I saw some; but not nearly so many as the boys wrote home about, and nobody got hurt to my knowledge. As a matter of fact, the fear of rattlers bothers nobody who lives where they abound. Good mothers and sisters, take heart. Brother Bill won't succumb to a snake. I spent several years of my life on ranches where they were thick, and in all that time knew personally of only one man's being bitten, and he had tried to extract the reptile from a hole by the end of its tail. A rattler dislikes that sort of thing.

Just the same, Brother Bill kept on the lookout for them. He was in the same situation as the fellow who had been assured that the dog's bark was worse than his bite—maybe the dog didn't know it. So he moved warily, and at night he dreamed of them crawling into the blankets with him and reared up to peer round the pup tent where he slept on arrival.

If rattlers left him alone mosquitoes and sand fleas did not. The latter are about the meanest insects what is, the chigoe always excepted. A mosquito is a gentleman compared to a sand flea or chigoe. And they went after the National Guard hard. The boys from the North were fresh meat to them. After subsisting on the Texans, it was like graduating from canned beef to corn-fed stuff. They took one look at their legs and settled, and you could hear the scratching that night clear up to the thirtieth parallel of latitude.

It had been dry as a bone in this country for ten solid months when the New York Guard pulled in, but the very day of arrival down came a drenching rain. It was a good one and caught the 14th Regiment in the neck before they had put up their tents.

"Just our rotten luck!" grumbled a corporal. "We never moved into a camp yet but what it rained. We're the original little rainmakers, we are."

A lank Texan listened to him with an expression of amazed incredulity on his face.

"What?" he cried. "You're kickin' on this rain? Say, brother, you see that kid bellerin' over there?"

"Well, what about it?"

"What age might you guess him at?"

"Four or five. Why?"

"Because," said the Texan impressively, "that there child never seen it rain before, and he's scared."

The sun came out, a strong wind dried out the ground, and next day a dust storm swirled over Mission, blotting it from sight for a few minutes. The dust storms down here look like a London fog on a spree.

(Continued on Page 35)

THE FLOWER OF SPAIN

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

FROM the window of the drawing-room Lavinia Sanviano could see, on the left, the Statue of Garibaldi, where the Corso Regina Maria cut into the Lungarno; on the right, and farther along, the gray-green foliage of the Cascine. Before her the Arno flowed away, sluggish and without a wrinkle or reflection on its viscous surface, into Tuscany. It was past the middle of afternoon, and a steady procession of carriages and mounted officers in pale blue tunics moved below toward the shade of the Cascine.

Lavinia could not see this gay progress very well, for the window—it had only a narrow ledge guarded by an iron grille—was practically filled by her sister, Gheta, and Anna Mantegazza. Occasionally she leaned forward, pressed upon Gheta's shoulder, for a hasty, unsatisfactory glimpse.

"You are crushing my sleeves!" Gheta finally and sharply complained. "Do go somewhere else. Anna and I want to talk without your young ears eternally about. When do you return to the convent?"

Lavinia drew back. However, she didn't leave. She was accustomed to her sister's complaining, and—unless the other went to their father—she ignored her hints. Lavinia's curiosity in worldly scenes and topics was almost as deep as her imagination thereof. She was sixteen, and would have to endure another year of obscurity before her marriage could be thought of, or a part in the social life where Gheta moved with such marked success

But, Lavinia realized with a sigh, she couldn't expect to be pursued like Gheta, who was very beautiful. Gheta was so exceptional that she had been introduced to the Florentine polite world without the customary preliminary of marriage. She could, almost everyone agreed, marry very nearly whoever and whenever she willed. Even now, after the number of years she had been going about with practically all her friends wedded, no one seriously criticized the Sanvianos for not insisting on a match with one of the several eligibles who had unquestionably presented themselves.

Gheta was slender and round; her complexion had the flawless, pallid bloom of a gardenia; her eyes and hair were dark, and her lips an enticing scarlet thread. Perhaps her chin was a trifle lacking in definition, her voice a little devoid of warmth; but those were minor defects in a person so precisely radiant. Her dress was always noticeably lovely; at present she wore pink tulle over lustrous gray, with a high silver girdle, a narrow black velvet band and diamond clasp about her delicate, full throat.

Anna Mantegazza was more elaborately gowned, in white embroidery, with a little French hat; but Anna Mantegazza was an American, with millions, and elaboration was a commonplace with her. Lavinia wore only a simple white slip, confined about her flexible waist with a yellow ribbon; and she was painfully conscious of the contrast she presented to the two women seated in the front of the window.

The fact was that a whole fifth of the Sanvianos' income was spent on Gheta's clothes; and this left only the most meager provision for Lavinia. But this, the latter felt, was just—still in the convent, she required comparatively little personal adornment; while the other's beauty demanded a worthy emphasis. Later Lavinia would have tulle and silver lace. She wished, however, that Gheta would get married; for Lavinia knew that even if she came home she would be held back until the older sister was settled. She thought that Gheta was very silly to show such indifference to Cesare Orsi. . . . Suddenly she longed to have men—not fat and good-natured like the Neapolitan banker, but austere and romantic—in love with her. She clasped her hands to her fine young breast and a delicate color stained her cheeks. She stood very straight and her breathing quickened through parted lips.

She was disturbed by the echo of a voice from the cool depths of the house, and turned at approaching footfalls. The room was so high and large that it made its stiff gilt and brocade furnishing appear insignificant. Three long windows faced the Lungarno, but two were screened with green slatted blinds and heavily draped, and the light within was silvery and illusive. A small man in correct English clothes, with a pointed bald head and a heavy nose, entered impulsively.

"It's Bembo," Lavinia announced flatly.

"Of course it's Bembo," he echoed vivaciously. "Who's more faithful to the Casa Sanviano ——"

"At tea time," Lavinia interrupted.

"Lavinia," her sister said sharply, "don't be impertinent. There are so many strangers driving," she continued to the man; "do stand and tell us who they are. You know every second person in Europe."

He pressed eagerly forward, and Anna Mantegazza turned and patted his hand.

"I wish you were so attentive to Pier and myself," she said, both light and serious. "I'd like to buy you—you're indispensable in Florence."

"Contessa!" he protested. "Delighted! At once."

"Bembo," Gheta demanded, "duty—who's that in the little carriage with the bells bowed over the horses?"

He leaned out over the grille, his beady, alert gaze sweeping the way below.

"Litolff," he pronounced without a moment's hesitation—"a Russian swell. The girl with him is ——" He stopped with a side glance at Lavinia, a slight shrug.

"Positively, Lavinia," Gheta said again, more crossly, "you're a nuisance! When do you go back to school?"

"In a week," Lavinia answered serenely.

With Bembo added to the others, she could see almost nothing of the scene below. Across the river the declining sun cast a rosy light on the great glossy hedges and clipped foliage of the Boboli Gardens; far to the left the paved height of the Piazzale Michelangelo rose above the somber sweep of roofs and bridges; an aged bell rang harshly and mingled with the inconsequential clatter on the Lungarno. An overwhelming sense of the mystery of being stabbed, sharp as a knife, at her heart; a choking longing possessed her to experience all—all the wonders of life, but principally love.

"Look, Bembo!" Anna Mantegazza suddenly exclaimed. "No; there—approaching! Who's that singular person in the hired carriage?"

Her interest was so roused that Lavinia, once more forgetful of Gheta's sleeves, leaned over her sister's shoulder, and immediately distinguished the object of their curiosity.

An open cab was moving slowly, almost directly under the window, with a single patron—a slender man, sitting rigidly erect, in a short, black shell jacket, open upon white linen, a long black tie, and a soft, narrow scarlet sash. He wore a wide-brimmed, stiff felt hat slanted over a thin countenance burned by the sun as dark as green bronze; his face was as immobile as metal, too; it bore as if permanently molded an expression of excessive, contemptuous pride.

Bembo's voice rose in a bubble of excited information.

"'Singular?' Why, that's one of the most interesting men alive. It's Abrego y Mochales, the greatest bullfighter in existence, the Flower of Spain. I've seen him in the ring and at San Sebastian with the King; and I can assure you that one was hardly more important than the other. He's idolized by everyone in Spain and South America; women of all classes fall over each other with declarations and gifts."

As if he had heard the pronouncement of his name the man in the cab turned sharply and looked up. Gheta was leaning outward, and his gaze fastened upon her with a sudden and extraordinary intensity. Lavinia saw that her sister, without dissembling her interest, sat forward, statuesque and lovely. It seemed to the former that the cab was an intolerable time passing; she wished to draw Gheta back, to cover her indiscretion from Anna Mantegazza's prying sight. She sighed with inexplicable relief when she saw that the man had progressed beyond them and that he did not turn.

A bullfighter! A blurred picture formed in Lavinia's mind from the various details she had read and heard of the cruelty of the national Spanish sport—torn horses, stiff on blood-soaked sand; a frenzied and savage populace; and charging bulls, drenched with red froth. She shuddered.

"What a brute!" she said, unintentionally aloud.

Gheta glanced at her out of a cool superiority, but Anna Mantegazza nodded vigorously.

"He would be a horrid person!" she affirmed.

"How silly!" Gheta responded. "It's an art, like the opera; he's an artist in courage. Personally I find it rather fascinating. Most men are so—so mild."

Lavinia knew that the other was thinking of Cesare Orsi, and she agreed with her sister that Orsi was far

"I Have Had a Great Misfortune. I've Lost a Coin That Interceded for Me"

too mild. Without the Orsi fortune—he had much more even than Anna Mantegazza—Cesare would simply get nowhere. The Spaniard—Lavinia could not recall his name, although it hung illusively among her thoughts—was different; women of all classes, Bembo had said, pursued him with favors. He could be cruel, she thought, and shivered a little vicariously. She half heard Bembo's rapid, high-pitched excitement over trifles.

"You are going to the Guarinis' sale to-morrow afternoon? But, of course, everyone is. Well, if I come across Abrego y Mochales before then, and I'm almost certain to, and he'll come, I'll bring him. He's as proud as the devil—duchesses, you see—so no airs with him. The Flower of Spain. A king of sport sits high at the table——" He went on, apparently interminably; but Lavinia turned away to where tea was being laid in a far angle.

Others approached over the tiled hall and the Marchese Sanviano entered with Cesare Orsi. The window was deserted, and the women trailed gracefully toward the bubbling minor note of the alcohol lamp. Both Sanviano and Orsi were big men—the former, like Bembo, wore English clothes; but Orsi's ungainly body had been tightly garbed by a Southern military tailor, making him—Lavinia thought—appear absolutely ridiculous. His collar was both too tight and too high, although perspiration promised relief from the latter.

A general and unremarkable conversation mingled with the faint rattle of passing cups and low directions to a servant. Lavinia was seated next to Cesare Orsi, but she was entirely oblivious of his heavy, kindly face and almost anxiously benevolent gaze. He spoke to her, and because she had comprehended nothing of his speech she smiled at him with an absent and illuminating charm. He smiled back, happy in her apparent pleasure; and his good nature was so insistent that she was impelled to reward it with a remark.

She thought, she said, that Gheta was particularly lovely this afternoon. He agreed eagerly; and Lavinia wondered whether she had been clumsy. She simply couldn't imagine marrying Cesare Orsi, but she knew that such a match with Gheta was freely discussed, and she hoped that her sister would not make difficulties. She wouldn't have dresses so fussy as Gheta's—in figure, anyhow, she was perhaps her sister's superior—fine materials, simply cut, with a ruffle at the throat and hem, a satin wrap pointed at the back, with a soft tassel. . . .

Orsi was talking to Gheta, and she was answering him with a brevity that had cast a shade of annoyance over the Marchese Sanviano's large features. Lavinia thought, with her father, that Gheta was a fool. She must be thirty, the younger suddenly realized. Bembo was growing hysterical from the tea and his own shrill anecdotes. He resembled a grotesque performing bird with a large beak. Lavinia's thoughts returned to the silent, dark man who had passed in a cab. She wished, now, that she had been sitting in the front of the window—the object of his unsparing, intense gaze. She realized that he was extremely handsome, and contrasted his erect, slim carriage to Orsi's thick, slouched shoulders. The latter interrupted her look, misinterpreted it, and said something about candy from Giacosa's.

Lavinia thanked him and rose; the conversation about the tea table seemed unbearably stupid, no better than the flat chatter of the nuns at school.

Her room was small and barely furnished, with a thin rug over the stone floor, and opened upon the court about which the house was built. The Sanvianos occupied the second floor. Below, the *piano nobile* was rented by the proprietor of a great wine industry. It was evident that he was going out to dinner, for his dark blue brougham was waiting at the inner entrance. The horse, a fine, sleek animal, was stamping impatiently, with ringing shoes, on the paved court. A flowering magnolia tree against a corner filled the thickening dusk with a heavy, palpitating sweetness.

Lavinia stayed for a long while at the ledge of her window. Her hair, which she wore braided in a smooth, heavy rope, slid out and hung free. The brougham left, with a clatter of hoofs and a final clang of the great iron-bound door on the street; above, white stars grew visible in a blue dust. She dressed slowly, changing from one plain gown to another hardly less simple. Before the mirror, in an unsatisfactory lamplight, she studied her appearance and thought of Gheta.

She lacked the latter's lustrous pallor, the petal-like richness of Gheta's skin. Lavinia's cheeks bore a perceptible flush, which she detested and tried vainly to mask with powder. Her eyes, a clear bluish gray, inherited from the Lombard strain in her mother, were not so much fancied as her sister's brown; but at least they were more uncommon and constrasted nicely with her straight, dark bang. Her shoulders and arms she surveyed with frank, healthy approbation. Now her hair annoyed her, swinging childishly about her waist, and she secured it in an instinctively effective coil on the top of her head. She decided to leave it there for dinner. Her mother was away for the night; and she knew that Gheta's sarcasm would only stir their father to a teasing mirth.

Later, Gheta departed for a ball, together with the Marchese Sanviano, to be dropped at his club, and Lavinia was left alone. The scene in the court was repeated, but with less flourish than earlier in the evening. Gheta would be nominally in the charge of Anna Mantegazza; but Lavinia knew how laxly the American would hold her responsibility. She wished, moving disconsolately under high painted ceilings through the semigloom of still, formal chambers, that she was a recognized beauty—free, like Gheta.

The drawing-room, from which they had watched the afternoon procession, was in complete darkness, only the luminous rectangle of the window they had occupied visible, its drapery still disarranged. Lavinia crossed the room and stood at the grille. The lights strung along the river, curving away like uniform pale bubbles, cast a thin illumination over the Lungarno, through which a solitary vehicle moved. Lavinia idly watched it approach, but her interest increased as it halted directly opposite where she stood. A man got quickly out—a lithe figure with a broad-brimmed hat slanted across his eyes. It was, she realized with an involuntary quickening of her blood, Abrego y Mochales. A second man followed, tendered him a curiously shaped object, and stood by the waiting cab while the bullfighter walked deliberately forward. He stopped under the window and shifted the thing in his hands.

A rich chord of strings vibrated through the night, another followed, and then a brief pattern of sound was woven from the serious notes of a guitar. Lavinia shrank back within the room—it was, incredibly, a serenade on the stolid Lungarno. It was for Gheta! The romance of the south of Spain had come to life under their window. A voice joined the instrument, melodious and melancholy, singing an air with little variation, but with an insistent burden of desire. The voice and the guitar mingled and fluctuated, drifting up from the pavement exotic and moving. Lavinia could comprehend but little of the Spanish:

I followed through the acacias,
But it was only the wind.
. . . . looked for you beyond the limes ——

The thrill at her heart deepened until tears wet her cheeks. It was for Gheta, but it overwhelmed Lavinia with a formless and aching emotion; it was for Gheta, but her response was instant and uncontrollable. It seemed to Lavinia that the sheer beauty of life, which had moved her so sharply earlier, had been magnified unbearably; she had never dreamed of the possibilities of such ecstasy or such delectable grief.

The song ended abruptly, with a sharp, jarring note. The man by the carriage moved deferentially forward and took the guitar. She could see the minute, pulsating sparks of cigarettes; heard a direction to the driver. Abrego y Mochales and the other got into the cab and it turned and shambled away. Lavinia Sanviano moved mechanically forward, gazing after the dark, vanishing shape on the road. She was shaken, almost appalled, by the feeling that stirred her. A momentary terror of living swept over her; the thrills persisted; her hands were icy cold. She had, she thought, been a child until now, when she had lost that small security, and gained—what?

She studied herself, clad in her coarse nightgown with narrow lace, in her inadequate mirror. The color had left her cheeks and her eyes shone darkly from shadows. "Lavinia Sanviano!" she said aloud, but with the extraordinary sensation of addressing, in her reflection, a stranger. She could never, never wear her hair down again, she thought with an odd pang.

II

GHETA invariably took breakfast in her room. It was a larger chamber by far than Lavinia's, toward the Via Garibaldi. A thick white bearskin was spread by the canopied bed, an elaborate dressing table stood between long windows drawn with ruffled pink silk, while the ceiling bore a scaling ottocento frescoing of garlanded cupids. She was sitting in bed, the chocolate pot on a painted table at her side, when Lavinia entered.

A maid was putting soft paper in the sleeves of Gheta's ball dress, and Lavinia, finding an unexpected reluctance to proceed with what she had come to say, watched the servant's deft care.

"Mochales was here last night," Lavinia finally said abruptly—"that is to say he stood on the street and serenaded you."

Gheta put her cup down with a clatter.

"How charming!" she exclaimed. "And I missed it for an insufferable affair. He stood under the window——"

"With a guitar," Lavinia proceeded evenly. "It was very beautiful."

"Heavens! Bembo's going to fetch him to the Guarinis' sale, and I'd forgot and promised Anna Mantegazza to drive out to Arcetri! But Anna won't miss this. It was really a very pretty compliment."

She spoke with a trivial satisfaction that jarred painfully on Lavinia's memory of the past night. Gheta calmly accepted the serenade as another tribute to her beauty; Lavinia could imagine what Anna Mantegazza and her sister would say, and they both seemed commonplace—even a little vulgar—to her acutely sensitized being. She suddenly lost her desire to resemble Gheta; her sister diminished in her estimation. The elder, Lavinia thought with an unsparing detachment, was enveloped in a petty vanity acquired in an atmosphere of continuous flattery; it had chilled her heart.

The Guarinis, who had been overtaken by misfortune, and whose household goods were being disposed of at public sale, occupied a large, gloomy floor on the Via Cavour. The rooms were crowded by their friends and the merely curious; the carpets were protected by a temporary covering; and all the furnishings, the chairs and piano, pictures, glass and bijoux, bore gummed and numbered labels.

The sale was progressing in one of the larger salons, but the crowd circulated in a slow, solid undulation through every room. Gheta and Anna Mantegazza had sought the familiar, comfortable corner of an entresol, and were seated. Lavinia was standing tensely, with a laboring breast, when Bembo suddenly appeared with the man whom he had called the Flower of Spain.

"The Contessa Mantegazza," Bembo said suavely, "Signorina Sanviano, this is Abrego y Mochales."

The bullfighter bowed with magnificent flexibility. A hot resentment possessed Lavinia at Bembo's apparent ignoring of her; but he had not seen her at first and hastened to repair his omission. Lavinia inclined her

head stiffly. An increasing confusion possessed her, but she forced herself to gaze directly into Mochales' still, black eyes. His face, she saw, was gaunt, the ridges of his skull apparent under the bronzed skin. His hair, worn in a queue, was pinned in a flat disk on his head, and small gold loops had been riveted in his ears; but these peculiarities of garb were lost in the man's intense virility, his patent brute force. His fine perfumed linen, the touch of scarlet at his waist, his extremely high-heeled patent-leather boots under soft, uncreased trousers, served only to emphasize his resolute metal—they resembled an embroidered and tasseled scabbard that held a keen and thin and dangerous blade.

Anna Mantegazza extended her hand in the American fashion, and Gheta smiled from—Lavinia saw—her best facial angle. The Spaniard regarded Gheta Sanviano so fixedly that, after a moment, she turned, in a species of constraint, to Anna. The latter spoke with her customary facility and the man responded gravely.

They stood a little aside from Lavinia; she only partly heard their remarks, but she saw that Abrego y Mochales' attention never strayed from her sister. Vicariously it made her giddy. The man absolutely summed up all that Lavinia had dreamed of a romantic and masterful personage. She felt convinced that he had destroyed her life's happiness—no other man could ever appeal to her now; none other could satisfy the tumult he had roused in her. This, she told herself, desperately miserable, was love.

Gheta spoke of her, for the three turned to regard her. She met their scrutiny with a doubtful half smile, which vanished as Anna Mantegazza made a light comment upon her hair being so newly up. Lavinia detested the latter with a sudden and absurd intensity. She saw Anna, with a veiled glance at Gheta, make an apology and leave to join an eddy of familiars that had formed in the human stream sweeping by. Mochales stood very close to her sister, speaking seriously, while Gheta nervously fingered the short veil hanging from her gay straw hat.

A familiar, kindly voice sounded suddenly in Lavinia's ear, and Cesare Orsi joined her. He was about to move forward toward Gheta; but, before he could attract her attention, she disappeared in the crowd with the Spaniard.

"Who was it?" he inquired. "He resembles a juggler."

Lavinia elaborately masked her hot resentment at this fresh stupidity. She must not, she felt, allow Orsi to discover her feeling for Abrego y Mochales; that was a secret she must forever keep from the profane world. She would die, perhaps at a terribly advanced age, with it locked in her heart. But if Gheta married him she would go into a convent.

"It's a bullfighter, I believe," she said carelessly.

"In other words, a brute," Orsi added. "Such men are not fit for the society of—of your sister. One would think his mere presence would make her ill. . . . Yet she seemed quite pleased."

"Strange!" Lavinia said with innocent eyes.

It was like turning a knife in her wound to apparently agree with Cesare Orsi—rather, she wanted to laugh at him coldly and leave him standing alone; but she must cultivate her defenses. There was, too, a sort of negative pleasure in misleading the banker, a sort of torment not unlike that enjoyed by the early martyrs.

Cesare Orsi regarded her with new interest and approbation.

"You're a sensible girl," he proclaimed; "and extremely pretty in the bargain." He added this in an accent of profound surprise, as if she had suddenly grown presentable under his eyes. "In some ways," he went on, gathering conviction, "you are as handsome as Gheta."

"Thank you, Signor Orsi," Lavinia responded with every indication of modesty, but which, in fact, was the indifference of a supreme contempt.

"I have been blind," he asseverated, vivaciously gesticulating with his thick hands.

Lavinia studied him with a remote young brutality, from his fluffy disarranged hair, adhering to his wet brow, to his extravagantly pointed shoes. The ridiculous coral charm hanging from his heavy watch chain, a violent green handkerchief, an insufferable cameo pin—all contributed pleasurably to the lowering of her opinion of him.

"I must find Gheta," she pronounced, suddenly conscious of her isolation with Cesare Orsi in the crowd, and of curious glances. Orsi immediately took her arm, but she eluded him. "Go first, please; we can get through quicker that way."

They progressed from room to room, thoroughly exploring the dense throng about the auctioneer, but without finding either Gheta, Anna Mantegazza or the bullfighter.

"I can't think how she could have forgot me!" Lavinia declared with increasing annoyance. "It's clear that they have all gone."

"Don't agitate yourself," Cesare Orsi begged. "Sanviano will be absolutely contented to have you in my care. I am delighted. You shall go home directly in my carriage." He conducted her, with a show of form that in anyone else or at another time she would have hugely enjoyed, to the street, where he handed her into an immaculately glossy and corded victoria, drawn by a big stamping bay, and stood with his hat off until she had rolled away.

It was comfortable in the luxuriously upholstered seat and, in spite of herself, Lavinia sank back with a contented sigh. There was in its case a gilt hand mirror, into which she peered, and a ledge that pulled out, with a crystal box for cigarettes and a spirit lighter. The Sanvianos had only a landaulet, no longer in its first condition; and Lavinia wondered why Gheta, who adored ease, had been so long in securing for herself such comforts as Orsi's victoria.

They swept smoothly on rubber tires into the Lungarno and rapidly approached her home. The carriage stopped before the familiar white façade, built of marble in the pseudo-severity of the early nineteenth century, and the porter swung open the great iron gate to the courtyard. Lavinia mounted the square, white shaft of the stairs to the Sanvianos' floor, with a deepening sense of injury. She would make it plain to Gheta that she was no longer a child to be casually overlooked.

A small room gave directly on the hall, used in connection with the dining room for coffee and smoking; and there she saw her father sitting, with his hat still on, his face stamped with an almost comical dismay, and holding an unlighted cigar.

"Gheta left me at the Guarinis'," Lavinia commenced impetuously. "If it hadn't been for Signor Orsi I shouldn't be here yet; I was completely ignored."

"Heaven!" her father exclaimed, waving her away. "Another feminine catastrophe! Go to your sister and mother. My head is in a whirl."

Her mother, then, had returned. She went forward and was suddenly startled by hearing Gheta's voice rise in a wail of despairing misery. She hurried forward to her sister's room. Gheta, fully dressed, was prostrate, face down, upon her bed, shaken by a strangled sobbing that at intervals rose to a thin hysterical scream. The Marchesa Sanviano, still in her traveling suit and close-fitting black hat, sat by her elder daughter's side, trying vainly to calm the tumult. In the background the maid, her face streaming with sympathetic tears, was hovering distractedly with a jar of volatile salts.

"Mamma," Lavinia demanded, torn by extravagant fears, "what has happened?"

The marchesa momentarily turned a concerned countenance.

"Your sister," she said seriously, "has found some wrinkles on her forehead."

Lavinia with difficulty restrained a sharp giggle. Gheta's grief and their mother's anxiety at first seemed so foolishly disproportionate to their cause. Then a realization of what such an occurrence meant to Gheta dawned upon her. To an acknowledged beauty like Gheta Sanviano the marks of Time were an absolute tragedy; they threatened her on every plane of her being.

"But when ——" Lavinia commenced.

"They—Anna Mantegazza and she—went to the dressing room at the Guarinis', where, it seems, Anna discovered them—sympathetically, of course."

Gheta's sobbing slowly subsided under the marchesa's urgent plea that unrestrained emotion would only deepen her trouble. She did not appear at dinner; and afterward the marchese, his wife and Lavinia sat wrapped in a gloomy silence. The marchesa was still, in spite of increasing weight, handsome. The gray gaze inherited by Lavinia had escaped the parent; her eyes were soft and dense, like brown velvet. She was a woman of decision and now she brought her hands smartly together.

"We have waited too long with Gheta; we should not have counted so confidently on her beauty; time flies so treacherously. She must marry as soon as possible."

"Thank God, there's Cesare Orsi!" her husband responded.

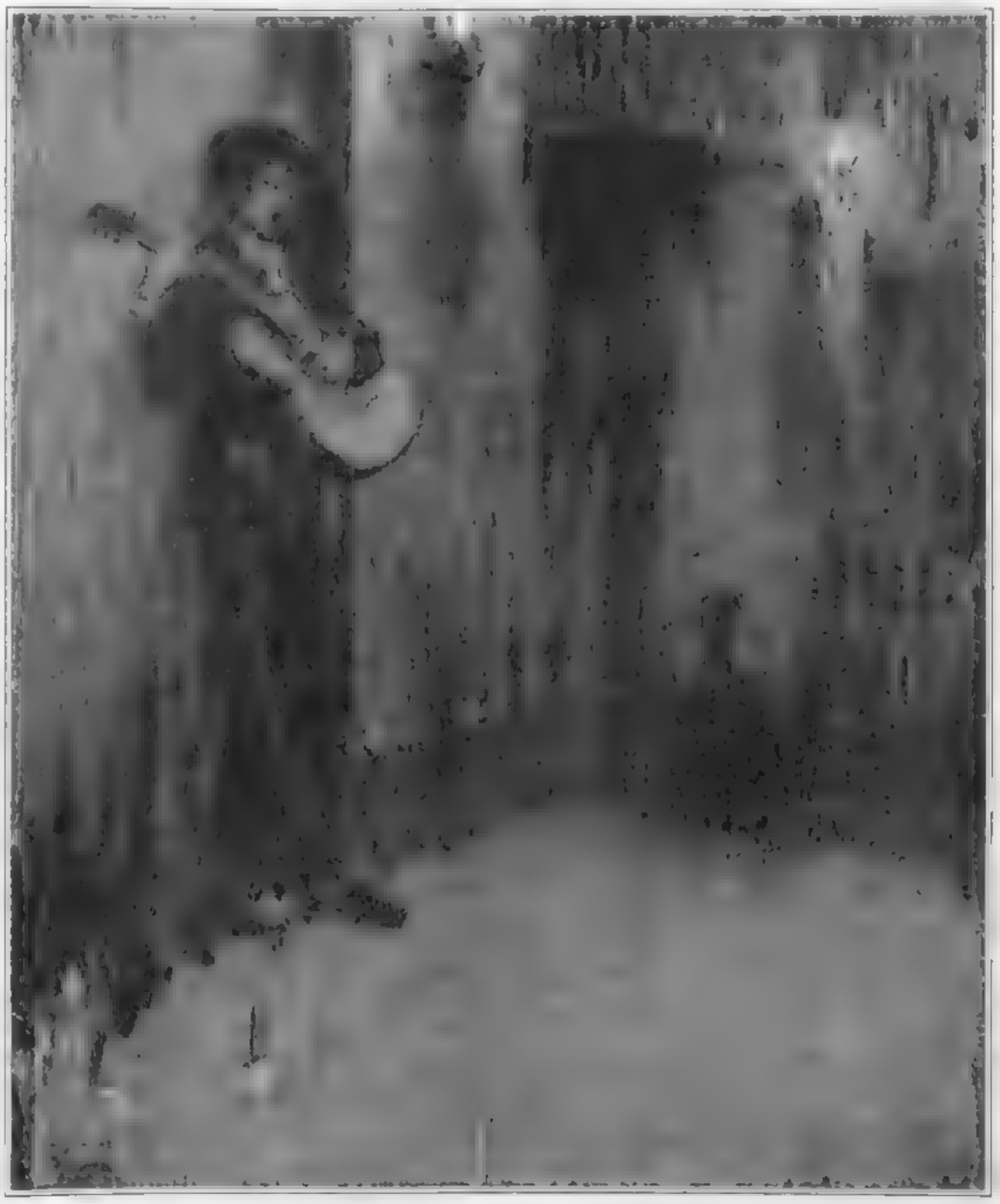
Lavinia was gazing inward at the secretly enshrined image of the Flower of Spain.

III

GHETA SANVIANO often passed a night at the Mantegazzas' villa on the Height of Castena, a long mile from the city.

Lavinia, too, knew the dwelling well, for Sanviano and Pier Mantegazza had been intimate from their similar beginnings, and she had played there as a child. However, she had never been regularly asked with Gheta; and when that occurred—Gheta indifferently delivered Anna Mantegazza's message—and her mother acquiesced, Lavinia had a renewed sense of her growing importance.

She went out early, in the heat of midday, a time that fitted best with the involved schedule of the Sanvianos' single equipage—Anna would take her sister directly from a luncheon at the Ginoris'; and Lavinia looked with mingled anticipation and relief at the approaching graceful façade added scarcely a hundred and fifty years before to the otherwise somber abode of the Mantegazzas, first laid down in the twelfth century.



The Romance of the South of Spain Had Come to Life Under Their Window

The villa stood on an eminence, circled by austere pines, and terraced with innumerable vegetable gardens and frugally planted olives. The road mounted abruptly, turned under a frowning wall incongruously topped with delicate painted urns, and doubled across the massive, iron-bound door that closed the arched entrance. Within, an immensely high, timbered hall was pleasantly cool and dark after the white blaze without. It was bare of furnishing except for a number of rude oak settles against the naked stone walls. It had been a place of fear to Lavinia when a child; and even now she left it with a sense of relief for the modernized interior beyond.

Pier Mantegazza was standing before a high, inclined table, which bore a number of blackened and shapeless medallions. He was a famous numismatic—a tall, stooping man, slightly lame, and enveloped in a premature gray ill health that resembled clinging cobwebs. He bent and brushed Lavinia's forehead with his crisp mustache, and then returned to the delicate manipulation of a magnifying glass and a small blue bottle of acid. She left him for a deep chair and a surprising French romance by Remy de Gourmont. At a long, philosophical dialogue the book drooped, and she thought of Anna Mantegazza and her husband.

She wondered whether they were happy. But she decided, measuring that condition solely by her own requirement, that such a state was impossible for them. It had been certainly a marriage for money and position; prior to the ceremony the Casa Mantegazza had been closed for years, and Pier Mantegazza occupied a small establishment near the Military Hospital, on the Via San Gallo; while Anna Cane had arrived in Rome, without family or credentials, and unknown to the American Embassy other than by amazing deposits at the best banks. But she did have in addition to this a pungent charm and undeniable force and good taste. It was said that the moment she had seen Mantegazza's villa she had decided to possess it, even at the price of its sere, withdrawn holder.

She had gone at once into the best Florentine and Roman society. That was ten years before, but Lavinia realized that she had never successfully assimilated the Italian social formula. She mixed the most diverse elements of their world wilfully and found enjoyment in bringing about amusing situations. She seemed devoid of the foundations of proper caution; in fact, she mocked at them openly. And if she had not been a model Catholic, and herself above the slightest moral question, even Mantegazza could not have carried her among his own circles. As it was, people flocked to her elaborate parties, torn between the hope of being amazed and the fear that they should furnish the hub of the occasion.

Gheta and her hostess arrived later. The former, it appeared to Lavinia, looked disconcerted; and it was evident that she had been remonstrating with Anna Mantegazza. The other laughed provokingly.

"Nonsense!" she declared. "It was too good to miss; besides, you're an old campaigner."

A stair of flagging turning sharply round a stone pillar led incongruously from the light French furnishings to the chamber where Lavinia was to sleep. A Renaissance bed, made of thick quilting directly upon the floor, was covered with gilt ecclesiastical embroidery; and a movable tub stood in a stone corner. The narrow, deep windows overlooked Florence, a somber expanse of roofing; and, coming rapidly toward the villa, Lavinia could see a tall dogcart, with a groom and two passengers. They were men; and, as they drew nearer, Lavinia—with a sudden pounding of her heart—realized the cause of the slight friction between the two women. The cart bore Cesare Orsi, and Mochales the bull-fighter, the Flower of Spain. It was a part of Anna Mantegazza's humor that the men, so essentially antagonistic, should arrive clinging precariously together on the high, insecure trap.

Tea was served at five on the terrace, and Lavinia dressed with minute care. Gheta, she knew, had brought a new lavender lawn with little gold velvet buttons and lace; while she had nothing but the familiar coarse white mull. But she had fresh ribbons and she gazed with satisfaction at her firm, faintly rosy countenance. She would have no wrinkles for years to come. However, she thought, with a return to her sense of tragic gloom, such considerations were of little moment, as Abrego y Mochales would scarcely be conscious of her existence; he would never know. . . . Perhaps, years after —

She purposely delayed her appearance on the terrace until the others had assembled, and then quietly took possession of a chair. Cesare Orsi greeted her with effusive warmth, the Spaniard bowed ceremoniously. A wide prospect of countryside flowed away in innumerable hills and valleys, clothed in the silvery smoke of olives and green-black pines; below, a bank of cherry trees were in bloom. The air was sweet and still and full of a gold radiance.

Lavinia luxuriated in her unhappiness. Mochales, she decided, must be the handsomest man in existence. His

A Call From a Shadowy Fishing Boat Dropping Down the Bay Filled Her With Longing

unchanging gravity fascinated her—the man's face, his voice, his dignified gestures, were all steeped in a splendid melancholy.

"I am a peasant," he said, apparently addressing them all, but with his eyes upon Gheta, "from Estremadura, in the mountains. The life there was very hard, and that was fortunate for me: the food was scarce, and that was good too. If I ate like the grandees a bull would end me in the hot sun of the first *fiesta;* I'd double up like a pancake. I must work all the time—run for miles and play *pelota.*"

Lavinia was possessed by a new contempt for her kind, which she centered upon Orsi, clumsy and stupidly smiling. It was clear that he couldn't run a mile; in fact, he admitted that he detested all exercise. How absurd he looked in his tight plaited jacket! It appeared that he was always perspiring; a crime, she felt sure—with entire disregard of its fatal consequences—that Mochales never committed.

"A friend of ours—it was Bembo—said that he saw you at San Sebastian with your King," Anna Mantegazza put in.

"Why not? But Alphonso is a fine boy; he understands the business of royalty. Every year I dedicate a magnificent bull to the King on his name day."

"Will you dedicate one to me?" Gheta asked carelessly.

"The best in Andalusia," he responded with fire.

Cesare Orsi made a slight, sharp exclamation, and Lavinia's heart beat painfully. The former turned to her with sudden determination.

"Were you comfortable in my carriage," he asked, "and got home at a smart pace?"

Lavinia thanked him.

"You are always so quiet," he complained. "I'm certain there's a great deal in that wise young head worth bringing out."

"Lavinia is still in the schoolroom," Gheta said brutally. "Yesterday she put up her hair, to-day Anna Mantegazza invites her, and we have an effect."

Anna Mantegazza turned to the younger with a new, veiled scrutiny. Her gaze rested for an instant on Orsi and then moved contemplatively to Gheta and Abrego y Mochales. It was evident that her thoughts were very busy; a faint sparkle appeared in her eyes, a fresh vivacity animated her manner. Suddenly she included Lavinia in her remarks; she put queries to the girl patently intended to draw her out. Gheta grew uneasy and then cross.

"I'm sick of sitting here," she declared; "let's walk about. It's cooler, and Pier Mantegazza's place is always worth investigation." She rose and waited for Cesare Orsi, then led the small procession from under the striped tea kiosk down the terrace. The way grew steep and she rested a hand on Orsi's arm. Anna, Lavinia and the Flower of Spain followed together, until the former moved forward to join the leaders. Lavinia's gaze was obscured by a sort of warm mist; she clasped her hands to keep them from trembling. In a narrow flagged turn Mochales brushed her shoulder. He scarcely moved his eyes from Gheta's back. Once he gazed somberly at the girl beside him and she responded with a pale, questioning smile. "I have had a great misfortune," he told her.

"Oh, I'm terribly, terribly sorry!"

"I've lost a blessed coin that intereeded for me since the first day I went in the bull ring. I'd give a thousand wax candles for its return. Now—when I need everything," he continued as if to himself. "Your sister is beautiful," he added abruptly.

"Everybody thinks so," Lavinia replied in a voice she endeavored to make enthusiastic. "She has had tens of admirers here and at Rome and Lucca." There she knew she should stop; but she continued: "Cesare Orsi is very persistent and tremendously rich."

Mochales made a short, unintelligible remark in Spanish. He twisted a cigarette with lightning-like rapidity and only one hand. Together they looked at Orsi's broad, ungainly back, and the bull-fighter's lips tightened, exposing a glimmer of his immaculate teeth.

They passed a neat whitewashed cottage, where an old couple stood bowing abjectly, and came on a series of long, pale-brown buildings and walls.

"The stables and barn," Lavinia explained.

Anna Mantegazza turned.

"You may see something of interest here," she called to Mochales.

A series of steps, made by projecting stones, rose to the top of an eight-foot wall, up which Anna unexpectedly led the way. The wall was broad, afforded a comfortable footing, and inclosed a straw-littered yard. A number of doors led into a barn, and into one some men were urging refractory cattle. In a corner a small, compact bull, with the rapierlike horns of the mountain breeds, was secured by a nose ring and a short chain; and to the latter the men turned when the other animals had been confined. Two threatened the animal with long poles, while a third unfastened the chain from the wall; and then all endeavored to drive him within. Abrego y Mochales stood easily above, watching the clumsy efforts.

Suddenly the bull stopped, plunged his front hoofs into the soft mold of the stable yard and swept his head from side to side with a broken, hoarse bellow. The men prodded him, with urgent cries; but the bull suddenly whirled, snapping the poles, and there was an immediate scattering.

The sight of the retreating forms apparently enraged the animal, for he charged with astonishing speed and barely missed horning the last man to fall over the barricade of a half door. Mochales smiled; he called familiarly to the bull. Then he stooped and vaulted lightly down into the yard. Lavinia gave a short exclamation; she was cold with fear. Orsi looked on without any emotion visible on his heavy face. Anna Mantegazza leaned forward, tense with interest. "*Bravo!*" she called.

Gheta Sanviano smiled.

The bull did not see Mochales at first, when the man cried tauntingly. The bull turned and stood with a lowered,

(Continued on Page 44)

THE LEOPARD WOMAN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VI

"In Africa I Have Done What They Tell Me Women Have Never Done"

IN THE early darkness of equatorial Africa Kingozi, accompanied by Maliya-bwana with a lantern, crossed over to the other camp. Simba and Cazi Moto had come in almost at dusk; but they were very tired, and Kingozi considered it advisable to let them rest. They had covered probably thirty-five miles. Cazi Moto had found no water, and no traces of water. Furthermore, the game had thinned and disappeared. Only old tracks, old trails, old sign indicated that after the Big Rains the country might be habitable for the beasts. But Simba had discovered a concealed "tank" in a kopje. He had worked his way to it by "lining" the straight, swift flight of green pigeons, as a bee hunter on the plains used to line the flight of bees. The tank proved to be a deep, hidden recess far back under overhanging rocks, at once concealed and protected from the sun and animals. Its water was sweet and abundant.

"No one has used that water. It is an unknown water," concluded Simba.

"How far?"

"Four hours."

"*Vema.*" Kingozi bestowed on him the word of highest praise.

The stranger woman's camp was not far away; in fact, but just across the little, dry stream bed. Her safari was using the same pool as Kingozi's.

At the edge of the camp he paused to take in its disposition. From one detail to another his eye wandered, and in it dawned a growing approval. Your native, left to his own devices, pitches his little tents haphazard here, there and everywhere, according as his fancy turns to this or that bush, thicket or clump of grass. Such a camp straggles abominably. But here was no such confusion. Back from the water hole a hundred yards, atop a slight rise and under the thickest of the trees, stood a large green tent with a projecting fly. A huge pile of firewood had been dumped down in front of it, and at that very moment one of the *askaris*, kneeling, was kindling a fire. Behind the big tent, and at some remove, gleamed the circle of porters' tents, each with its little blaze. Loads were piled neatly, covered with a tarpaulin, and the pile guarded by an *askari*.

Kingozi strode across the intervening space. Before the big tent a table had been placed, and beside the table a reclining canvas chair of the folding variety. On a spread of figured blue cloth stood a bottle of lime juice, carbonated water and a bowl containing flowers. The strange woman was stretched luxuriously in the chair, smoking a cigarette.

She wore a short-sleeved lilac tea gown of thin silk, lilac silk stockings and high-heeled slippers. Her hair descended in two long braids over her shoulders and between her breasts, which the thin silk defined. Her figure in the long chair fell into sinuous, graceful, relaxed lines. As he approached she looked at him over the glowing cigarette, and her eyes seemed to flicker with a strange restlessness. This contrast—of the restless eyes and the relaxed, graceful body—reminded Kingozi of something. His mind groped for a moment; then he had it.

"*Bibi-ya-chui!*" he said, half to himself, half to his companion—"The Leopard Woman!"

And, parenthetically, from that moment *Bibi-ya-chui*—the Leopard Woman—was the name by which she was known among the children of the sun.

She did not greet him in any way, but turned her head to address commands:

"Bring a chair for the *bwana*; bring cigarettes; bring *bulauri, limejuici* ——"

Kingozi found himself established comfortably.

She moved her whole body slightly sidewise, the better to face him. The soft silk fell in new lines about her, defining new curves. Her red lips smiled softly, and her eyes were dark and inscrutable.

"I was what you call horrid to-day," she said. "It was not me; it was the frightenedness from the rhinoceros. I was very much frightened, so I had the porters beaten. That was horrid, was it not? Do you understand it? I suppose not. Men have no nerves, like women. They are brave always. I have not said what I feel. I have heard of you—the most wonderful shot in Central Africa. I believe it now."

Kingozi's eyes were lingering on her silk-clad form, the peep of ankles below her robe. She observed him with slanted eyes, and a little breath of satisfaction raised her bosom. Abruptly he spoke:

"Aren't you afraid of fever mosquitoes in that rig?"

Her body stirred convulsively, and her finely penciled eyebrows, with their perpetual air of surprise, moved with impatience; but her voice answered him equably:

"My friend, at the close of the hard day I must have my comfort. There can be no fever here, for there are no people here. When in the fever country I have my 'rig'"—subtly she shaded the word—"just the same. But I have a big net—like a tent—beneath which I sit. Does that satisfy you?"

She spoke with the obvious painstaking patience that one uses to instruct a child, but with a veiled irony meant for an older intelligence.

Kingozi laughed.

"I do appear to catechize you, don't I? But I am interested. It is difficult to realize that a woman alone can understand this kind of travel." He had thrown off his guarded abstraction and smiled across at her as frankly as a boy. The gravity of his face broke into wrinkles of laughter; his steady eyes twinkled; his smile showed strong, white teeth. In spite of his bushy beard he looked a boy. The woman stared at him.

"You have instructed me about my camp; you have instructed me about my men; you have instructed me about my marching; you have even instructed me about my clothes." She tallied the counts on her slender fingers. "Now I must instruct you."

"Guilty, I am afraid," he smiled; "but ready to take punishment."

"Very well." With a sinuous movement she turned on her elbow to face him. "Listen! It is this: You should not wear that beard."

She fell back and raised the cigarette to her lips.

For a moment Kingozi stared at her speechless with surprise; but immediately recovered.

"I shall give to your advice the same respectful consideration you accord mine," he assured her gravely.

She laughed in genuine amusement.

"Only I have more excuse," continued Kingozi. "A woman—alone—so far away ——"

"You said that before," she interrupted. "In other words, what in—what you call? Oh, yes!—what in hell am I doing up here? Is that it?"

She turned on him a wide-eyed stare. Kingozi chuckled.

"That's it. What *are* you doing up here?"

"Listen, my friend. In this world I do what I please—always. And when I find that which people tell me cannot be done, that I do—at once. My life is full of those things which could not be done, but which I have done."

"I believe you," said Kingozi; but he said it to himself.

"I have done them at home—where I live. I have done them in the cities and courts. Whatever the people tell me is impossible—Oh, it cannot be done—with the uplifted hand and eye—you understand—that I do. Four years ago I came to Africa, and in Africa I have done what they tell me women have never done. I have traveled in the Kameruns, in Nyasaland, in Somaliland, in Abyssinia. Then they tell me: 'Yes, that is very well; but you follow a track. It is a dim track; but it is there. You go alone—yes; but you have us at your back.' And I ask them: 'What then? Where is this place where there is no track?' And they wave their hands, and say: 'Over yonder'; so I come!"

She recited all this dramatically, using her hands much in gesticulation, her eyes flashing. In proportion as she became animated Kingozi withdrew into his customary stolid calm.

"Quite so," he commented; "spirit of adventure, and all that sort of thing. Where did you get this lot?"

"What?"

He waved his hand.

"Your men."

She considered him a barely appreciable instant; then she answered:

"Why, the usual way—from the coast."

"They are strange to me; I do not recognize their tribes," Kingozi replied blandly. "So you are pushing out into the Unknown. How far do you consider going?"

"Until it pleases me to stop."

Kingozi produced his pipe.

"If you do not mind?" he requested. He deliberately filled and lighted it. After a few strong puffs he resumed:

"The country, you say, is unknown to you."

"Of course."

"I imagined you told me this afternoon that you knew of this water. I must have been mistaken."

He blew a cloud, gazing straight ahead of him in obviously assumed innocence. She examined him with a narrow, sidelong glance.

"No," she said at last, "you were not mistaken. I did tell you so."

"Well?" Kingozi turned to her.

"I was very angry, so I lied," she replied naïvely. "Women always lie when they get very angry."

"Or tell the truth—uncomfortably," grinned Kingozi.

"Bravo!" she applauded. "He does know something about women!" With one of her sudden smooth movements she again raised herself on her elbow. "How much?" she challenged.

"Enough," he replied enigmatically.

They both laughed.

Across the accustomed night noises came a long, rumbling snarl ending sharply with a snoring gasp. It was succeeded by another in a different key. The two took up a kind of antiphony, one against the other, now rising in volume, now dying down to a low grumble, again suddenly bursting like an explosion.

"The lions have found that rhino," remarked Kingozi indifferently.

For a moment or so they listened to the distant thunders.

"I have not sufficiently thanked you even yet for this afternoon," she said. "You saved my life, you know that."

"Happened to be there, and let off a rifle."

"I know shooting. It was a wonderful shot at that distance and in those circumstances."

"Chancy shot. Had good luck," replied Kingozi shortly.

Undeterred by his tone, she persisted.

"But you are said by many to be the best shot in Africa."

He glanced at her keenly. "Indeed. I think that an exaggeration. For whom do you take me?"

"You are Mid-dle-ton," she told him. She pronounced the name slowly, syllable by syllable, as though English proper names were difficult to her.

He laughed.

"Whoever he may be. I am known as Kingozi here."

"You are not Mid-dle-ton?"

"I am anything it pleases you to have me. And you?"

She had become the spoiled darling, pouting at him in half-pretended vexation.

"Bandika!" She Cried. "Take Your Loads! Quickly!"

"You are playing with me. For that I shall not tell you who I am."

"It does not matter. I know."

"You know! But how?"

"I know many things."

"What is it then? Tell me!"

He hesitated, smiling at her inscrutably. The flames from the fire were leaping high now, throwing the lantern light into eclipse. An *askari*, wearing on his head an individual fancy in marabou feathers, leaned on his musket, his strong bronze face cast into the wistful lines of the savage countenance in repose. The lions had evidently compounded their quarrel. Only an occasional rasping cough testified to their presence. But in the direction of the dead rhinoceros the air was hideous with the plaints of the waiting hyenas. Their peculiarly weird moans came in chorus; and every once in a while arose the shrill, prolonged titter that has earned them the name of "laughing hyena."

"*Bibi-ya-chui*," he told her at length.

She considered this, her red lowerlip caught between her teeth.

"The Leopard Woman," she repeated, "and it is thus that I am known! You, Kingozi—the Bearded One. I, *Bibi-ya-chui*—the Leopard Woman!" She laughed. "I think I like it," she decided.

"Now we know all about each other," she mocked. "But no; you have asked many questions, which is your habit, but I have asked few. What do you do in this strange land? Is it—what you call—'spirit of adventure' also?"

"Not I! I am an ivory hunter."

"You expect to find the elephant here?"

"Who knows—or ivory to trade."

"And then you get your ivory and make the magic pass, and, presto, it is in Mombasa!" she said with a faint sarcasm.

"You mean I have not men enough to carry out ivory. Well, that is true. But you see my habit is to get my ivory first, and then to get *shenzis* from the people roundabout to act as porters," he explained to her gravely.

Apparently she hesitated, in two minds as to what next to say.

Kingozi perceived a dancing temptation sternly repressed, and smiled beneath his beard.

"I see," she said finally in a meek voice.

But Kingozi knew that already. "She is a keen one," he reflected admiringly. "Caught the weak point in that yarn straight off!"

He arose to his feet, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"You travel to-morrow?" he asked politely.

"That I have not decided."

"This is a dry country," Kingozi suggested blandly. "Of course you will not risk a blind push with so many men. You will probably send out scouts to find the next water."

"That is possible," she replied gravely; but Kingozi thought to catch a twinkle in her eye.

He raised his voice:

"Boy!"

Mali-ya-bwana glided from one of the small porters' tents.

"*Qua heri*," Kingozi abruptly wished her farewell in Swahili.

"*Qua heri*," she replied without moving.

He turned into the darkness. The tropical stars blazed above him like candles. Kingozi lapsed into half-forgotten slang. "Downy bird!" he reflected; which was probably not exactly the impression the Leopard Woman either intended or thought she had made.

VII

A SEASONED African traveler in ordinary circumstances sleeps very soundly, his ear attuned only to certain things. So Kingozi hardly stirred on his cork mattress, although the lions roared full-voiced satisfaction when they left the rhinoceros, and the yells of the hyenas rose to a pandemonium when at last they were permitted to join the feast. Likewise the nearer familiar noises of men rising to their daily tasks at four o'clock—the yawning, stretching, cracking of firewood, crackling of fire, low-voiced chatter—did not disturb him. Yet, so strangely is the human mind organized, had during the night a soft whisper of padded feet, even the deep breathing of a beast, sounded within the precincts of the camp, he would instantly have been broad awake, the rifle that stood loaded near by clasped in his hand. Thus he lay quietly through the noises of men working; but came awake at the sound of men marching. He arose on his elbow and drew aside the flap of his tent.

At the same instant Cazi Moto stopped outside. The usual formula ensued.

"*Hodie!*" called Cazi Moto.

"*Karibu*," replied Kingozi.

Thus Cazi Moto at once awakened and greeted his master, and Kingozi acknowledged.

Cazi Moto entered the tent and lighted the tiny lantern, for it was still an hour and a half until daylight.

"I hear men marching," said Kingozi.

Cazi Moto stopped.

"It is the safari of Bibi-ya-chui." Already Kingozi's nickname for her had been adopted.

Cazi Moto disappeared, and a moment later was heard outside pouring water into the canvas basin.

Instead of arising immediately, as was his ordinary custom, Kingozi lay still. The Leopard Woman was already traveling! What could that mean? She was certainly taking some chances, hiking round thus in the dark. Perhaps some aged or weak lion had not been permitted a share of that rhinoceros. And again she was taking chances pushing out blindly with over a hundred men into the aridity of the desert. Kingozi contemplated this thought for some time. Then, making up his mind, he began to dress.

As he was drying his face Simba came for the guns, and a half dozen of the porters prepared to strike and furl the tent. Already the canvas washstand had disappeared.

"Simba," observed Kingozi in English, of which language Simba knew but three words, "she is no fool. She knows where there is water out yonder; but it is water at least forty miles away. She's got to push and push hard to make it, and that's why she's making so early a start. I had a notion this 'country of the great Unknown' wasn't quite so 'unknown' as it might be."

He finished this speech coincidentally with the drying of his hands. The impatient Cazi Moto snatched the towel deftly but respectfully and packed it away. Simba, who had listened with deference until his *bwana* should finish this jargon, grinned.

"Yes, suh!" He used two of his English words at a bang.

Kingozi ate his breakfast by firelight. With the exception of his camp chair and the eating service, the camp was by now all packed, and the men were squatting before their fires, waiting.

But there was a hitch. Kingozi called up Simba and began to question him.

"You say the water is four hours' march?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"Four hours for you, or four hours for laden men?"

"The safari can go in four hours, *bwana*."

"Is there game there?"

"No, *bwana*. It is a guarded water, and there is no game."

Kingozi considered.

"Very well. I want six men. Before the march we must get meat."

Some time since the flames of the African sunrise had spread to the zenith, glowing and terrible as a furnace. Although the sky was thus brilliantly illuminated, the earth, strangely enough, was still gray with twilight. Objects fifty yards distant were indeterminate. Objects farther away were lost. The light was daylight, but it was inadequate, as though charged with mist.

And then suddenly the daylight was clear. It was like the turning on by a switch. The dim shapes defined clearly, becoming trees, rocks, distant hills. And almost immediately the rim of the sun showed above the horizon.

Kingozi had already decided on the best direction in which to hunt. Neither the direction taken by the Leopard Woman's safari nor the immediate surroundings of the night's orgy over the rhino carcass were naturally desirable. The fact that the big water hole below camp had not only remained unvisited but apparently even undesired led him to deduce the existence of another alternative drinking place. He had yesterday explored some distance down stream; therefore he now turned up.

Simba with the big rifle followed close at his heels. The six porters stole along fifty yards in the rear. They were

"They Won't Go On! I Can't Make Them! It is Death for Them Here, But All They Will Do is to Sit Down!"

quite as anxious for meat—promptly—as anybody, and were as unobtrusive as shadows.

For upward of a mile the hunters encountered nothing but a few dik-dik and stein-bok tiny grass antelope too small for the purpose. Then a shift of wind brought to them a medley of sound—a great, persistent barking of zebras supplying the main volume. At the same time they saw, over a distant slight rise, a cloud of dust. Simba's eyes were gleaming.

"Game! Much game there, *bwana!*" he cried.

"I see," replied Kingozi quietly.

The porters accompanied them to within a few rods of the top of the rise. There they squatted, and the other two crawled up alone.

Below them, probably three hundred yards away, was a larger replica of the other water hole. At its edge and in its shallows stood a few beasts. But the sun was now well above the horizon; the drinking time was practically over.

Three long strings of game animals were walking leisurely away in three different directions. They were proceeding soberly, in single file, nose to tail. The ranks ran with scarcely a break, to disappear over the low swells of the plain. Alongside the plodders skipped and ran, rushed back and forth, the younger, frivolous characters, kicking up their heels, biting at one another, or lowering their horns in short mimic charges, gay, animated flankers to the main army. There were several sorts, each in its little company or band, many times repeated, of from two or three to several score; although occasionally strange assortments and companionships were to be seen, as a black, shaggy-looking wildebeeste with a troop of kongoni. Kingozi saw, besides these two, also the bigger and smaller gazelles, many zebra, topi, the lordly eland, and, apart, a dozen giraffe, two rhinoceros and some warthogs. There were probably two thousand wild animals in sight.

After the Flat Crack of the Rifle a Hollow Plunk Indicated That the Bullet Had Told

The hunters lay flat, watching. This multiplicity afforded them a wonderful spectacle, but that was about all. If they should crawl three yards further they would indubitably be espied by someone. It was impossible to single out a beast as the object of a stalk; all the others must be considered too. There was no cover.

Kingozi was too old at the business to hurry. He considered the elements of his problem soberly before coming back to his first and most obvious conclusion. Then he raised himself slowly to his favorite sitting position and threw off the safety.

The distance was a fair three hundred yards, which is a long shot—when it is three hundred yards. The fireside and sporting-magazine hunters of big game are constantly hitting 'em through the heart at even greater distances—estimated. It is actually a fact, proved many times, that those estimates should be divided by two in order to hit near the measured truth! The "four hundred yards if it's an inch!" becomes two hundred—and even two hundred yards at living game in natural surroundings is a long and creditable shot.

In taking his aim Kingozi modified his usual custom because of the distance. When one can get his beast broadside on, the most immediately fatal shot is one high in the shoulder—about three-quarters of the way up. That drops an animal dead in his tracks. The next best is a bullet low in the shoulder. Third is a really accurate heart shot. This latter is always fatal, of course; but ordinarily the quarry will run at racing speed for some little distance before falling dead. In certain types of country this means considerable tracking, may even mean the loss of the animal. Next comes anywhere in the barrel forward of the short ribs—a chancy proceeding, and one leading to long chases. After that the likelihood of a cripple is too great.

Now it is evident that one must aim at what he can be sure of hitting. The high shoulder shot is all right if the distance is so short that one can be absolutely certain of placing his bullet within a six-inch circle. Otherwise the chance of overshooting—always great—becomes prohibitive. The low-shoulder shot increases the circle to from eight to twelve inches, with the chance outside that of merely breaking a foreleg, grazing the brisket, or missing entirely under the neck. The heart shot—or rather an attempt at it—is safer for a longer range, not because the mark is larger, but because even if one misses the heart he is apt to land in either the shoulder or the ribs well forward. The only miss is beneath, and that is clear, as the heart is low in the body. And at extreme ranges the forward one-third of the barrel is the point of aim. It should only rarely be attempted. Unless a man is certain he can hit that mark every time he is not justified in taking the shot.

This principle applies to everyone, as well to the beginner as to the expert. The only difference between the two is the range at which this certainty exists. The tyro's limit of absolute certainty for the heart shot may be—and probably is—a hundred yards; for the high shoulder it may be as near as thirty. This takes into consideration his inexperience in the presence of game as well as his inaccuracy with the rifle, and it keeps in mind that he must hit that mark not merely nine times out of ten, but every time. If he cannot get within the hundred yards by stalking then he should refuse the chance. As expertness rises in the scale the distances increase. Provided there were no such things as nerves, luck, faulty judgment and the estimate of distances, one man should be as mercifully deadly as another. Naturally the man who had to stalk to within a hundred yards would not get as many shots as the one who could take his chance at two hundred. This conduct of venery is an ideal that is only approximated. Hence misses.

But even if a man lives rigorously up to his principles and knowledge, there are other elements that bring in uncertainty. For one thing, he must be able to estimate distance with some degree of accuracy. It avails little to know that you can hit a given mark at two hundred and fifty yards if you do not know what two hundred and fifty yards is. And here enter a thousand deceits: Direction of light, slope of ground, nature of cover, temperature, mirage, time of day, and the like. An apparent hundred yards over water or across a cañon would—were by some dissolving-view-change bush-dotted plain to be substituted—become nearer three hundred in the latter circumstances. There is a limit to the best man's experience; a margin of error in the best man's judgment. Hence more misses.

There is only one method for any man to acquire even this proximate skill, and that requires long and patient practice. It is this: He should sight over his rifle at a wild animal, noting carefully the apparent relative size of the front sight-bead and the animal's body. He should then pace the distance between himself and that animal. After he has done this a hundred times he will be able to make a pretty close guess by marking how large the beast shows up through the sights. That is, for that one species of game! In Central Africa, where in a well-stocked district there are from twenty to thirty species, the practice becomes more onerous. This same practice—of pacing the distances—however, has also trained a man's eye for country. He is able to supplement the front-sight method by the usual estimate by eye. Most men do not take this trouble. They practice at target range until they can hit the bull's-eye with fair regularity, miss with nearly equal regularity in the hunting field, and thenceforth talk vaguely of "missed him at five hundred yards." It must have been five hundred. The beast looked very small, there was an awful lot of country between him and it, and "I wasn't a bit rattled—cool as a cucumber—and I know I never miss an object of that size at any reasonable range." He was right; he shot as deliberately as he ever did at the butts. He missed, not because of the distance but because he did not know the distance. It was exactly the range at which he had done the most of his practice—two hundred yards!

All these considerations have taken several paragraphs to tell. Kingozi weighed each one of them. Yet so long had been his experience, so habitual had become his reactions, that his decision was made almost instantly. A glance at the intervening ground, another through his sights. The top of the bead covered half a zebra's shoulder. The distance was not far under or over three hundred. Kingozi knew that, barring sheer accident, he could hit his mark at that distance.

The animals, meantime, were moving forward slowly along the three diverging trails. The last of them had left the water hole. Kingozi nodded to Simba. Simba, understanding from long association just what was required of him, rose slowly and evenly to his feet.

The apparition of this strange figure on the skyline brought a score of animals to a stand. They turned their heads, staring intently, making up their minds, their nostrils wide. Kingozi, who had already picked his beast and partially assured his aim, almost immediately squeezed the trigger.

Over a second after the flat crack of the rifle a hollow plunk indicated that the bullet had told. It was a strange sound, unmistakable to one who has once heard it, much as though one brought a drinking glass smartly, hollow down, into the surface of water.

"Hah!" ejaculated Simba.

"Where?" asked Kingozi, who knew by long experience that Simba's sharp eyes had noted the smallest particular of the beast's behavior when the bullet landed, and thence had already deduced its location. Without removing his eyes, Simba indicated with his forefinger a shot about midway of the ribs.

At the sound the rear guard of the animals raced madly away for about seventy yards, whirled in a phalanx and stared back. Neither man moved—Simba continued to

(Continued on Page 31)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada: By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 5, 1916

Abusing America

MUCH unmerited abuse of the United States was to be expected from both sides of the war. That which comes from the Ally side is more irksome, because the sympathy of a majority of Americans has been on that side from the beginning, and its sympathy has been expressed in ways that were tremendously useful to the Ally cause. In view of two years' record, it is annoying to hear from pretended spokesmen for the beneficiaries and some muddle-headed Americans that a sordid desire for profits has been our sole reaction to the great war. Of course intelligent Allies know well enough what the friendly attitude of the United States has been worth. No other nation ever contributed as much to a war in which it was not directly engaged. The blockheads are rather numerous, however, and, after the manner of their kind, noisy out of all proportion to their real importance. Their own munitions manufacturers are making great profits out of the war, but they appear to think that ours should joyously bankrupt themselves by handing over supplies gratis. They play the rôle of one who curses the neighbors for failing to eject from his own house a trespasser less strong than himself.

The United States has made a profit out of the war. That was the fortune of its situation. Unquestionably any of the belligerents in a like situation would have made a like profit out of a war in which the United States was engaged. Very likely some blockheads here would have abused them for it. That is human nature in its more stupid and ignoble phase.

Money and Prices

WE GET a good many letters asking, in one way or another, why prices should rise when the quantity of money is increased. They are not easy to answer satisfactorily in small space. Professor Taussig says: "The fundamental relation between money and prices is a very simple one. Double the quantity of money and, other things being equal, prices will be twice as high as before"—which is the same thing as saying the value of money will be half what it was before. "Halve the quantity of money and, other things being equal, prices will be one-half what they were before"—which, again, is the same as saying that the value of money will be twice what it was, for a rise in prices is equivalent to a fall in the value of money, and a fall in prices is equivalent to a rise in the value of money.

But that "other things being equal" involves vast and more or less recondite complications, for purchases are actually made with money to only a very limited extent. They are mostly made with credit in one form or another. If you should multiply the stock of actual money in the United States, and at the same time miraculously eradicate all credit, so that nobody could buy anything except by planking down hard cash for it, the purchasing power of the country would be greatly reduced and prices would fall although there was more actual money than before. Or if you left the quantity of money and credit just as it was, and rapidly increased the quantity of goods offered for sale, prices would still fall, for the quantity of money and credit relatively to the quantity of goods would be smaller. Thus Professor Taussig concludes: "What determines prices in a highly developed community is the relation between the quantity of goods and the quantity of purchasing power in terms of money." But actual money, especially gold, tends to increase purchasing power by increasing credits. So it affects prices.

Getting Back to Gold

AS BELLIGERENT Europe has already issued several billion dollars of paper money that is not immediately convertible into gold, getting back to gold payments will probably be one of her post-bellum troubles.

During the Civil War this country issued some four hundred million dollars of inconvertible paper money, in the form of legal-tender notes, or "greenbacks." Commodity prices more than doubled, so naturally at the end of the war this was a good market to sell in, a poor market to buy in; and as we continually bought more than we sold, our gold production flowed abroad to settle the balance. In that situation it was difficult, or impossible, to accumulate a stock of metal with which to begin specie payments. The panic of 1873 turned the trade balance in our favor. On the other hand, it provoked a clamor for more paper money—the delusion that wealth may be multiplied by simply multiplying the pieces of paper which represent it being amazingly persistent.

The Resumption Act provided that on and after January 1, 1879, the Treasury should redeem in coin whatever legal-tender notes were presented for redemption. But it was only by selling bonds, partly in Europe, that the Treasury could accumulate a sufficient stock of gold to begin specie payments with, the stock amounting to a little over a hundred million dollars. Resumption of specie payments caused a rise in the market price of our government and railroad bonds, whereupon foreign holders began selling them back to us, which turned the exchanges against us, and before midsummer European financiers were predicting a heavy outflow of gold from the United States—which would very likely make continuation of specie payments impossible.

But that July, in England and on the Continent, was almost sunless, with continual soaking rains. The wheat yield was the smallest in many years, while the United States raised a bumper crop. It was said the American crop saved Europe from actual famine. That fall we were receiving from Europe, in payment for our wheat, the heaviest importations of gold on record. Thus, a little by the wisdom of man and a good deal by the grace of God, the country maintained a gold basis.

Adam Smith in Eclipse

THE text of the resolutions adopted at the Allies' economic conference in Paris shows they were more drastic than cabled summaries had indicated. They declare that the Allies should, as a permanent post-bellum policy, "render themselves independent of enemy countries as regards raw materials and manufactured articles essential to their economic development"—which would seem to include pretty much all manufactured articles. For this purpose they should "have recourse either to enterprises subsidized or controlled by the governments themselves or to the grant of financial assistance for technical research and the development of national industries; to customs duties or prohibitions of a temporary or permanent character"; to redrafting their laws regarding patents and trade-marks; to establishing, for facilitating their mutual trade relations, "direct and rapid land and sea transportation at low rates"; to applying "an identical procedure," as soon as hostilities cease, to patents, trade-marks, and literary and artistic copyrights which have originated in enemy countries during the war.

This, apparently, not only contemplates trade war of the most sweeping character, but obviously suggests a vast scheme of government intervention in business, with all the features of outright ownership control, subsidies, protective duties, preferential shipping, patent laws, and so on, the essential purpose of the intervention being not economic but political—that is, to cripple Germany.

We wonder what would be said to it by the Father of Political Economy, who so detested government in business that he argued earnestly against permitting the government to have control of the turnpikes.

Congress' Lightest Occupation

HAVING appropriated considerably more than one and a half billions, thereby beating all peace records by five hundred million dollars or so, Congress will probably adjourn for the purpose of taking up its serious occupation of electioneering. Swathing itself in the Grand Old Flag it will passionately expound our foreign relations, defying the Kaiser in decisively pro-Ally constituencies, and properly scoring Britain's maritime tyranny in localities with an important German vote. It will explain with vehemence why Mr. Wilson's Mexican proceedings are a glorious success or a scandalous failure, pay some attention to Japan, parade the year's export figures, and modestly enroll the Almighty in its own political organization.

All that, of course, is a foregone conclusion, and it involves strenuous exertions. There may now and then be some lighter moments of mere thistledown dalliance, in which electioneering Congress will turn to the poor, vague platform planks about a national budget, and, between a nod and a yawn, toss off a few careless words on the subject of national economy—a subject to which a billion-dollar or a one-and-a-half-billion-dollar Congress never turns its attention, whether in session or out of session, except when it can't think of anything else. The dictionary contains the following definition: "Bunkhouse—a building containing wooden sleeping compartments." But the dictionary's knowledge of bunk is too restricted.

German Education

NOT long ago the London Statist said England had a full century's start of Germany in manufacturing and commerce, but in about fifty years Germany rivaled and, in various important respects, outstripped her. Organization, intelligent coördination of government and business, doubtless played an important part. "But mainly Germany attained her preëminence in trade because she was scientifically the best educated country in the world. . . . We cry out that Germany has beaten us. The question is, How? And the answer is our dislike of science, disbelief in real education, mental indolence. We flattered ourselves that the kind of teaching which suited medieval schoolmen is adapted to make Britishers supreme in the economic world of to-day. As long as we indulge in that folly, so long Germany will beat us, let us resort to what alliances and what treaty engagements we please."

Broadly speaking, England's educational ideas are those which prevail in the United States.

Industrials

A COMPILATION by the Journal of Commerce of securities issued in the first half of 1916 by corporations of sufficient size and prominence to get themselves publicly noticed gives a total of one and a third billion dollars against three-quarters of a billion in the corresponding period last year. This shows expansion and a great absorption of capital. But the total issued by railroads—more than half of it being bonds—amounted to only half a billion, or but a trifle more than in 1915.

Corporations classed as "industrials"—mostly manufacturing concerns—are outstripping railroads in the matter of absorbing capital. Nowadays the monthly summaries of interest and dividends paid to investors usually show larger payments by industrials than by railroads.

Some time ago James J. Hill declared the railroads of the United States ought to invest a billion dollars a year in extensions and permanent improvements in order to keep up with the economic needs of the country. As a pretty general thing their terminals are inadequate; and the carrying capacity of a road, broadly speaking, can be no greater than the capacity of its terminals. They need other improvements, and the need will be constant.

Of course expanding manufactories require capital, too, and should have it; but the position of railroads as magnets for capital is not satisfactory.

Inheritance Taxes

"THE richest woman in the world," it appears, claimed citizenship in a Vermont village, where she resided a few weeks nearly every year and where for many years she was assessed as owning one hundred thousand dollars of personal property—doubtless much less than one per cent of her taxable personal possessions. Until recently this was probably the only tax she paid in respect of a barrelful or so of income-producing securities. The last three years, however, the Federal income tax reached her.

As nearly all her estate was willed to her children the Vermont inheritance tax will apply only to the few thousand dollars bequeathed to indirect heirs. But New York is hopeful. Not long ago it passed a law providing that anyone who lodged in that state for more than half a year in the twelvemonth preceding his demise should, for the purpose of inheritance taxation, be deemed a resident of the state. Perhaps Illinois is hopeful, too, for as we understand the inheritance tax law there, any stocks, bonds or mortgages which happen to be within the state at the time of their owner's decease are taxable. So if Mrs. Green had lodged six months and a day in a Gotham hotel and had left her securities in a Chicago safe-deposit box, both states would get her. Another state might provide that a bond which was executed within its borders should be subject to its inheritance tax wherever the bond and its owner might be at the time of the latter's death.

Inheritance and income taxes should be levied by the Federal Government, proceeds being divided equitably between the United States and the state in which the taxpayer resides.

THE PUISSANT PUSSYFOOT

By Samuel G. Blythe

FOR many years the Honorable William B. Allison, of Iowa, and the Honorable Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois, typed and maintained our extremest advance in susurrated statesmanship and politics, and they were good in their day. But now—now—compared to the exponents of the noiseless we have in our mute midst, Whispering William and Sibilant Shelby were loud, detonating and raucous in their methods and manners.

They used to say that if somebody, just for the experiment, would build a piano with a keyboard extending from Washington to Dubuque, Senator Allison could walk all the way across on that keyboard and never strike a note, and no doubt he could; but that's nothing now. A noisy performance, indeed! Why, there are two eminent gumshoe exponents at their top and silent bent in this present campaign who could buck-and-wing across such a delicately adjusted musical instrument and not even stir the smallest wire into the slightest vibration.

I refer, of course, to Colonel E. M. House, of the Democratic entourage, and to Uncle W. Murray Crane, of the Republican ménage. There are two pussyfooted brethren whose operations make the quiescent, but now crass, systems of former exponents of the reserved sound like the gun and chimes effect in that masterpiece of melodious tumult, "1812."

Moreover, these are the two mute and methodical managers who garner the goods, which is a fact that should, but will not, give pause to some of the brethren of the ballyhoo. Any person who denies the statement that the hushed House is the most powerful Democrat in the party, barring the President himself, or that the conserved Crane has more actual strength and influence than any Republican whatsoever, has no knowledge of the facts. It is admitted that there are scores of Democrats and scores of Republicans, pretending to potentiality in these parties, who make more noise; but these are the two persons who bring home the bulk of the bacon.

Did you ever see them? They are well assembled for their parts. House is a small man with a gray mustache, and Crane is a small man with a gray mustache. All the remainder of them is gray, which being a neutral tint, is not easily observable except in the strong glare of the light, and the talent these men have for avoiding strong glares borders on the miraculous. They have gray hair and gray eyes and gray voices and gray atmosphere. They wear gray clothes and cast pale gray shadows. They speak in gray tones, and are so constituted that they can slip grayly through a red and roaring crowd and get past without being caught at it. They talk in monotones, but are not monotonous, albeit it gets on the nerves of some persons to be told in whispers what those persons may or may not do, politically, and with some it takes a couple of tellings. There is no case on record when the second susurration was not effective. He who megaphones may be a master, but, in these days, he who whispers is a whale.

The Actinic Ray

THE only outward and visible sign of the prevalence of Colonel House in this campaign thus far, is in the selection of his son-in-law for assistant treasurer for the Wilson committee. The Colonel is a keen business man as well as a keen politician, and though there is no record of any prodigal loosening up on the Colonel's part in the way of contributed funds for campaign purposes, he, of course, understands the extreme advisability of having a member of the family sitting on the war chest in order that nothing may be slipped across while the Colonel is whispering in some portion of the country remote from the segregated supplies.

However, that doesn't mean that the Colonel has not been prevailing in this campaign. It does not, for he has been exceedingly prevalent, and as the days wear on toward the climax in the fall it will be discovered that in addition to being prevalent he is penetrant, not to say perennial. Let no brash Democrat consider himself a main man in the direction of the fortunes of the President, for, if he should, that brash Democrat will become a bashed Democrat, and the bashing will be done after the said Colonel has whispered a few orders to the broad, general effect that nothing louder than a subdued suggestion goes.

You see, it is this way: The Colonel isn't the fierce white light that beats about the Washington throne. Others supply the glare said to be the inevitable concomitant to such places of executive elevation. The Colonel is the soft light that permeates the throne room. He is the actinic ray, so to speak, necessary to make the picture perfect; and he radiates mellowly in all directions, as will be observed, penetrating particularly but blandly those localities where the campaign machinery of the Democrats is in action.

His functions have been the subject of vast speculation, but not his functioning. That is a fixed and determinate quantity, not always obvious at the moment of noiseless impact, but usually apparent in due time. The Colonel puts up no signs, nor any advertisements in the papers, when he emerges noiselessly from the White House and speeds silently on his various missions. He goes and imparts, and comes and reports. Then, as it falls out, the thing is done, and the doers of it awake to the consciousness that the Colonel's was the directing whisper.

We sat at St. Louis awaiting the selection of a chairman for the Democratic national committee, a collection of patriotic persons obsessed with the idea that it was their right and duty to run this campaign for the reëlection of the President. And so it was, for we had observed the imposing activities of that committee and that convention, self-governing and self-constituted bodies, and operating freely and frankly in registering the choice of the Democratic hosts, after full and complete instructions came over the telephone wire that constantly connected the White House and the Colonel House and the Jefferson Hotel.

Can You Trust a Goat?

It had been a sublime spectacle of a great party's delegated representatives, and the directing genius thereof—the national committee—exercising its own free and unhampered volition to this free and unhampered extent: The convention yelled for twenty minutes for Mr. Bryan, and the national committee had practically its own imperious way in the distribution of tickets and badges. It was supreme in these important particulars. In the other and minor details of candidates, platforms, procedure, time of nominating, substance of speeches, selection of officials to direct and committees to organize its independent deliberations, there may have been a tinge, say, of direction via telephone; but it cheered for Bryan and handled the tickets and badges without let or hindrance, as should invariably be the case when patriots get together to operate for the common weal.

Slipping One Over on Mr. Bryan

WELL, having observed this immuneness from direction, this lack of executive control, and so on, we sat at St. Louis waiting for the Democratic national committee to select its chairman. Now the selection of a national chairman is a matter of some import, especially to the committee that selects him. To be sure, the final choice rests with the candidate, who has most at stake personally, but the committee has a good deal at stake also, and has methods of its own. You remember that famous occasion, no doubt, when, in 1908, the national committee consulted long and earnestly with Mr. Bryan, submitting to him a list of names for chairman, each one so obnoxious to the candidate that he had a succession of fits at the mere mention of them.

It continued so for half an hour. The Peerless Leader threw about eleven fits and exclaimed: "Impossible! Why that man represents the interests!" and thus and so, until finally some suave spokesman said: "Well, Mr. Bryan, we have given you a wide latitude of choice. We have presented many names. We have bowed to your objections. Now it seems to us that this cannot go on indefinitely. If it ever gets out that you have objected so strenuously to so many excellent Democrats it will be bad for the party. Certainly you can see that! Therefore, what do you think of Norman E. Mack?"

Mr. Bryan gasped and gulped and assented. He had to. He was hoist by his own petard—as the saying is—and by Tom Taggart and Urey Woodson and Roger Sullivan and a few others; for, you see, Norman E. Mack was the man they had in mind all the time.

Thus, now and again, it may be done, and the national committee in St. Louis gathered to select its chairman. There had been talk of Homer Cummings, of Connecticut, or Willard Saulsbury, of Delaware, both members of that club, and men tried and true. We were waiting the event of the deliberations. Presently a committeeman came out. That is, not presently, but eventually. The committeeman seemed depressed.

"Who's chairman?" everybody shouted.

"Vance McCormick."

"Vance McCormick? Who in the sacred name of Thomas Jefferson is Vance McCormick?"

The depressed committeeman paused. "Why," he said, "he's a fine chap—fine chap—you understand, big Democrat and all that—progressive—clean—fine chap—very enthusiastic about him inside. Everybody knows him, and we all admire him greatly. Well-known Democrat, as you may say; but by the way ——"

"What?"

"Do any of you boys happen to remember what state he comes from?"

Free and untrammeled choice, you understand, and all that sort of thing. So later, inquiring into the genesis of Vance McCormick, it is discovered that, on a certain day, let us suppose along about May sixteenth of the present year, a month lacking two

days before the Democrats assembled at St. Louis in convention, Colonel House glode noiselessly into Harrisburg, Pa., where the said Vance McCormick has his habitat, and imparted the thrilling information to Mr. McCormick that he, McCormick, was one of several men being considered as the ultimate free and untrammeled choice of the free and untrammeled national committee for its chairman. One of several, you see, the others being such persons as Billings, of Massachusetts; Hurley, of Illinois; Moore, of Ohio; and thus and so.

Wherefore, we get an insight into the highly efficacious and noiseless methods of the Colonel, all of which goes to bear out the contention that the pussyfoot is stronger, in these present circumstances, than the protagonist. Let us become a bit hypothetical and use this chairmanship for the basis of the hypothesis, as typical of House methods, which it is.

It is highly reasonable to suppose that Colonel House, being within the first circle of presidential contact, had his own ideas about the national chairmanship; his own, and the ideas of W. Gibbs McAdoo, as it were, and a handpicked other few. Now it is unreasonable to suggest that Colonel House, or any other man, can come direct into the White House and say to the President "Do this!" for the President himself is congenitally averse to such direction and adjuration. The complete understanding of this by House makes the hypothesis more tenable, as, to wit: Silent suggestion is more helpful in securing open support than any other method that can be employed in Washington at this time.

Wherefore, let us suppose the Colonel makes no such mistake as arriving all out of breath in the interior and reserved recesses of the White House, and saying: "Let's make Vance McCormick chairman." Not at all. Instead, when it seems opportune for the Colonel to begin shaping the presidential trend toward the chairmanship, he arrives quietly and unobtrusively, and after conferring on many important topics he quietly and unobtrusively remarks: "We'll have to have a chairman for the national committee."

"To be sure," the President says. "To be sure. That must be done. We must have a very good man for that place. Have you anybody in mind?"

How House Forces His Cards

Continuing the supposition, it is possible that the Colonel would say, softly and in a perfectly impersonal manner: "Why, Mr. President, that is a matter for you to decide. You are to be renominated, you know, and it is my humble part to carry out your wishes, for, as you understand, I have no ulterior motive, nor any selfish interest."

The President smiles benignantly.

"Quite right, Colonel; quite right. I have given the matter no thought. Have you?"

"Oh, only in an impersonal manner. There are several available men, but I have no interest in any of them—no interest whatsoever. For example, there is Billings, of Massachusetts, your collector up there."

"Ah, yes."

"And Hurley, of Illinois, now on the Federal Trade Commission."

"Ah, yes."

"And Judge Moore, of Ohio, who managed Harmon's campaign in 1912."

"Indeed."

"And Vance McCormick, of Pennsylvania."

"McCormick? McCormick? A fine type of the progressive Democrat, isn't he?"

"He is," says the Colonel and then, let us suppose, he clears for sibilant action, for though he has expressed no preference he has determined the location of the presidential interest.

The Colonel, to continue the hypothesis, goes into the case of McCormick to some extent, but he is not so inexpert as to seem to be for McCormick. His discussion is entirely impersonal and coolly analytical and logical. To be sure, if it seems that McCormick gets a shade the better of it now and then, in the Colonel's low-toned discourse, that is merely because the circumstances of McCormick impersonally warrant that seeming preference.

The subject is dismissed. After he has expressed his opinions the Colonel shifts to another topic. Next time there is a putting forward of McCormick and, if the presidential interest still survives, a further discussion of McCormick. Hypothetically, far be it from the Colonel to advance any person in whom the President is not interested, and farther be it from him not so to advance any person in whom the President is interested; but impersonally. A few more discussions. The Colonel discovers the trend of the presidential mind. That is his cue. He becomes the supporter of the man the President likes. After that it is easy, and always it is good enough for House, for the man selected is, and was, one of his original suggestions. And, at the proper time, McCormick, let us suppose, received his crown of glory, and House did the notifying, but only to McCormick.

The national committee got its notification by telegraph. The wire came from Washington, not to be too specific about it. The wire said that Vance McCormick was to be chairman; Homer Cummings, of Connecticut, to be vice chairman; Wilbur Marsh, of Iowa, to be treasurer; and Carter Glass, of Virginia, to be secretary. It further said that the executive or campaign committee would be selected by Mr. McCormick, and that otherwise the committee was absolutely free to act, save, to be sure, in the matter of a few minor officials who would be named for them. Indeed, the committee was given an absolutely untrammeled hand, so far as the sergeant at arms was concerned.

Uncle Murray, the Arch-Whisperer

Now that is all hypothetical, you understand; but the telegram wasn't hypothetical. Colonel House didn't appear in that at all—not at all. The House in that was that other well-known House, the White House. The Colonel didn't sign the telegram, nor did he do more than notify McCormick that he was being considered for the place; but at the same time—at the very same time—the pussyfoot is puissant in the Democracy. And there is nothing hypothetical about that, either. If you are interested further, ask some Democrat in a position to know who selected the Publicity Manager for the campaign. Or it might be interesting and illuminating to trace the movements of this said Vance McCormick during the few days immediately following his selection as chairman. Presumably Mr. McCormick was in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, June seventeenth, when this honor was conferred upon him by the national committee in session at St. Louis. At any rate, he was in conference with President Wilson, in Washington, on Monday, June nineteenth. And Tuesday, June twentieth? Mr. McCormick had some urgent business in Connecticut on Tuesday. On Wednesday he began general operations. Colonel E. M. House is living in Connecticut this summer.

Thus we come to another grand little sibilant suggester, the same being Uncle W. Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, who whispers within the sphere of Republican politics, and gets away with more things than any other Republican whatsoever. Together, Uncle Murray and Colonel House would weigh almost 265 pounds, of which Uncle Murray would contribute about one hundred and fifteen gross; but as a whisperer Uncle Murray has no superiors. Like House, he gets away with it.

I have already related in these columns how Uncle Murray, more than any single individual influence, was responsible for the nomination of Mr. Hughes at Chicago, because he went unceasingly about whispering that if Hughes wasn't nominated Roosevelt would be, and scared those anti-Roosevelt patriots into doing what he wanted them to. As an example of what persistent susurration will do with a handpicked convention, that is unique in our politics. Uncle Murray was pretty powerful before he entered on this Hughes enterprise, but after that was triumphantly concluded, to the silent satisfaction of Uncle Murray, he was recognized as the most potent Republican, and that didn't cause him to make any more noise, nor to raise his voice a shade, either.

When the Chicago convention was over Uncle Murray and a few congenial Old Guard spirits hurried to New York to confer with the candidate. They conferred, principally about a chairman for the national committee. They had a few suggestions themselves, but so had the candidate himself, and many men were discussed and set aside. The name of William R. Wilcox, of New York, kept coming into the conferences. Usually Mr. Hughes brought that name in. Presently Uncle Murray and his colleagues saw that Mr. Wilcox was rather firmly on the mind of the candidate, and they sought peace and harmony by letting the candidate have his way and his chairman. Hence it was given out that Mr. Wilcox would direct the campaign for Mr. Hughes.

Whereupon Mr. Wilcox became—to Mr. Wilcox—a most important personage. He was thoroughly political, after a manner of speaking, for he had been not only in politics, but pleasantly upon the pay roll for many years, as postmaster of New York, as public service commissioner, and in various other capacities, which testified not only to his value as a public servant, but to his profitable continuity as the same. Mr. Wilcox began to have ideas about running the campaign, about the men he would put on the executive committee, about what disposition would be made of the Old Guard, and about sundry other features of the Hughes contest. He was quite definite about these, emphatically so.

All this came to the ears of Uncle Murray. Whereupon there ensued some of the whispering for which Uncle Murray is deservedly famous. He called on Mr. Wilcox one day and greeted him in a low and unemotional voice and manner.

"Mr. Wilcox?" he inquired, so faintly as to be heard only a few feet away."

"Yes, sir; what can I do for you, Mr. Crane?"

"Nothing," whispered Uncle Murray dispassionately; "nothing at all; not a thing. However, I may be able to do something for you."

"In what regard, Mr. Crane? In what regard?"

Uncle Murray looked positively timid. His voice sank to a mere ghost of an articulation. He seemed to be abashed. The new chairman contemplated him superciliously.

"Well, Mr. Wilcox," said Uncle Murray, in his lowest and most effective monotone, "it is this way: I have heard that you have in mind certain appointments to the executive committee, by virtue of your newly acquired chairmanship, and so on, that do not take into consideration some of my friends. I merely called to remark to you that it would be the course of wisdom to desist in any enterprise of this kind until you have been fully apprised of the facts."

"I do not understand, Mr. Crane."

A Flea in Mr. Wilcox's Ear

Uncle Murray's voice sank lower and lower, as is the case when he is making his most important communications. He shrank back in his chair and was palpably distressed—or was he? Anyhow he continued, and this is what fell on the straining ears of the new chairman:

"You see, Mr. Wilcox, though you have been selected as chairman by the candidate you have not yet been elected by the national committee. We retain that function, you understand. Now I merely want to say that unless you pledge yourself not to carry any of these expressed ideas into effect without consulting with my friends and myself and taking our counsel and advice, you will not be elected at all. I trust you get the drift of my remarks. Good morning. Quite cool for this season of the year, isn't it?" and his voice trailed out after him as he vanished through the door.

That was all that was required. From that exact date Mr. Wilcox was keen to consult with Uncle Murray, and he is so consulting until this very date, and will continue so to consult until the seventh of November, and thereafter should the Hughes adventure prove successful at the polls on that Tuesday after the first Monday. And Uncle Murray never raised his voice and all the time nervously fingered his hat.

It was in these formative days also that Uncle Murray did a little whispering to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, of Oyster Bay, New York, and the way that came about was this. It was required of Candidate Hughes that he should lambaste the hyphenates, and he set cheerily about the task.

"Mr. Hughes," said Uncle Murray one morning, in his softest voice. "I suppose you will talk about the hyphenates in your speeches?"

"Indeed I shall," responded the robustious Hughes.

"Well, now," said Uncle Murray, moving up closer to the candidate and offering him one of his justly famous small cigars, which are no larger than cigarettes and have less tobacco in them than there is in a hard-boiled egg—"well, now, let's talk that over."

So they talked it over. That is, Mr. Hughes talked and Uncle Murray whispered. The upshot of it was that Uncle Murray inconspicuously got himself aboard a train for Oyster Bay and noiselessly appeared at Sagamore Hill one fine afternoon.

He moved close to the mighty hunter and woodchopper who abides at this hill, and in an extremely diffident and self-effacing manner said softly: "Colonel, before we begin to talk we must forget everything but one thing."

"What is that?" inquired The Colonel dentally.

"That is the defeat of Mr. Wilson. We must forget everything but that."

"All right—very good—bully—superb!"

Let The Colonel Do It

"Well, having forgotten everything but that, I suppose you will be prepared to take care of the hyphenates?"

"Yes—yes—leave the hyphenates to me; leave them to me."

"That is what I was figuring on," confided Uncle Murray. "We'll leave the hyphenates to you. Cool weather for this time of the year, isn't it? I'm glad to see you looking so well. Good afternoon."

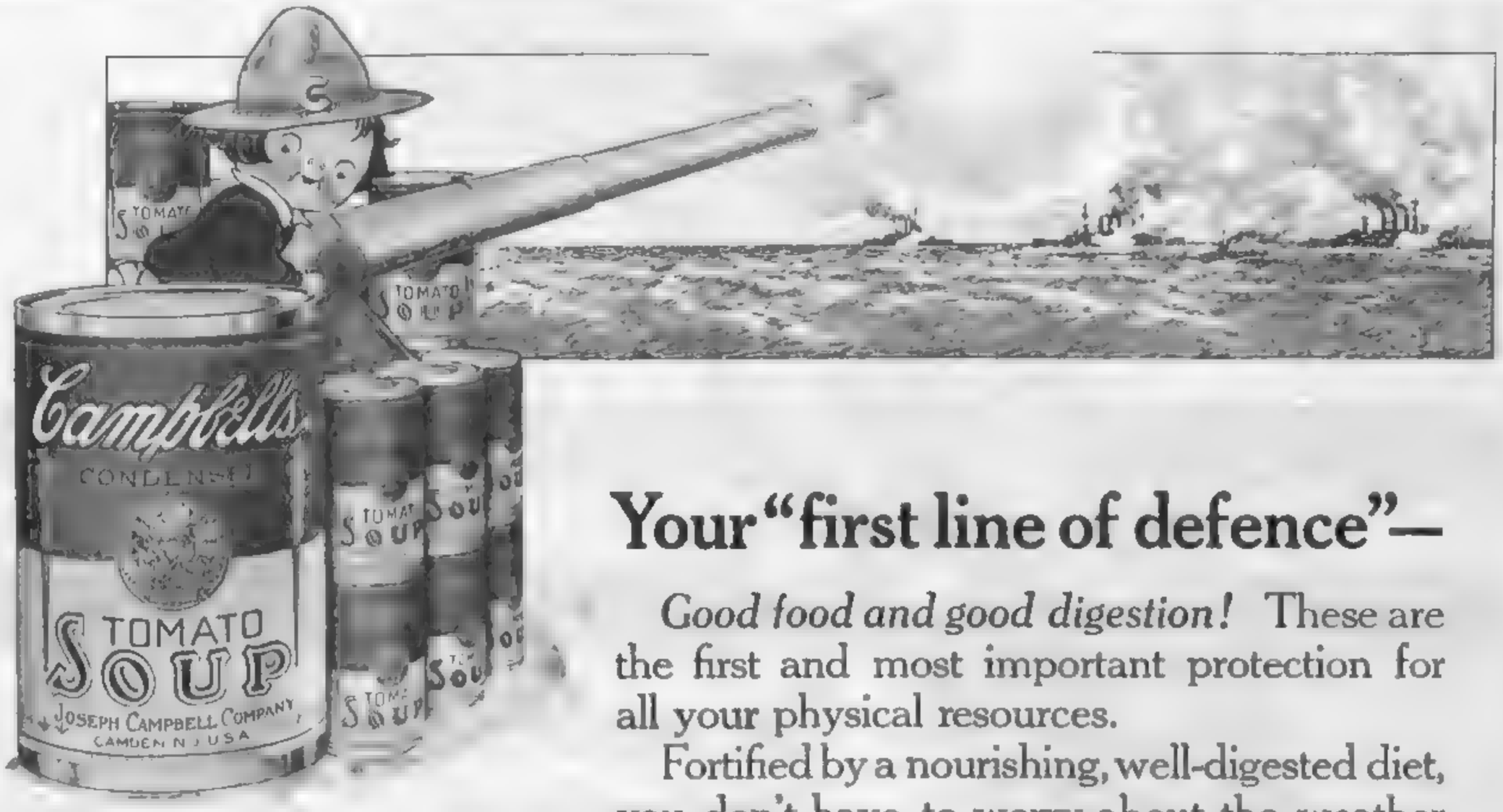
And he vanished, leaving the hyphenates to the unofficial Roosevelt, instead of allotting them to the official Hughes. I trust you get the political distinction. If you do not Uncle Murray does.

Also, it was discovered when the names of the Progublican patriots who are to act as executive and directing committeemen for this campaign were given out that Uncle Murray had immolated himself. His name was not there; nor, indeed, were the names of Boies Penrose, Reed Smoot, William Barnes, Jr., Franklin Murphy, or other familiars. That means considerable to Penrose and Barnes and Smoot, et al., but it means nothing, positively nothing, in the life of W. Murray Crane. Uncle Murray is not on that committee in person, but he is right there, none the less, as events will prove; also he will be in several other places in that organization, persuasively even if silent. Uncle Murray's personal representation on that committee is the strongest phase of the committee, so far as the projects of Uncle Murray are concerned. The third man, reading from left to right, in the group picture, seems to be James A. Hemenway, of Indiana. He is James A. Hemenway, and Uncle Murray always whispers of him affectionately as "James."

The exceeding power and efficiency of the sibilant strategies of our politics, as at present exemplified in the persons of those two masters of the art of getting results without noise, will be more and more apparent as the campaign progresses. Noise will be provided, plenty of it, and all the appliances for inciting and exciting enthusiasm, and the two candidates will do their share of audible work—more than their share, perhaps. The real ruction will begin about the middle of September, although there will be appearances by the two candidates before that time, and a good many of them, and will continue without cessation until election day. But that will not alter the fact that Colonel House will be operating noiselessly on the Democratic side and Uncle Murray on the Republican side, and the chances are that they will have about as much to do with what really happens, in the way of political maneuver, as any dozen others—more, probably.

The pussyfoot is puissant in our politics. And though it may well be that Colonel House does not pussyfoot in the same manner that Uncle Murray pussyfoots, they both get results by noiseless methods and, therefore, represent the type. It is understood that Colonel House plans to publish his autobiography presently, which will be interesting, and there is no intimation yet that Uncle Murray has any such literary enterprise in mind. Otherwise, there are a considerable number of similarities, and one outstanding difference: Colonel House usually reflects, while Uncle Murray often projects and rejects. The Colonel is a subjective susurrater while Uncle Murray is of the objective sort. But neither makes any noise.

There is a thought there that I leave with some of our most eminent statesmen and political managers.



Your "first line of defence"—

Good food and good digestion! These are the first and most important protection for all your physical resources.

Fortified by a nourishing, well-digested diet, you don't have to worry about the weather nor about illness. You are not afraid of sunstroke or overwork or epidemics. These enemies have no chance even to *land* on your constitution when its "coast-line" is properly defended. And there isn't a defence in the whole line which gives you better protective service than

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It not only supplies effectual nourishment in itself, but it tones and invigorates the appetite and the digestive powers so that you gain increased nutrition from other foods.

No doubt you know this popular Campbell's Soup as an attractive dinner-course. You know it is delicious and inviting. But do you realize its value as a high-efficiency food-product? Do you realize that such a wholesome soup eaten regularly with meals acts as a constant reinforcement of health and vitality?

The foremost dietetic authorities declare that good soup is demanded once a day at least in the properly balanced diet.

You can have this nourishing Campbell "kind" ready for the table as a Cream of Tomato at any time, in three minutes, without labor or worry for anyone.

Why wouldn't this be fine for dinner today?

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

United States 'Royal Cord' Tires

The modern Multi-Cord Tire

Made of many powerful, *little* cords—not a few thick, cable-like cords—but cords of just the exact thickness to give the most flexibility and resiliency, and yet the greatest strength.

The 'Royal Cord' is the very *last word* in cord tires—the very latest and highest development of resiliency, flexibility and strength in cord tires.

Besides, it is by far the handsomest cord tire made,—compare it with other cord tires for yourself.

'Royal Cord' Tires have met with such success that we are having difficulty in keeping pace with the steadily increasing demand.

We are increasing our factory facilities—and hope soon more nearly to meet the unprecedented demand for 'Royal Cords.'

This monarch of all cord tires is one of five types of United States Tires—one for every need of price and use.

Ask the nearest United States Tire Dealer for your copy of the booklet, "Judging Tires," which tells how to find the particular tire to suit your needs.

United States Tire Company

'Royal Cord' 'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Plain'

"INDIVIDUALIZED TIRES"

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

MY UNCLE'S WILL AND MINE

(Continued from Page 13)

"'But that grocery-keeping and living there!' my wife added with disgust.

"It wasn't inviting. I did not relish the idea myself—thought it a mean trick in the old man, like beating me in public before giving me a lift. Susie Lou liked things nice, as nice as she could get them and a little nicer, though she had never had much money or many rich friends. Her father owned his home, it is true, a good-enough home, a seven-room house downtown on a good-enough street. But he was a clerk in a railroad office where he had been for twenty-two years, and it had taken him a dozen of those years to pay for his home through a building and loan association. It was to this home we went as a haven of refuge when I stayed out of work too long; we happened to be sojourning there right then.

"She did not wish to move out to Fifteenth and Blackstone, and start a grocery in an old run-down, weatherbeaten rats' nest. She did not wish to work in a grocery at all. She had never worked in a store or office—always at home. Moreover, it seemed almost impossible to get a start there without any money or backing.

"But worst of all was the thought of taking Patsy there—the bright-eyed, smart, curly-haired Patsy, with her youth and dimples and laughing good humor; Patsy, the daughter for whom she had been managing so long. However, it did not take Susie Lou long to realize that this was our only chance; you see she had lived with me for seventeen years before that. She knew, before we got on the car to go home, that we would take the grocery and try it out. And I knew that she would have us starve doing it, rather than give up the chance—our one chance—at uncle's money.

"Of course the news hit Patsy hard, too, for we all thought we were fixed for life when uncle died. But when her mother tried to comfort her, after the first shock and her burst of indignation, suggesting that she might visit a good deal with her grandparents, the girl spoke up:

"'No, I guess not! What is good enough for you and dad is good enough for me. I go where you go, and I'll help all I can.'

"Gee, you don't know how glad I was to hear that! She's some girl, if she is my daughter! And she looked as flashy-eyed and determined about it as if someone had said he was going to hurt us."

The Boy Who Wouldn't Do

"'After all, it does not make so much difference, Patsy,' my wife remarked. 'When we get Uncle Joe's money we shall have to move away and make new friends to fit our fortune. You can go with us to the grocery like you'd go to a convent; just wait those five years until you bloom out into society.'

"There had been a young fellow buzzing round Patsy that Susie Lou had nursed along, a certain Tommy Uhlen, whose father owned a row of cottages and had almost enough money to move uptown. He was an inoffensive young chap and a neat dresser; but now with the hundred thousand in sight Susie Lou brushed him aside like a fly. She wasn't heartless; only, you see, she saw it wouldn't do. The result of it all was we moved out and took possession before the end of the week.

"'For we mustn't lose any time,' my wife said after we had made up our minds, or she had announced hers. If you're married you know how that is—every married man does.

"It was certainly a hopeless-looking place, and we had no capital with which to start. There was the old store, with the paint faded and blistered and mostly worn off; with two rooms behind, and five rooms upstairs—plenty of rooms, such as they were.

"Uncle had once had a family living there, but they had moved away, and he had not gotten any other to suit him who would put up with the run-down conditions and the dirt. For years he had lived on in two of the rooms alone.

"There was dirt everywhere, and the stock in the store was mostly old junk. It was enough to make a woman like Susie Lou sick to have to go in and settle down there for five years. But after she had made up her mind it had to be done she did not complain—only began to manage and plan how the place could be made possible. It was vacation time, and Patsy was there to help; and, of course, I was there too.

"Susie Lou set us to cleaning up, first of all. I was ashamed to get hold of a broom and dustcloth, and scrubbing brush and soap, and get down on my knees on the floor; but I did it. You would, anybody would, with Susie Lou coaxing and smiling and ordering and expecting, and herself down on her knees doing the same thing—making a big joke of it, too, to carry it through!

"We spent three days scrubbing and dusting and cleaning up, as best we could, the store and three or four rooms to live in. Then we started a bargain sale of old stuff—rope and tacks, and bluing and starch, and matches and salt, and what was left of canned goods. We almost gave things away in that cleaned-up store, fixed up as attractively as possible on bargain counters with light yellow paper under each pile.

"It was some novelty for that store, believe me! People came in to look, out of curiosity, and got to talking to Susie Lou in her neat blue gingham. Then they realized what bargains they could get, and actually bought some of the things for cold cash. The bakery and grocery drummers looked in, too, and wanted to sell us a little; they were willing to give us a limited, a very limited, credit, for they seemed to think we might be a safe risk for a few dollars. I noticed, also, that they kept looking round at Patsy, and coming back every few days—especially a quiet, red-headed young fellow named Dennis Hart."

Hard Work and Poor Living

"That summer was certainly one summer! It was the hottest summer we'd had for years. And I don't think we ever lived poorer or worked harder—I know I never did.

"It was the first time in all my varied business life I'd ever had a job I couldn't get fired from or give up, even if I wished to. It was the first time, too, I had ever worked day in and day out under the eye of my wife, and I felt it was up to me to make good, to keep her respect and my own, to show her it had been through no laziness or inefficiency of mine, through no fault of mine at all, that I had always been losing jobs, that I had not been a staying proposition in the past. I was just a little bit afraid of her sometimes. Are you ever just a little bit afraid of your wife? Oh, come, I know you are, if you have one—everybody is.

"We all worked like dogs, always scrubbing and cleaning and planning and managing, all three of us; but we did not grumble. I was by nature a cheerful sort of an under dog, and had gotten used to having things the way I didn't like. It was harder for Susie Lou and Patsy, with their social instinct and woman's notions; but they rose to the occasion. Fortunately we all could see the funny side of things; so we laughed off our troubles and worked steadily on—Susie Lou saw to it that we did that.

"'We must make a success of this, or we'll all starve to death and lose the fortune, too,' she would say with a laugh, day after day, until it got to be a sort of motto with us.

"Rats! We killed sixty-nine that first month. They didn't seem to mind Thomas Jefferson—played all round him. Thomas wasn't an earthly bit of account, but we were good to him. He was all that was left alive of Uncle Joe. He, too, was old and gray and slow-moving; and he even mewed slowly, as Uncle Joe used to talk, as if his jaws were stiff.

"We lived on the cheapest and poorest of the stock that was left and of the little we bought—knotty apples and old beans, and small potatoes and soup meat; but Susie Lou did wonders with what she undertook to make us eat. She always was a good cook, that was part of her managing; and Patsy took after her.

"Pat had taken cooking lessons at school and liked them. Up to this time I couldn't see that they had done her much good, except to make her more interested in cooking and more critical. But now—maybe it was that, or perhaps it was the grocery and seeing things to eat about her all the time—she got to reading menus in the paper as a man reads baseball dope, and as she and her mother both read the society notes.

"'We must get accustomed to all the names and the weddings and things; for it will help us when we get the money and you become a society girl, Patsy!' my wife would say.

"When we had gotten a tiny bit of a start we bought some paint and paper, and I painted the doors and pillars in front of the store, and the woodwork in three rooms upstairs that Susie Lou decided we could rent out. Then we papered those rooms with five-cent paper. Patsy was so clever about it they looked surprisingly well. They looked like different rooms, scrubbed up till they shone, and we rented them out for real money—six dollars a month in advance. It certainly made us feel good to have a fixed income. We would have gotten more for them if there had been water or gas or electricity or anything up there; but you see they were just rooms, with no conveniences at all.

"Whenever we got utterly tired out, or it got so hot we couldn't sleep, or Susie Lou or Patsy got to feeling too homesick for home and friends and the thirty per cent more stylish life they had left, one of us would speak out: 'Never mind—think of the fortune!' Then we would laugh and feel better.

"Susie Lou talked so much about that hundred thousand that I almost believed that amount was right. Yet sometimes I'd get a little anxious and wish I could find out. But there seemed no way to do it. Uncle had died before the Inheritance Tax law went into effect—that would have shown how much there was; and Judge Gibbons seemed to satisfy the assessor and back tax collector that uncle didn't have any more property liable for taxes. Of course his money might have been in railroad stock, bank stock, and all that; but I got to thinking there must be a whole stack of U. S. government bonds—'twould be just like Uncle Joe to sit back and clip coupons and reinvest and watch 'em grow. I couldn't get anything at all out of Judge Gibbons, though I tried two or three times more.

"'I respect the wishes of the dead,' he would answer just that way, like a slap in the face for my impudence."

The Big Idea

"Well, sir, when we started we didn't any of us know any more about keeping a grocery than a rabbit; but by the end of the summer we knew more. We began by keeping a list of everything called for we didn't have, and we usually had it as soon after that as we could get it.

"We tried to find out all we could from the city drummers. Patsy was especially good about that. They loved to talk to her, but she would not talk to them unless they talked grocery, unless they gave her good information about what other stores kept and bought and sold, what there was most demand for, what most profit in, and how to buy and sell and advertise to the best advantage. Her mother always cautioned her to remember that she was to be a society lady, and that these young men she met were useful only for their help in business methods and for practice in being agreeable. Susie Lou wasn't heartless; only, you see, she saw it wouldn't do.

"After some weeks our old store began to look different. We kept painting up a little here and there, and keeping things clean, and adding to our stock, making it better all the time. Susie Lou and Pat kept working hard too; and looking neat and clean and pretty, and cooking up all the old scraps to the best advantage—to such advantage, in fact, that we almost forgot we were living on scraps.

"About this time I had a great idea. I don't want to brag, and I am willing to give the women folks and Dennis all the credit they deserve—and they deserve a lot—most of it, perhaps. But, after all, it was my great idea that turned the trick.

"When it first came to me I was surprised we had not thought of it before. It seemed such a natural thing to do. I had been hearing so much about high prices and the cost of living—you always do in a grocery store, no matter how good times are—until one day I asked myself:

"'Why not run our grocery on a different plan from most—from the standpoint of the buyer instead of the seller? Instead of persuading persons to buy as much as possible, to spend as much money as possible, why not persuade them to spend as little?'

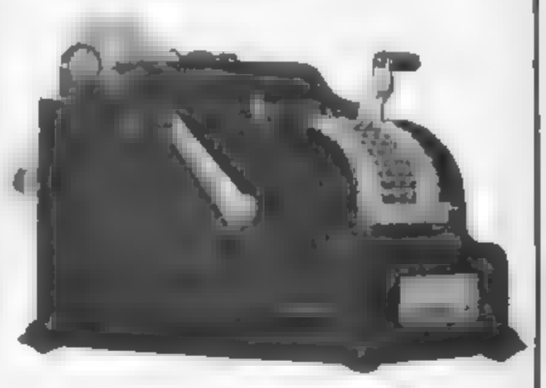
"To spend as little as possible, to make persons save money—that ought to popularize a grocery surely, at least with the men

(Continued on Page 29)

American Adding and Listing Machine

(adds up to a million dollars)

Price $88.00



A Radical Step That Won

Strange and unusual as it at first appears, the American Can Company prefers offering to rent a brand new American Adder to a customer (agreeing to allow all rental paid to apply on purchase) rather than trying to sell him outright.

It's better business, because it's easier.

It's all the same to us in the long run—we get our regular price in monthly rental in just one year—and then, of course, the rent ceases and the customer owns the machine.

Renting versus Selling

Many business houses—even large corporations—show a preference for the plan. It seems to win the instant confidence of the buyer. Men probably say to themselves, "The American Can Company wouldn't dare make such an offer unless they had a sure thing. The adding machine must be right."

That's the point exactly. *The machine simply has to be right.*

Thus we urge our men to send us *Rental Agreements* instead of *Orders*. This is why they will urge *you* to sign a Rental Agreement instead of an order calling for full cash payment. We think you may prefer it, and in the long run it suits us just as well.

Money Cannot Buy Better Material

Every part of the American Adding and Listing Machine, excepting the Moulded Base, is made of Cold Rolled Steel—the same special stock that is used in all expensive adders, typewriters, etc. Money cannot buy better material.

MAIL THIS APPLICATION

AMERICAN CAN CO.

Adding Machine Division, Chicago

Express one American Adder on rental terms as follows:

$4 herewith, and rent for 12 months at $7 per month, after which the machine becomes the property of the undersigned.

Order cancellable in 15 days after delivery with return of any money paid without argument if machine is not perfectly satisfactory.

Name _____

Address _____

The only Razor in the world that sharpens itself. You just slip the strop through the razor-head.

Risk Nothing—Try It First

(Its unusual merit permits this offer)

The AutoStrop Safety Razor must satisfy you before you pay your money for it. More than that, it must prove to be superior to any razor you have ever used. Otherwise you pay nothing.

This is our method of selling. You try it first in your home; you then decide if you wish to retain it. We offer in this razor a complete shaving outfit; a safety razor that automatically renews the blade edge for each shave. Its 12 blades will give 500 clean, cool, smooth shaves. It strops, shaves and is cleaned without taking apart, without any adjustment—without even removing a blade. It is *loaned*—not sold. You borrow it without payment of a cent, use it for 30 days. If it proves to be what you expect, you keep it and pay the price, $5.00. If not, you return it, without any liability whatever for its use.

Will you try the AutoStrop Safety Razor on this basis? If you wish to and the dealer you call on has not yet arranged to supply you, write direct to us and we will take good care of your request.

To Dealers

Our liberal trial offer, backed by this liberal advertising, is **creating a sales opportunity** which you cannot afford to miss. Under this plan we are fully protecting dealers as well as users. Write for our dealer plan today and share in this unusual sales stimulation.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 345 Fifth Avenue, New York

This offer is also good in Canada 83 Duke Street, *Toronto*

(Continued from Page 27)

of the family. So I began to think just how it could be done.

"'The best is none too good' had gotten to be a popular motto. Everybody thought that. It is part of our good American spirit of independence. 'I'm as good as anybody; therefore, nothing is too good for me and mine' has become the average American's attitude, which has caused him to live up to and beyond his means.

"I myself felt as good as anybody, now that the grocery had gotten started a little; and I knew Susie Lou and Pat were way above the average, in that part of the town anyway. Yet here we were living off the cheapest, the left-overs and poorest things in the grocery—and living well.

"Why not teach the people that 'The seconds are the best!' No longer 'The best is none too good'; but 'The seconds are the best!' The best for them; for they would enjoy the cheaper goods and also save money.

"Susie Lou and Pat had taught me that three-quarters of the value and joy of food lies in the cooking. Why not teach our customers that? Wouldn't it popularize our store, make it the most popular in that section; and wouldn't we make much money by saving our customers much money? Our new customers would buy more than we saved our old ones, I felt sure.

"Well, sir, I talked it over with Susie Lou and the girl, and we all got enthusiastic over the idea. That was in September. Patsy decided to stay out of school five months, until the midwinter term, to help us try it out—and she did.

"I was pretty good at lettering, semifancy, and got up some classy signs which we stuck about in the always freshly washed doors and windows and upon the walls of the store. There were several of those placards, such as: 'The Seconds are the Best!' 'Live Well, but Save Money!' 'Why Pay More?' 'Don't Spend So Much!' 'Don't Eat Up Your Surplus!' 'The Cheaper Tastes Just as Good!' 'It's Mostly in the Cooking!' 'Try the Cheaper and Save Your Money.'

"Then we put on Thursday and Saturday evening specialties. We began with prunes. You see there are many grades of prunes—thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty and ninety sizes. The number of prunes to the pound depends upon the size. The thirty-forties are very choice; the forty-fifties are choice too; while the sixties and seventies are good, though they sell for only about two-thirds of what the forties and fifties bring."

Trade Begins to Pick Up

"Susie Lou got some of the cheapest; washed them clean and soaked them very well; then cooked them up to a queen's taste. With prunes the main thing is in the washing, soaking and cooking, and by the time she got through those cheap ones were good enough for anybody. We fixed up a table at one side of the store in front, and covered it with Susie Lou's best white cloth. My wife, dolled up in white cap and apron, like a regular demonstrator, served little tastes of those prunes in small dishes, with appetizing lady-finger sandwiches of buttered bread, to all who came into the store.

"We had spread out on the table samples of all the different kinds of prunes, in neat little piles neatly labeled with the price. The pile in front of the great bowl from which she was serving samples showed she was using the cheapest grade. She sampled up and talked up that cheap grade, until we sold thirty-six pounds of it that first Saturday night. That wasn't so absolutely much; but we had got people talking and looking at our signs, and much impressed that we were actually trying to save them money.

"We advertised our demonstration evenings by neat signs in the store; and the following Thursday, which we devoted to rice, we had a stream of callers and small buyers for our cheaper grades. We showed on the white-cloth-covered table in the same attractive way the different grades of rice, from the choicest select long head, in three-pound muslin bags for twenty-five cents, to the bulk rice, extra clean, five pounds for twenty-nine cents, and the broken rice still cheaper.

"Susie Lou and Patsy cooked it just right; and they offered samples of flaky boiled rice, with real cream and sugar; hot rice with brown gravy; and rice pudding with raisins—all from the cheaper and broken grades, all labeled and delicious. Nobody who had a taste thought the prepared varieties were not good enough, and we sold a large quantity. Susie Lou and Patsy always told the people also how the dishes were prepared.

"We showed, too, what could be done with bulk hominy and oatmeal, and all sorts of things; had meat nights, once or twice, after I put in a few cheap meats, emphasizing what was possible in the way of meat pies, stews and steaks made of soup meat cut cross-grain, served with onions and lemon and parsley and butter. In fact, she left off some of those things, made a little fat meat do for the butter sometimes, and gave variety and various cheap effects that she worked out.

"Trade began to pick up surprisingly from the start. The people felt we were their friends if we saved them money and begged them to spend less. Finally we put on a demonstration of 'A Week of Saving,' showing each evening a day's menu, spread out on three tables, breakfast, dinner and supper. We showed the actual cost for a family of five from those seconds and thirds and fourths we used, and side by side the most expensive kinds, "the best" that people used to call for; and we figured out how much each day a family of five saved by using sense in buying and cooking those cheaper things instead of the best.

"Well, sir, that was some show! It was the talk of all that part of the town. People came from blocks round to see and then to buy. Soon after that we had to have extra help, a boy who was half clerk, even before Patsy went back to school."

Patsy's New Beau

"Susie Lou was glad over our getting such a start toward success, but she was worried some over that red-headed drummer fellow, Dennis. Tommy Uhlen had kept coming round for some weeks after we moved; but when the summer got so hot, and the grocery and neighborhood looked worse and worse to him, even Patsy's good looks and smiles didn't hold him. He just naturally dropped away, to Patsy's chagrin and her mother's satisfaction. Patsy didn't really mind, I think, only she hated to think she couldn't hold any beau she ever had. Perhaps that made her nicer to the red-headed drummer. I don't think all her graciousness to him was based on a desire to find out how to run a grocery and help the family.

"It was not many months before Susie Lou was complaining bitterly to me in private about Dennis. It tickled me to see the way he worried Susie Lou, and she not able or daring to find much fault with him.

"He was the only person I ever saw that Susie Lou seemed afraid of. She was afraid of his determination. He was really a nice clean chap, honest, straight as a string, so nice you really couldn't find much fault with him. That made Susie Lou more afraid. He was one of eight children of a foreman in a planing mill that lived uptown. He had managed to finish the high school a year and a half before, working a paper route and vacations. Now he was city salesman for a good grocery house and was doing well.

"He had played on the football team at school, and always moved round quietly, never in a hurry, always efficient. I liked to watch him.

"He had red hair, but I like red hair; it breaks the monotony. Most everybody has brown hair of some shade, or black or yellow or gray; and red hair is cheerful-looking too. He was some freckled, but that's natural with a red-headed boy; and he had good honest eyes and a good mouth. I wasn't much on action, maybe, but I could usually size up a fellow pretty well; and I knew Dennis Hart was all right. He was a good clean fellow with lots of sense and go in him, the kind of fellow to tie to, who couldn't, just couldn't, be kept down.

"One day in the spring Dennis was mentioned, when Susie Lou and Patsy and I were alone in the store, and my wife made some reference to the shade of his hair.

"'He's so conspicuous looking,' she said in her most deprecating manner.

"I winked at Patsy then; and she smiled before turning away her head to hide a blush.

"'I don't like the name Dennis,' Susie Lou continued.

"'It's hard to please everybody with names,' I said mildly. 'Uncle Joe didn't like ours. You might call him Denny.'

"Here my wife sniffed, and I knew that the conversation was ended. That was how our talks usually did end when Susie Lou could not think of anything to answer."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

AT Hotel La Salle you will find excellent accommodations, splendid service, good music and cheerful surroundings.

HERE, in a central location, is an atmosphere of hospitality which appeals alike to those who want the comforts of home and the formalities of hotel life.

A handsome spark plug case and a spark plug wrench . . With four spark plugs that will outlast your engine . .

Free $4

Mail us a $4 check or money order for four Splitdorf Spark Plugs (the plug with the Green Hex Jacket). We will forward you the plugs, carriage prepaid, and with them we will send you, free, a highly polished spark plug case and a spark plug wrench, complete with detachable handle. The case is handsomely finished, and fitted with recesses for four plugs. Keeps your "extras" handy and compact. The wrench is one of the most convenient tools you can have. With it you can take out a plug for inspection in a second.

These plugs are practically indestructible, positively gas and oil tight. They are as nearly soot-proof as a plug can be. Dozens of times they have run 20,000 to 30,000 miles without ever having been cleaned.

Made in all sizes and in types to suit every car, motor cycle, motor truck, motor boat, aëroplane, tractor and stationary gasoline engine. Write for Splitdorf Directory which tells which plug to use in *your* engine.

When ordering, be sure to state size desired or name of engine.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO., Newark, N. J.

Robbins & Myers Motors

"—and This Little Motor Does All the Hard Work of Wash-Day."

"Yes, Margaret, wash-day is as easy for me now as any other. I simply put the clothes in the tub, and this wonderful little Robbins & Myers Motor does the hard work."

And this same glad scene is being enacted in thousands of homes where the housework is done the electric way—the Robbins & Myers Motor way.

A Robbins & Myers Motor on an electrical device, whether washing machine, vacuum cleaner, dish washer, or any other, is the best guarantee that the machine will do its work efficiently and give years of reliable service.

Makers of the best motor-driven equipment will not jeopardize their product or their prestige by using any motor but the best. They want to be sure that every user of their product will get reliable, satisfactory service.

The list to the right shows this marked preference for Robbins & Myers Motors in one of the many fields in which motors are employed.

Twenty years of motor building experience, motors in all sizes from 1-40 to 25 horsepower, for operation on all commercial direct and alternating current circuits—this in a few words suggests the prestige, utility and satisfaction which the name Robbins & Myers insures when you find it on the motor of any electrical device you buy.

Let it be your guide in your search for the best.

Some of the prominent manufacturers of washing machines who equip their machines with Robbins & Myers Reliable Motors.

Apex Appliance Co. Chicago, Ill.
Altorfer Bros. Peoria, Ill.
All Metal Mfg. Co. St. Louis, Mo.
Aurora Quality Electric Washer Co. Aurora, Ill.
New York, N. Y.
Beatty Bros. Ltd. Hagersville, Can.
Bickford Mfg. Co. Jamestown, N. Y.
Bramwell Mfg. Co. Miami, Fla.
Capital Electric Co. Washington, D. C.
Capitola Electric Co. Chicago, Ill.
Connor Bros. Ltd. Hamilton, Can.
Copeland Refrigeration Co. Sidney, Ohio.
Dayton Woodenware Co. Dayton, O.
Domestic Mfg. Co. Newton, Kan.
Dowagiac Washer Co. Dowagiac, Mich.
Elgin Iron Works Elgin, Ill.
Fisher Electric Washer Co. Saginaw, Mich.
Meadows Mfg. Co. Chattanooga, Tenn.
Modern Laundry Machinery Co. Kansas City, Mo.
Nineteen Hundred Washer Co. Binghamton, N. Y.
One Minute Washer Co. Sandusky, O.
Rochester Machine Co. Rochester, N. Y.
Rock Island Lamp Co. Rock Island, Ill.
Schaefer Mfg. Co. Milwaukee, Wis.
Schaefer Machine Co. Sterling, Ill.
Vacuum Mfg. Co. Leavenworth, Kan.
Wayne Mfg. Co. St. Louis, Mo.
Wells H. Press Streator, Ill.

If you are a motor user, dealer or manufacturer of electrically-driven machines, write telling us your particular requirements. We will gladly co-operate with you.

The Robbins & Myers Company
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Branches in 9 Principal Cities Dealers Everywhere
The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors

LONG LIVE THE KING!

(Concluded from Page 10)

and made a burglar's entrance; but her voice came to him out of the dark:

"You're later than usual, Jim."

He muttered something, and it was the tone of his voice rather than the words which brought Mrs. Haley out of the pillows.

"Jim! Has anything happened? What's wrong with you?"

Now Jimmy Haley had intended to break the news gradually, if at all; but he was level full of his trouble and his heart ached for sympathy.

"Wrong!" he blurted out. "Everything is wrong! If it was only me I wouldn't care—I could stand it; but ——"

"Jim dear, you're frightening me! Come here and tell me what has happened!"

"Little pal," said he, controlling his voice with an effort, "I'm afraid I've lost my job."

It was then that Jimmy Haley made sure he had married the right sort of girl.

"Is that all? Why, Jim, I thought something terrible had happened to you! And it's only the job! . . . . Tell me about it, poor old boy."

In the dark, with his wife's hand in his, Jimmy told the whole sickening story of the catastrophe—told it with a wealth of detail and incident, as one relating the history of a surgical operation. Beginning with the departure of the managing editor, he led her step by step through the events that had followed the arrival of the first bulletin. He explained very carefully just what he had done to the paper, giving his reasons, justifying himself; and Mrs. Haley listened without interrupting him once.

Her king could do no wrong, even if he had played the wrong king clear across the first page of the Morning Oracle. He lifted her to the climax of his triumph, with a remade paper ready to go to press on time, and dropped her into the depths on the arrival of the corrected bulletin. Then he paused for the verdict.

"But, Jim, how can they blame you if the U. P. made a mistake? It wasn't your fault."

"It's not a question of fault, honey. It's a question of responsibility. I'm responsible all the way down the line. If I hadn't played the thing up so hard I might have saved myself; but I went the limit on it, and when the story flivvered it left me high and dry. I ruined the paper for the sake of one big smash—and it didn't pan out."

"Ruined the paper! How?"

Jimmy groaned.

"Wait till you see the first page! There wasn't time to do anything. I was caught right at the minute of going to press, with all my news inside, and I couldn't get it out again. . . . I guess I went sort of crazy."

"You didn't send the first page out—blank?"

"Worse than that! I filled her up with a lot of junk that had been standing in type for weeks—stop-gaps and fillers—receipts for mange cures—the third annual report of the Uplifters' Society—theatrical press-agent dope—anything—everything! Not a stick of news in the entire seven columns—not a line! . . . It was awful! And we missed all the upstate trains and I nearly had to lick John Dillon. . . . When Old Munn gets a flash at his newspaper this morning he may drop dead; but if he lives—well, I'll be hunting another job, and it won't be easy to get one after such a bust as this. . . . It's pretty tough on you, honey. We won't be able to move next Tuesday—unless it's to a cheaper joint; and the little house you picked out ——"

"I don't care so much for that place, Jim. I was just thinking to-night that the roof would leak in rainy weather. Boarding isn't so bad after all. . . . And I never did like to wash dishes."

"Bless your heart!" cried Jimmy Haley. "It's worth it, just to find out what a regular girl you are!"

♥

WHEN Jimmy Haley walked into the Oracle office, late the next afternoon, his associates took pains to greet him with marked kindliness. Even the ones who coveted the news desk refrained from adding to his misery. Dave Holland was openly sympathetic.

"Jimmy," said he, laying his hand on Haley's shoulder, "Munn has been asking for you. Said he wanted to see you as soon as you came in. We've had a circus here ever since one o'clock."

"Has he seen the two bulletins—the first one and the correction?"

"He's seen everything—and everybody," answered the city editor.

"Well, I'll take my medicine. . . . I guess it's good-by—eh?"

"I hope not, old boy. The luck broke bad for you—that's all."

Mr. Munn sat at his desk with a copy of the Oracle before him, and he snorted when Jimmy Haley opened the door and closed it softly behind him.

"Well, young man," said he, "you're here at last, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And got a story all cooked up to tell me—eh? I'm going to tell you mine first. I want you to know what you've done to this newspaper—and to me. Sit down."

Jimmy balanced himself on the extreme edge of a chair. It was a new thing for him to hear Mr. Munn speaking one-syllable English. Most men who lose their jobs are fired in words of one syllable.

"Now, sir, I ordered an editorial written yesterday. What became of it?"

"I killed it, sir."

"Humph! Killed it, eh? Threw out the cartoon that went with it too. . . . Don't interrupt me! That editorial was a personal letter to a few scoundrels in the City Council. The idea was to keep them from granting a street-car franchise—an iniquitous steal; and they didn't think anybody was on to them. The editorial was headed 'Stop, Thief!' And it would have stopped 'em if it had been printed. It wasn't, and they granted the franchise this morning."

"I'm sorry," said Jimmy.

"So am I, young man damn' sorry. You took the ten-point machine away from Dillon, and Cole & Cole are up on their ear about that ad. . . . Confound it, I know the copy came in late! Don't interrupt me! Cole & Cole are talking about canceling their contract with the Oracle. Do you know how much money that means every year?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I do; and it's a lot! And you missed the early trains. Out-of-town kicks have been coming in all day. The people who did get the paper have been ringing up too. 'What's the matter with the Oracle?' That's what they all want to know. Look at that first page! Not a line of news on it! Young man, Hazzard left you alone once and you played hell—didn't you?"

Jimmy Haley looked Mr. Munn straight in the eye.

"I played a big news story the way it ought to be played!" said he.

"Humph! . . . Would you do it again?"

"Every time!" answered Jimmy, feeling that he might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. "That's what a news editor is for—to play big stories in a big way; and if that first bulletin had been correct ——"

Here Jimmy paused to take note of an amazing thing. Mr. Achilles K. Munn was laughing—actually laughing—rocking in his chair and smiting the table with his fat palms.

"That's the spirit!" he wheezed. "I want a fellow out there who knows how to play the news—a fellow who ain't afraid of news when he sees it—a fellow who can wake this paper up and put on some circulation! Do you know what happened this morning, young man?"

Jimmy did not know; so he shook his head and suppressed a desire to pinch himself.

Mr. Munn leaned forward across the table and the chuckle went out of his voice:

"The King of Hamerania died—that's what happened! And he saved your bacon, my boy! You had the right hunch, but you played the wrong king; and that wasn't your fault. If the first bulletin had been correct we'd have ripped the hide off the Globe and hung it on the fence for everybody to laugh at. It would have meant circulation. Let this be a lesson to you, my boy—and how's sixty a week to start with? Go on back to work."

But Jimmy Haley went to the telephone instead and told Jane to get ready to move on Tuesday. She wept into the transmitter and created a scandal in the boarding house; but a wife who does not cry over bad news should not have her tears censored at other times.

THE LEOPARD WOMAN

(Continued from Page 21)

stare and Kingozi had lifted his prism glasses. A tyro would have attempted to draw near for a finishing shot, and so would probably have been let in for a long chase. A freshly wounded animal, if kept moving, is capable of astonishing endurance. But these two knew better than that. In a very few minutes the zebra, without fright, without suffering—for a modern bullet benumbs—toppled over dead. Again Simba raised his voice exultantly to the waiting porters.

"*Nyama! Nyama!*" he shouted.

And they, racing eagerly forward, their faces illuminated with one of the strongest joys the native knows, shouted back:

"*Nyama! Nyama!*"

For another two days the provisioning was assured.

VIII

THE little safari made the distance to Simba's guarded water in a trifle over the four hours. Camp was made high up on the kopje whence far abroad the eye could carry to immense distances. The wall of mountains was now nearer. Through his glasses Kingozi could distinguish rounded foothills. He tried to make out whether certain dark patches were groves or patches of bush—they might have been either—but was unable to determine. Relative sizes did not exist. The mountains might be five thousand feet high or only a fifth of that. And by exactly that proportion they might be a day or a five days' journey distant.

Carefully Kingozi examined the length of the range. At length his attention was arrested. A thread of smoke, barely distinguishable against the gray of distance, rose within the shadow of the hills.

"Simba!" Kingozi summoned. Then, on the gun-bearer's approach: "Look through the glasses and tell me whether that smoke is a house or a fire in the grass."

Simba accepted the glasses, but first took a good look with the naked eye. He caught the location of the smoke almost at once. Then for a full two minutes he stared through the lenses.

"It is a house, *bwana*," he decided.

As though the words had been a magic spell the mountains seemed in Kingozi's imagination to diminish in size and to move forward. They had assumed a definite proportion, a definite position. Their distance could be estimated.

"And how far?" he asked.

"Very far, *bwana*," replied Simba gravely. "Eleven hours; twelve hours."

Kingozi reflected. The safari of the Leopard Woman had passed the kopje not over a mile away; indeed, Kingozi had left her trail only a short distance back. On the supposition that she was well informed, it seemed unlikely that she could expect to make the whole distance from the last camp to the mountains in one march. Therefore, there must be another water between. In that case, if Kingozi followed her tracks he would arrive at that water. On the other supposition—that she was striking recklessly into the unknown—well, all the more reason for following her tracks!

They commenced their journey before daylight the following morning. Each man was instructed to fill his water bottle; and the instructions were rigidly enforced. In the darkness they stumbled down the gentle slopes of the kopjes, each steering by the man ahead and Kingozi steering by the stars. The veldt was still, as though all the silences, driven from those portions inhabited by the beasts, had here made their refuge. The earth lay like a black pool becalmed. Overhead the stars blazed clearly, slowly faded, and gave way to the dawn. The men spoke rarely, and then in low voices.

Kingozi led the way steadily, without hurrying but without loitering. Daylight came; the sun blazed. The country remained the same in character. Behind them the kopje dwindled in importance until it took its place with insignificant landmarks. The mountains ahead seemed no nearer.

At the end of three hours by the watch Kingozi carried on his wrist he called the first halt. The men laid down their loads and sprawled about in abandon. Kingozi produced a pipe.

The rest lasted a full half hour. Then two hours more of marching, and another rest. By now a normal day's march would be about over. But this was different. Kingozi rigidly adhered to the plan for all forced marches of this kind: three hours, a half hour's rest; then two hours, a half hour's rest; and after that march and rest as the men can stand it, according to their strength and condition.

This latter is the cruel period. At first the ranks hold together. Then, in spite of the efforts of the headman to bring up the rear, the weaker begin to fall back. They must rest oftener; they go on with ever-increasing difficulty. The strong men ahead become impatient and push on. The safari is no longer a coherent organization, but an aggregate of units, each with his own problem of weariness, of thirst, finally of suffering. More and more stretches the distance between the *bwana* and his headman.

No native of the porter intelligence has the slightest forethought for the morrow, and very little for the day. If it is hot and he has started early, his water bottle is empty by noon.

This wise program Kingozi entered upon carefully. The three hours' march went well; the two hours followed with everyone strong and cheerful; then two hours more without trouble. Kingozi's men were picked, and hard as nails. By now it was one o'clock; coming the hottest part of the day. The power of the vertical sun attained its maximum. Kingozi felt as though a heavy hand had been laid upon his head and was pressing him down. The mirage danced and changed, its illusions succeeding one another momently as the successive veils of heat waves shimmered upward. Reflected heat scorched his face. His spirit retired far into its fastness, taking with it all his energies. From that withdrawn inner remoteness he doled out the necessary vitality parsimoniously, drop by drop. Deliberately he withdrew his attention from the unessentials. Not a glance did he vouchsafe to the prospect, far or near; not a thought did he permit himself of speculation or of wondering interest. His sole job now was to plod on at an even gait, to keep track of time, to follow the spoor of the Leopard Woman's safari, to save himself for later. If he had spared any thought at all it would have been self-congratulation that Simba and Cazi Moto were old and tried. For Simba relieved him of the necessity of watching for dangerous beasts; and Cazi Moto of the responsibility of keeping account of the men.

At the rest periods Kingozi sat down on the ground. Then in the relaxation his intelligence emerged. He took stock of the situation.

Mali-ya-bwana and nine others were always directly at his heels. They dropped their loads and grinned cheerfully at their *bwana*, their bronze faces gleaming as though polished. If only they were all like this! Then perhaps five minutes later a smaller group came in, strongly enough. The first squad shouted ridiculing little jokes at them; and they shrieked back spirited repartee, whacking their loads vigorously with their safari sticks. These, too, would cause no anxiety. But then Kingozi sat up and began to take notice. The men drifted in by twos and threes. Kingozi scrutinized them closely, trying to determine the state of their strength and the state of their spirit. And after twenty minutes, or even the full half hour allotted to the rest period, Cazi Moto came in driving before him seven men.

The wizened little headman was as cheerful and lively and vigorous as ever. He, too, grinned, but his eyes held a faint anxiety, and he had shifted his closed umbrella to his left hand and held the *kiboko* in his right. At the fifth rest period five of the seven men stumbled wearily in; but Cazi Moto and the other two did not appear before Kingozi ordered a resumption of the march.

But the mountains had moved near. When this had happened Kingozi could not have told. It was between two rest periods. From an immense, discouraging distance, they towered imminent. It seemed that a half hour's easy walk should take them to the foothills. Yet not a man there but knew that this nearness was exactly as deceitful as the distance had been before.

The afternoon wore on. Kingozi's canteen was all but empty, though he had drunk sparingly, a swallow at a time. His tongue was slightly swollen. The sun had him to a certain extent; so that, although he

(Continued on Page 34)

The Meaning of this Mark

IT means all that is meant by fifty years experience and leadership in drop-forging manufacture.

It means drop-forgings and tools that can be depended upon to live up to the specifications—it is the trademark of

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO.
HARTFORD, CONN. U.S.A.

ONCE IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE

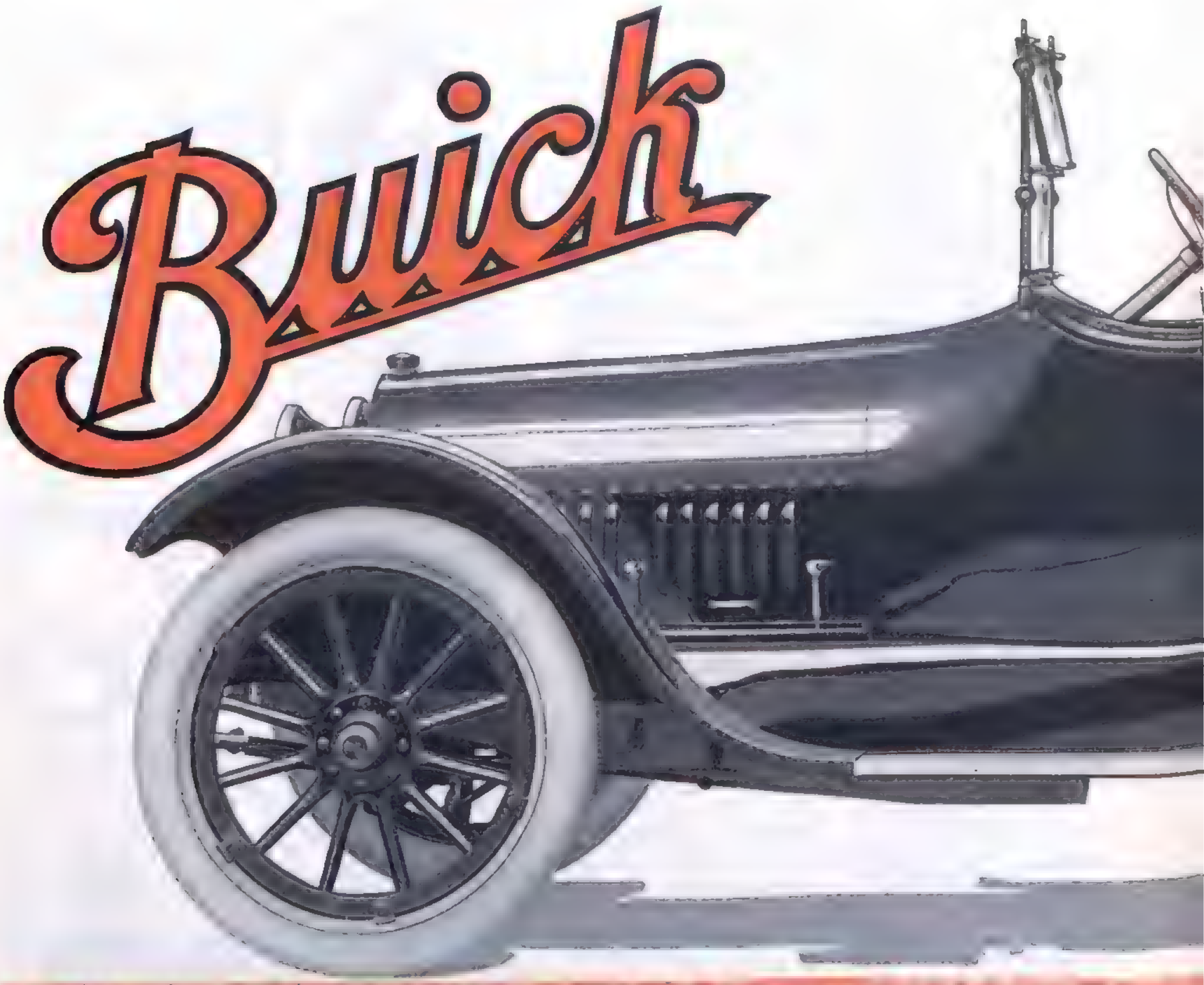
The Policeman's Story

... of one of them down. Then the other fellow hauled off at me with a black jack, but when he saw my Colt he dropped his sleep producer, threw up his hands, and begged me not to shoot. Then Jim the roundsman came on the run. Why shouldn't I think a lot of this Colt? It saved my life and helped to break up the worst gang that ever bothered the Department."

Write for free booklet How to Shoot and Catalog No. 85

"You can't forget to make a Colt safe"

COLTS PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO. HARTFORD, CONN.



Bringing Out the Stay-at-Homes

THE demand for an automobile which shall fulfill all the needs of all the family is answered with utmost present completeness in this Buick Six. From the first, Buick builders have kept ahead of the world's demands. And now the call for a car which a woman can drive with ease and safety finds this Buick Six ready.

Ready, with its wonderful reserve of power in the Valve-in-Head Motor, controlled by a touch, ready with rhythmic motion—velvety smoothness of running—instant response to the starter—immediate stop.

When you own this Buick Six you own "all out of doors."

When Better Automobiles Are

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars **BUICK MOTOR COMP**

PIONEER BUILDERS
OF VALVE-IN-HEAD
MOTOR CARS

The Car That a Woman Can Drive

THE family is independent of all inconveniences of travel. It brings you close to the beauty spots around your home and solves the vacation problem.

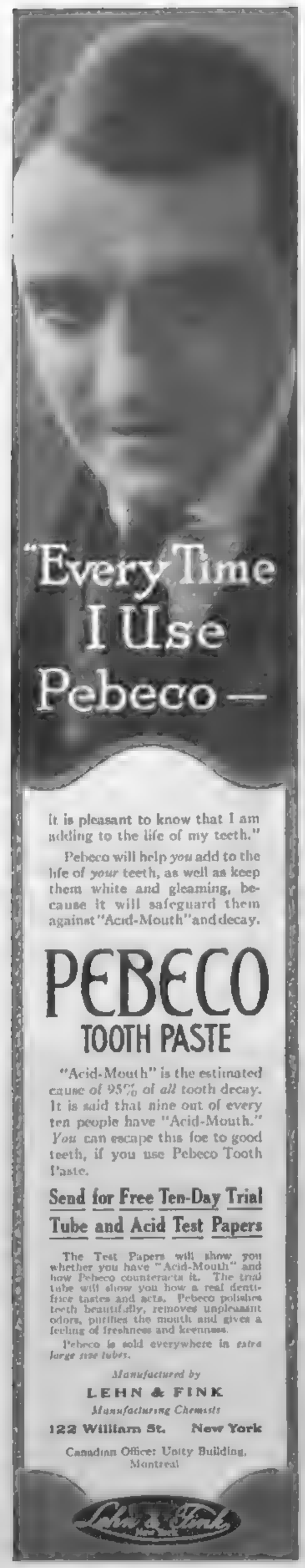
Confidence in the Buick

The delightful pleasures of motoring are uniquely combined with physical rest and that mental relaxation which is the result of *confidence* in the car.

Big and graceful, roomy and full of character; luxurious riding, gasoline economy; in short, mechanical perfection, and that subtle something which we call distinction—these combined place the Buick as the car apart in any crowd.

Built, Buick Will Build Them

NY, FLINT, MICHIGAN Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere



it is pleasant to know that I am adding to the life of my teeth."

Pebeco will help *you* add to the life of *your* teeth, as well as keep them white and gleaming, because it will safeguard them against "Acid-Mouth" and decay.

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

"Acid-Mouth" is the estimated cause of 95% of *all* tooth decay. It is said that nine out of every ten people have "Acid-Mouth." *You* can escape this foe to good teeth, if you use Pebeco Tooth Paste.

Send for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

The Test Papers will show you whether you have "Acid-Mouth" and how Pebeco counteracts it. The trial tube will show you how a real dentifrice tastes and acts. Pebeco polishes teeth beautifully, removes unpleasant odors, purifies the mouth and gives a feeling of freshness and keenness.

Pebeco is sold everywhere in *extra large size tubes.*

Manufactured by
LEHN & FINK
Manufacturing Chemists
122 William St. New York

Canadian Office: Unity Building, Montreal

(Continued from Page 31)

could rouse himself at will, nevertheless, he moved mechanically in a sort of daze.

He heard Simba's voice; and brought himself into focus.

The gun bearer was staring at something on the ground. Kingozi followed the direction of his gaze. Before him lay a dead man.

It was one of the common porters, a tall, too slender savage, with armlets of polished iron, long ropy hair—a typical *shenzi*. His load was missing; evidently one of the *askaris* had taken it up.

Kingozi's safari filed by, each man gazing in turn at the huddled heap, without expression. Only Maulo, the camp jester, hurled a facetious comment at the corpse. At that all the rest laughed after the strange, heartless custom of the African native. Or is it heartless? We do not know.

The day's march had passed through the phase of coördinated action. It was now the duty of each man to get in if he could. It was Kingozi's duty to arrive first, and to arrange succor for Cazi Moto and those whom he drove.

Twenty minutes beyond the dead man they came upon three porters sitting by the wayside. They were men in the last extremity of thirst and exhaustion, their eyes wide and vacant, their tongues so swollen that their teeth were held apart. Nothing was to be done here, so Kingozi marched by.

Then he came upon a half dozen bags of *potio*. They were thrown down pell-mell, anyhow; so that Kingozi concluded they had been surreptitiously thrown away, and not temporarily abandoned with intent to return for them.

After that the trail resembled the traces of a rout. Every few yards now were the evidences of desperation—loads of *potio*, garments, water bottles emptied and cast aside in a gust of passion at their emptiness. At intervals, also, they passed more men, gaunt, incredibly cadaverous, considering that only the day before they had been strong and well. They sat or lay inert, watching the safari pass, their eyes apathetic. Kingozi paid no attention to them, nor to the loads of *potio*, nor to the garments and accouterments; but he caused Simba to gather the water bottles. After a time Simba was hung about on all sides, and resembled at a short distance some queer, conical monster.

Then they topped the bank of a wide, shallow, dry stream bed and saw the remnants of the other safari below them.

The Leopard Woman sat on a tent load. Even at this distance her erect figure expressed determination and defiance. The Nubian squatted beside her. Men lay scattered all about in attitudes of abandon and exhaustion; yet every face was turned in her direction.

Kingozi descended the bank and approached, his experienced eye registering every significant detail.

She turned to him a face lowering like a thunder cloud, her eyes flashing the lightnings, her lips scarlet and bitten. Kingozi noted the blooded *kiboko*.

"They won't go on!" she cried at him harshly. "I can't make them! It is death for them here, but all they will do is to sit down! It is maddening! If they must die ——"

She leaped to her feet and drew an automatic pistol.

"*Bandika!*" she cried. "Take your loads! Quickly!"

She threatened the man nearest her. He merely stared, his expression dull with the infinite remoteness of savage people. Without further parley she fired. Although the distance was short, she missed, the bullet throwing up a spurt of sand beneath the man's armpit. He did not stir, nor did his face change.

Kingozi's bent form had straightened. An authority, heretofore latent, flashed from his whole personality.

"Stop!" he commanded.

She flashed at him a look of convulsed rage. Then suddenly her resistance to circumstances broke. She hurled the automatic pistol at the porter, and flopped down on the tent load, hiding her face in her hands. Kingozi paid her no further attention.

"Simba!" he called.

"Yes, suh!"

"Take one man. Collect all water bottles. Take a lantern. Go as rapidly as you can to find water. Fill all the bottles and bring them back. There are people in the hills. There will be people near the water. Get them to help you carry back the water bottles."

Simba selected Mali-ya-bwana to accompany him, but this did not meet Kingozi's ideas.

"I want that man," said he.

Simba and one of the other leading porters started away. Kingozi gave his attention to the members of the other safari.

They sat and sprawled in all attitudes. But one thing was common to all—a dead sullenness.

"Why do you not obey the *memsahib?*" Kingozi asked in a reasonable tone.

No one answered for some time. Finally the man who had been shot at replied:

"There is no water. We are very tired. We cannot go on without water."

"How can you get water if you do not go on?"

"*Hapana shauri yangu,*" replied the man indifferently, uttering the fatalistic phrase that rises to the lips of the savage African almost automatically, unless his personal loyalty has been won—"that is not my affair." He brooded on the ground for a space, then looked up: "It is the business of porters to carry loads; it is the business of the white man to take care of the porters." And in that he voiced the philosophy of this human relation. The porters had done their job; not one inch beyond it would they go. The white woman had brought them there; it was now her *shauri* to get them out.

"You see!" cried the Leopard Woman bitterly. "What can you do with such idiots?"

Kingozi directed toward her his slow smile.

"Yes, I see. Do you remember I asked you once when you were boasting your efficiency whether you had ever tried your men? Your work was done smartly and well—better than my work was done. But my men will help me in a fix, and yours will not."

"You are quite a preacher," she rejoined. "And you are exasperating. Why don't you do something?"

"I am going to," replied Kingozi calmly.

He called Mali-ya-bwana to him.

"Talk to these *shenzis*," said he.

Mali-ya-bwana talked. His speech was not eloquent, nor did it flatter the Leopard Woman, but it was to the point.

"My *bwana* is a great lord," said he. "He is master of all things. He fights the lion, he fights the elephant. Nothing causes him to be afraid. He is not foolish, like a woman. He knows the water, the sun, the wind. When he speaks it is wisdom. Those who do what he says follow wisdom. *Bassi!*"

Immediately this admonition was finished Kingozi issued his first command.

"Bring all loads to this place."

Nobody stirred at first.

"My loads, the loads of Bibi-ya-chui—all to this place."

Mali-ya-bwana, and the other fourteen of Kingozi's safari who were now present, brought their loads up and began to pile them under Kingozi's direction.

"Quickly!" called Kingozi in brisk, cheerful tones. "The water is not far, but the day is nearly gone. We must march quickly, even without loads."

The import of the command began to reach the other porters. This white man did not intend to camp here, then, where there was no water! He did not mean to make them march with loads! He knew! He was a great lord, and wise, as Mali-ya-bwana had said! One or two arose wearily and stiffly, and dragged their loads to the pile. Others followed.

Kingozi's men helped the weakest. Kingozi himself worked hard, arranging the loads, covering them with tarpaulins, weighting the edges.

His intention reached also the Leopard Woman. She watched proceedings without comment for some time. Then she saw something that raised her objection.

"I shall want that box," she announced. "Leave that one out. And that is my tent being brought up now."

Apparently Kingozi did not hear her. He bestowed the box in a space left for it, and piled the two tent loads atop. The Leopard Woman arose and glided to his side.

"That box ——" she began.

"I heard you," replied Kingozi politely, "but it will really be impossible to carry anything at all."

"That box is indispensable to me," she insisted haughtily.

"You have no men strong enough to carry a load; and mine will need all the strength they have left before they get in."

He went on arranging the loads under the tarpaulins.

"Those loads are my tent," she said as Kingozi turned away.

"We cannot take them."

Her eyes flashed. She whirled with the evident intention of issuing her commands direct. Kingozi's weary, slow indifference fell from him. In one bound he faced her, his chin thrust forward. His blue eyes had focused into a cold, level stare.

"Don't dare interfere!" he ordered. "If you attempt it I shall order you restrained—physically. Understand? I do not know how far you intend to travel—or where; but if you value your future authority and prestige with your own men do not make yourself a spectacle before them."

"You would not dare!" she panted.

The tenseness relaxed. Kingozi became again the slow-moving, slouching, indifferent figure of his everyday habit.

"Oh, I can dare almost anything—when I have to. You do not seem to understand. You have come a cropper—a bad one. Left to yourselves, you are all going to die here. If I am to help you to your feet I must do it without interference. I think we shall get through; but I am not at all certain. Go and sit down and save your strength."

"I hate you!" she flashed. "I'd rather die here than accept your help! I command you to leave us!"

"Bless you!" said Kingozi, as though this were a new thought, "I wasn't thinking especially of *you;* I am sorry for your boys."

Mali-ya-bwana, under his direction, had undone the loads containing the lanterns. Everything seemed now ready for the start. All of Kingozi's safari had arrived except Cazi Moto and five men.

"Have you any water left?" Kingozi asked the Leopard Woman.

She stared straight ahead of her, refusing to answer. Unperturbed, Kingozi turned to the Nubian.

"Which is *memsahib's* canteen?"

The Nubian silently indicated two of the three hung on his person. Kingozi shook them, and found them empty. His own contained still about a pint, and this he poured into one of hers. She appeared not to notice the act.

The march was resumed. Mali-ya-bwana was instructed to lead the way, following the scraped places on the earth, the twigs bent over, and the broken branches by which Simba had marked his route for them; Kingozi himself brought up the rear.

Reluctantly, apathetically, the Leopard Woman's men got to their feet. Kingozi was everywhere, urging, encouraging, shaming, joking, threatening, occasionally using the *kiboko* he had taken from one of the *askaris*. At last all were under way. The Leopard Woman sat still on the load, the Nubian crouched at her back. The long, straggling, staggering file of men crawled up the dry bank and disappeared one by one over the top. Each figure for a moment was silhouetted against the sky, for the sun was low. Kingozi toiled up the steep, his head bent forward. In his turn he, too, stood black and massive on the brink, the outline of his powerful stooped shoulders gold-rimmed in light. She watched him feverishly, awaiting from him some sign that he realized her existence, that he cared whether or not she was left behind. He did not look back. In a moment he had disappeared. The prospect was empty of human life.

She arose. For an instant her face was convulsed with a fairly demoniac fury. Then a mask of blankness obliterated all expression. She followed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mis' Mandy's Voice

A TRAVELING man was spending Sunday in a quiet Georgia town. The evening was beautiful. The only sound breaking the stillness came from a small church, belonging to colored people, a few hundred yards away.

At intervals hymns were sung in the manner peculiar to the race. One female voice, high and shrill, could be heard prominently above the others.

At the close of the services the congregation straggled past the veranda of the hotel. The voice referred to had evidently inspired envy and jealousy. As a group of colored sisters went by, one of them exclaimed:

"Ah declar'! Ah do think dat Mis' Mandy Culpeppah done got de mos' selfish voice!"

BROTHER BILL ON THE BORDER

(Continued from Page 14)

"We don't mind comin' down here to protect your country," a private from New York assured me, as he strove to get the grit out of his eyes and teeth, "but we soitanly hadn't ought to eat it too."

There were the funniest notions rampant in the Lower Valley concerning the New York men. They were all howling swells; most of them were millionaires; and the whole doggoned 7th Regiment were bringing their valets along. We heard that a private had telegraphed ahead to San Antonio for a suite of five rooms, and we waited in the expectation of witnessing a parade of fashion.

On the other hand, the National Guard expected to find only cow-country types, and gunmen, and heaven knows what. For these reasons I was anxious to see New York and Texas meet. Some were inclined to be dubious.

They need never have had a fear. Hats off to the New York crowd. From members of the staff down to the rawest private they proved corking mixers. East looked West in the eye and North shook hands with South, and each found the other human. Texas discovered that the New Yorkers did not intend to patronize them and were a mighty companionable lot; New York learned that Texans wore clothes and had heard of Charlie Chaplin. Uncle Sam's children are getting acquainted.

In fact, the New Yorkers showed such a friendly disposition that the 2d Texas got all swelled up. To the visitors their short service on the Border gave them tremendous prestige, and they were listened to respectfully as veterans of direful experiences. The natural result was that every rookie of the four hundred odd at McAllen filled the Easterners full of stuff that would bring a flush even to the brow of a war correspondent.

It got so that a Texan wouldn't bother to converse with an individual at all. Unless he had an audience of size he would not open up. One of them had about ten of the 71st gathered round him.

"It's a doggoned shame," remarked this person, "the way they've stuck you fellows way at the other side of town! They's only a thousand or two of you, ain't there? And just eight miles from the river! Why, them Mexicans could wipe you out clean before my company could get to save you."

When the Brooklyn boys struck Mission they had to clear a camp ground and sleep temporarily in the tiny tents known variously as dog tents and pup tents. They are hot, and the mosquitoes were thick and savage. To add to their troubles, the kitchens could not be got going that first day to feed them adequately. Well, Captain Torrance, of the Texas National Guard, offered the facilities of his company kitchen and fed several hundred of the visitors. They fraternize in the best sort of fellowship. Perhaps you do not realize all that means. If you knew the weird misconceptions each previously entertained of the other you would appreciate it.

Brother Bill's Busy Day

Let nobody think that Brother Bill isn't working. He is busier at this moment than he ever was in his life, and under a pitiless sky. Here is a summary of his daily stint:

Crawls out when reveille sounds at 5:30, and does fifteen minutes of vigorous calisthenics. Eats breakfast at six o'clock and responds to sick call half an hour later. The first drill is at 6:40 and lasts for an hour. After that he has twenty minutes to wash up, and there is an inspection of quarters at 8 o'clock.

Twenty minutes later he goes to drill, and if he is late for the assembly Bill receives two days' confinement at cleaning up the camp. The recall is blown at 9:20 and he has a lay-off until 10:15. From then to 11:30 he attends private school, where instructors teach him the duties of a soldier, first aid and all that. Sharp at noon the mess call sounds.

In the afternoon the noncommissioned officers go to school from 2 to 3 and the commissioned officers from 3 to 4, and Bill does camp detail during those two hours—he washes his clothes, digs ditches, cleans his rifle and does odd jobs.

Another drill begins at 4:20 and lasts an hour, and he eats supper at 5:30. The retreat is at 6:10, consisting of the sundown lowering of the flag to the music of the band.

There remains still another drill for him, lasting until 7:30; then the long day is over. Those not on guard may do what they please for a while. Most of them stroll into town—the New Yorkers call it the "village"—and horn into a picture show, or line up at a soda fountain or the bar. The choice of amusement is up to the individual, but in such small communities, receiving thousands of troops, the range is so limited that Brother Bill often stays in camp and loafs.

They have fixed the hour for him to be back in camp at 9:45, and anyone out after 10 o'clock without a pass spends the night in the guard house, with detail punishment to follow on the morrow. Military police in the towns pick up all offenders and stay-outs.

Friday is the day of the hike, and promptly at 6:45 he starts out to do his five miles. The distance is increased five miles a week until he reaches thirty miles, which is the point of endurance they wish him to attain. After each hike there is foot inspection, and sometimes it is a sad affair. The dust lies ankle-deep in every road and the thermometer goes up to 110; which reminds me that the New Yorkers came down with the heavy woolen olive-drab. They are changing it, of course, for the cotton khaki, but they must have suffered torments from the heat. An inspection of guns, clothing, kitchens, and so forth, takes place on Saturday morning, and is generally rigid. On Sunday the chaplains of the regiments hold divine service.

The Boys Who are Homesick

It was inspiring to see the spirit in which the Guard tackled jobs that nothing under high heaven but the service of Uncle Sam could induce them to do. They come from all walks of life. To many ease and luxury are their daily portion. There was Corporal Austin Farnsworth. The last time I saw that boy he had thrown his driver into the water on No. 3 hole, at the Country Club, and was vowing to the skies that he hoped to die if he ever played the game again—and this time he was cheerfully assisting in burning out a latrine.

I don't mean to say that every mother's son enjoys this service on the Border. Scores of men in every regiment bombard their company commanders for certificates of disability. They have all sorts of complaints, from rheumatism to housemaid's knee; and they want to go home.

One fellow about the size of a freight car came limping into his lieutenant's tent.

"Say, Mr. Fairchild, I don't believe I can stand it," he said. "I ain't physical enough."

Another officer showed me some complaints he had received, and remarked that his daily mail was cluttered with letters from anxious mothers beseeching him to take good care of the boy. One was especially tearful and had apparently been inspired by a heart-rending epistle Jesse had written home.

"Come on and take a look at Jesse," he suggested.

We did so, and Jesse was about the size of J. Willard, only bigger. He hadn't a thing the matter with him except that he had stepped on the fin of a fish caught in Hackney Lake—that and some soft fiber or homesickness. Perhaps he wasn't "physical" enough either.

A lot of them have grumbled at the chuck. It is true that canned beef and beans were the menu on the first afternoon, but the usual daily fare is better than any troops in the world enjoy and miles ahead of the average laborer's table. Beef and potatoes, with macaroni and bread and coffee and dessert, constitute what ought to be rated as a "square," and they get that, or as good as that, for dinner every day. An interesting fact is that the men who kick most are precisely those who have enjoyed the least at home. The boys accustomed to the best never let out a cheep. Every train brings in men who did not come with their regiments and were sent down by the authorities of their towns. They are soon reconciled to their fate and buckle down to work as hard as the others.

What of the health of Brother Bill? If he had any better he would need a veterinary. Of course there has not yet been time at this writing for sickness to develop, but so long as he remains on the Border there

(Concluded on Page 38)

This 14 Room House Heated for $30

With Cleaner and Better Heat and Less Trouble

Here's a picture of a big 14 room house in Binghamton, N. Y., and below is a letter from the owner saying that it was kept warm all winter long for only $30 with a Williamson UNDERFEED Furnace.

If coal has been making a hole in your bank account be sure to read that letter. Please observe that the coal bill the year before, for only 6 rooms, *without* the underfeed, was over $60. It doesn't take much figuring to realize the great saving.

And, please bear this in mind—the UNDERFEED saving of ½ to ⅔ in coal bills is *actually guaranteed.* You save the money without first spending it, because the Underfeed burns the cheaper grades of coal as effectively as others burn the most expensive grades.

Read the letter. Then remember that the same economy, comfort and simplicity can be yours—GUARANTEED with the UNDERFEED!

This Is the Letter

"I have 14 rooms and all are heated from the UNDERFEED furnace at a uniform temperature. I have no gas or smoke, and it gives perfect satisfaction. ***I use buckwheat hard coal in my furnace.***

"My coal bills for the past year have not exceeded $30 where last year I heated only 6 and it cost me over $60.

"There are not nearly as many ashes as from other furnaces. We feed our UNDERFEED furnace morning and evening in severe weather. At one time this spring when the weather was somewhat mild, it ran for a week without any care, and still there was fire."

(Signed) Mrs. Carrie G. Tapler
239 Oak Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

The "Candle" Principle

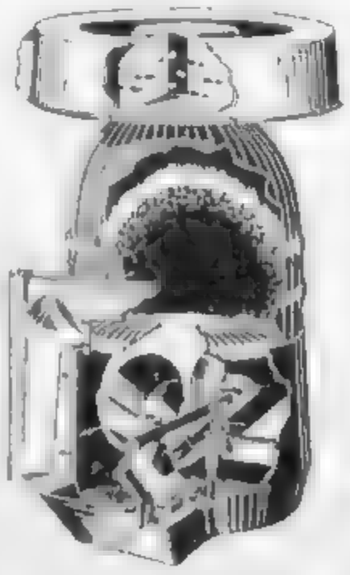
The little candle pictures shown below tell the story. The UNDERFEED principle of combustion is that of a candle held right end up. The fuel is fed from below. The hot, clean, bright fire is always on top—never smothered by fresh fuel being dumped over it.

Saving of ½ to ⅔ Coal Cost Guaranteed with the Underfeed

Would you hold a burning candle this way?

WILLIAMSON NEW FEED UNDERFEED Furnaces and Boilers CUT COAL BILLS ½ to ⅔

Or would you hold it this way—the UNDERFEED way?



Smoke, gas, and soot are valuable heat elements. In the UNDERFEED they are practically consumed as they pass UP through the fire.

Everything is burned to a clean white ash. No partly burned coals. No waste whatever. You save money at the very outset. And the UNDERFEED continues to save money by turning every particle of fuel into clean, usable heat.

Operation is simplicity itself. A boy of twelve can do it with "expert" results. A few easy short-arm strokes fill the fire pot with coal. No stooping. Ashes need to be removed but once or twice a week.

Get FREE BOOK

The coupon brings the interesting book "From Overfed to Underfeed" which pictures and describes it all. This book shows clearly why over 35,000 owners use the UNDERFEED.

Whether you want to heat with warm air, hot water, steam or vapor, this book will be of real value in showing how you can save ½ to ⅔ of your coal cost—GUARANTEED with the UNDERFEED. Send the coupon today—NOW!

The Williamson Heater Co. 71 Fifth Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

FREE Money-Saving Book for You

The Williamson Heater Co., 71 Fifth Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ½ to ⅔ with a Williamson Underfeed.

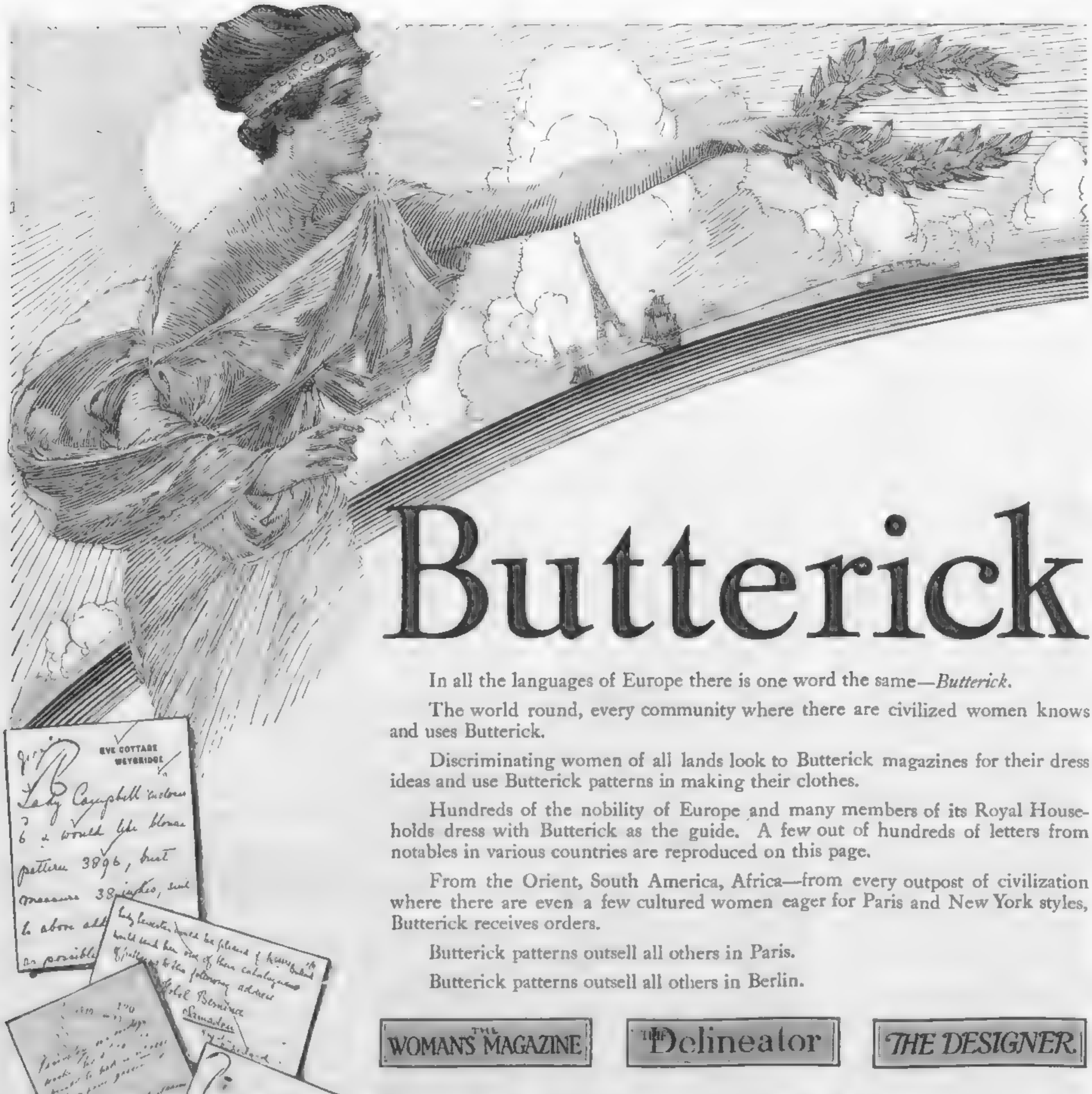
Warm Air__ _____ Steam or Hot Water _____
(Mark X after System interested in)

Name____

Address

My Heating Contractor is_____

Heating Contractors: Let us tell you about the Williamson UNDERFEED and our proposition. Both are winners.



Butterick

In all the languages of Europe there is one word the same—*Butterick*.

The world round, every community where there are civilized women knows and uses Butterick.

Discriminating women of all lands look to Butterick magazines for their dress ideas and use Butterick patterns in making their clothes.

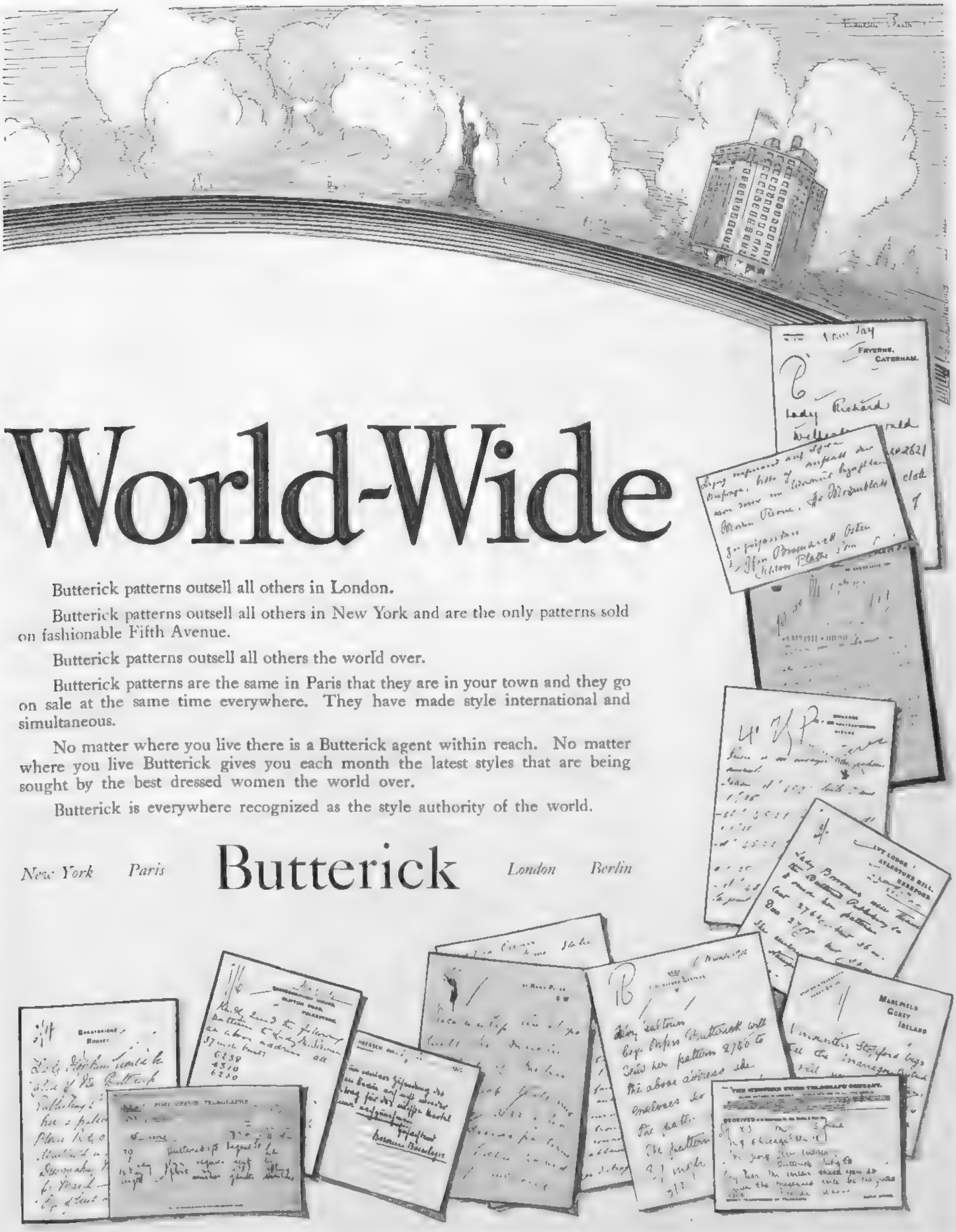
Hundreds of the nobility of Europe and many members of its Royal Households dress with Butterick as the guide. A few out of hundreds of letters from notables in various countries are reproduced on this page.

From the Orient, South America, Africa—from every outpost of civilization where there are even a few cultured women eager for Paris and New York styles, Butterick receives orders.

Butterick patterns outsell all others in Paris.

Butterick patterns outsell all others in Berlin.

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE | THE Delineator | THE DESIGNER.



World-Wide

Butterick patterns outsell all others in London.

Butterick patterns outsell all others in New York and are the only patterns sold on fashionable Fifth Avenue.

Butterick patterns outsell all others the world over.

Butterick patterns are the same in Paris that they are in your town and they go on sale at the same time everywhere. They have made style international and simultaneous.

No matter where you live there is a Butterick agent within reach. No matter where you live Butterick gives you each month the latest styles that are being sought by the best dressed women the world over.

Butterick is everywhere recognized as the style authority of the world.

New York *Paris* **Butterick** *London* *Berlin*

Converts Motorcycle Into Auto

Here's a motor vehicle unequaled for usefulness and economy—ride the cycle alone for business during the day, then with the CYGNET convert it into a three-passenger auto for pleasure riding evenings and holidays. Instantly attached to motorcycle and can be attached or detached in 30 seconds by actual time.

Non-skidding—non-tipping—easy riding—easy running. Requires small storage space. The CYGNET solves the question: "How can I secure the delights of motoring for myself, family and friends at an operating cost I can afford?"

Write for Free Catalog

Know the complete story of this remarkable car and its wide usefulness and wonderful economy—send for free catalog, NOW!

CYGNET REAR CAR CO., Dept. 5, Buffalo, N Y

GTD

This design represents an official U. S. government standard.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of a simple invention? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for Needed Inventions and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

(Concluded from Page 35)

need be no occasion for alarm among his folks. The sanitary arrangements are excellent, the food good, and his sleeping quarters all that could be hoped for in the open. Indeed, his tents are much preferable to houses in this climate. Also, he has enough work to keep him in condition and harden his muscles. If he doesn't indulge unwisely and keeps out of mix-ups, he really ought to be as well off here, from the health standpoint, as at home.

He can swim and fish, too, miles out of range of Mexico. That sounds incredible; but this strip of country is watered by large irrigation ditches fed from the Rio Grande, and hundreds of the boys take a plunge every day. About four hundred of the Guard marched out to Hackney Lake to get some fish. They took along some seines and the band. It was the first time I ever heard of a bunch fishing to music. All stripped and waded in with the nets, and while the regimental band played ragtime they made a sweep of one end of the lake. It was some catch! Whether the music scared the fish stiff or they wanted to come out and see what it was all about, I am not in a position to state; but the boys landed six hundred and eighty-five pounds of them. Among them were scores of big channel cat, and a baked channel cat with tomato sauce, or even catsup, is about as fine material for a mortal gorge as it is possible to get.

Vaccination for smallpox and typhoid has bothered the men considerably. They have undergone it without protest, but there have been a lot of sick boys in every regiment. Those are the two diseases to be dreaded in Mexico, and so every single member of the National Guard is obliged to submit to vaccination. Even the newspaper and magazine correspondents who expect to take the field with the troops in the event of an expedition are compelled to bare their arms for the serum.

The Dreaded Hypodermic Needle

The effect this simple performance has upon the imagination of the average soldier is astounding. Big, husky fellows, who could take a punch over the solar plexus and come up smiling, keel over like schoolgirls when the antityphoid serum is shot into them.

Thirty men of one company fainted, and that is not a very exceptional average. You could probably have beaned any of them with a rock without hurting his feelings much, but when he felt the keen needle go under the skin he turned the color of chalk and quietly collapsed—just gave a sigh and folded up. It wasn't pain, for there is none except a sharp prick; it wasn't the serum, because that had not had time to do anything. His imagination was running riot. It was simply the vague dread of a doctor's implements that affects every healthy man when he is compelled to go up against them.

They tell me that the antityphoid serum is a marvel. Army surgeons assert that it has practically stamped out typhoid among the men; all of which I am prepared to credit. But its first effect on Brother Bill is to make him grievously sick. They shoot it into him at ten-day intervals until he has three charges under his skin, making a total of twenty-one days for the job. And during most of that period he is a mighty unhappy mortal.

For two or three days after each injection his stomach goes on strike and he feels low in spirits, apathetic, sorry for himself. He doesn't want to eat and soldiering becomes distasteful. What Brother Bill would like to do when the serum is working is to go home and give the womenfolk a chance to make a fuss over him. However, he speedily recovers after the last dose and regains his natural bullheadedness.

Some are scarcely affected by the serum. With others it goes hard. There have been quite a few cases of serious sickness from it, and doubtless some will be unable to rally sufficiently to go back to the ranks.

No soldiers are ever long without pets. The camps are full of them now. Some companies brought along dogs; those that came without any mascots are securing them daily. A bunch of the 7th Regiment have a small jabali hog, one of the wild species that roams portions of this country and Northern Mexico. A wild boar is about the most dangerous beast to be found in America, armed with formidable tusks and always ready to attack. One of them treed a friend of mine when he was supposed to be shooting them and kept him out on a limb for two hours.

A Mexican mongrel dog attached himself to the 71st Regiment while they were clearing a camp ground, and found himself so royally treated that he could make nothing of it. Actually the men gave him water instead of kicks, and fed him of their food. The emaciated brute was suspicious for a while; then he gained confidence, and before the sun set he was following the men who had befriended him wherever they moved. Of course the next company tried to coax him away—tried guile and bribery and every lowdown trick they could think of—but the mongrel stuck to his new friends like a sand burr, and is now their chief mascot.

To the average individual a turtle is an unlovely object. Few care to fondle him. But the 14th picked up one at their camp outside of Mission, and he has joined the ranks of company pets. They have him tethered to a rope so that he can move only so far and no farther—and they call him "Uncle Sammy." I don't know what they meant.

There are plenty of deer in parts of this country, and it is a safe bet that the visitor will eat venison more than once. As killing a deer is illegal we call it "goat," but it tastes just as good.

Quick-Witted Learners

"Oh, Bill, catch yonder ass," bawled a sergeant of the 71st, espying a sleepy burro nosing round camp.

"What for?" demanded Bill dubiously. "He ain't good to eat. Besides, probably he belongs to somebody."

"Well, we could buy him. I bet there's good steak on that fellow. What do you suppose he'd be worth? Fifty dollars?"

On being told that yonder ass could be purchased for about three dollars, the sergeant made instant plans to buy him. So he, too, is probably among the regimental pets.

The adaptability of the National Guard is a joy to behold. Take them at the ranges. Eighty-five per cent of some regiments had never fired a high-powered rifle before they came down here; yet their scores were excellent. And they are getting plenty of practice at shooting. Companies are sent out to target practice just as fast as the ranges are cleared of others. They keep at it constantly.

A National Guardsman doesn't know any rules and just as few regulations as he can, which may be a handicap in the peaceful daily routine, but generally proves a walloping asset in a pinch. For then he thinks for himself and acts accordingly. He sizes up a situation and, unhampered by drill-book instructions, goes to it by the shortest route.

The night Pharr burned, a detachment of guardsmen was sent over from McAllen in automobiles. They came steaming down the road in their one-lunged machines, taking the bumps at thirty miles an hour, and against the sky was a great glare and to their ears came sounds of brisk firing. Of course that meant another raid like Villa's at Columbus, and the young sergeant in charge did some fast thinking. Instead of dashing madly into the town, he halted his machines outside, deployed his men and entered ready for battle. I saw him a few minutes afterward; he looked like a high-school boy, but acted like an old soldier.

The officers of the Guard find official red-tape as irksome as a recruit does keeping step. When off duty they dig into the multitude of forms sent them by the War Department and try to make head and tail out of it all. One of these held a peculiar interest for them. Its title was "Memorandum in reference to the methods to be employed in the capture and occupation of Latin-American cities."

Here is an instance of the cumbersome methods that confuse them: A private sent a complaint direct to the Adjutant-General at Washington. It was indorsed back to the Southern Department at Fort Sam Houston. They in turn indorsed it to Brigade Headquarters at Harlingen; thence it was indorsed to regimental headquarters at McAllen; from there to battalion headquarters; and finally to the commander of the company. All this was merely to inform the soldier how to submit such communications, and it took five indorsements. And when the company commander attended to it, his reply had to go back over the same circuitous route.

The curse of the National Guard is modesty. It crops out every minute. They seem utterly unable to shake off the American weakness of reticence and self-effacement. The 14th came in with "Fighting Fourteenth of Brooklyn" written in large chalk letters on their cars. A bunch of the 71st admitted to some visitors that every time Uncle Sam got into a hole he had to send for them; and the 7th are quietly sure that the toughest jobs in Mexico, should it ever come to that, will fall to their lot.

General Parker told me a story that reveals the viewpoint of practically every man in the National Guard. The General feels very kindly towards the Texas boys, for it was with the 33d Texas that he achieved in the Philippines one of the best strokes of his career. In that battle they cleaned up the enemy handsomely, killing several hundred. Toward the end of the fight a private of the 33d ran to a wall from behind which hot firing had come and covered seventeen natives with his rifle.

"Throw 'em up!" he bellowed.

The Filipinos didn't understand the words, but they had an idea of his meaning and up went their arms.

"Go git their guns, Sam," said the soldier to a comrade.

Sam relieved the prisoners of their weapons and the two marched the entire bunch back to the American lines.

"Did you capture the whole seventeen by yourself?" inquired General Parker. "That's pretty fair work."

"Shucks, what else could they do, Gen-'ral?" replied the Texan. "I had the drop on 'em."

If confidence counts for anything the Guard will be on the job when needed; for that spirit runs all through every regiment. To most this country is a glimpse of Mexico.

Yet it is only a hint for since irrigation began, the portion of the Lower Valley in which they find themselves is blooming like an orchard. Palms line the fences round the fields of grapefruit trees and broom corn and there are broad canals of running water. And twenty miles south it is a waste of sand and tangled thickets of mesquite, willow and underbrush. Here they find homes and plenty; over there are battered huts and ragged, hopeless men and women and children on the brink of starvation. It is the difference between Uncle Sam and his neighbor, which they have yet to see.

Thank goodness for two soaking rains on the days the Northerners came in. Those are really the last they have any right to expect for months.

"I'll bet those boys never saw a dark night," remarked a citizen of one of the towns. "Wait till they get put on outpost duty somewhere in the brush and hear the coyotes howl—they'll sure wish they was back home."

A fellow townsman differed with him.

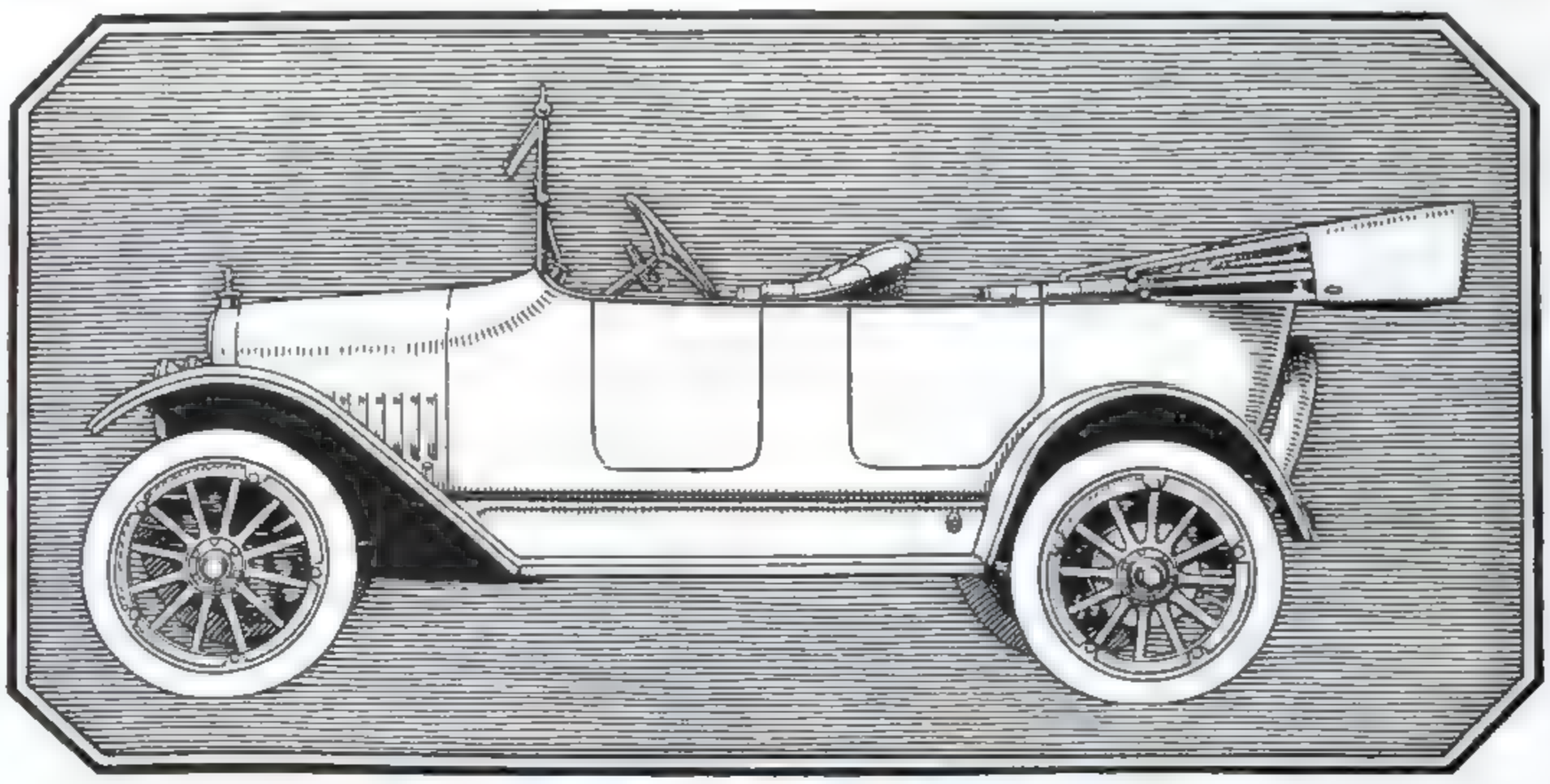
The Girls He Left Behind Him

"These are good kids," he declared stoutly. "They're new to this and don't know the country, but give 'em a month of it and they'll stack up with the best we've got. Why shouldn't they be nervous away out alone on guard? So would I be—so would you be, Bill—the first crack out of the box. I've been kind of watching these boys, and I reckon I got to change a whole lot of my ideas about the East. There's sure some good stuff in 'em."

The Southwest is discovering that in all the National Guard sent down. There has been some raw work, many mistakes, and hosts of absurd breaks; but the outstanding fact is that everybody has been agreeably surprised, and the National Guard has taken to Border service like ducks to water. Evidently they were mentally prepared for anything—probably felt as the general from New York must have felt when he wired General Parker, of the United States Army: "We don't expect to find conditions there as they are on the Hudson."

It would be a good idea for those they have left behind to write regularly. A letter from the family, or a girl in whom he takes a lively interest, means a lot to a Guardsman down here. There need be no uneasiness that he won't receive it. All that has been attended to in efficient fashion.

P.S. Private Leonard, of the 14th, wishes to be remembered to the brown-haired girl in the lavender dress who waved at him when they passed through San Antonio; also to the one with the wrist watch who smiled at him just as they were pulling out of Harlingen.



$595

THE Maxwell price of $595.00 was announced July 1st.

We felt that the public would at once show its appreciation of this exceptional automobile value.

But we were not prepared for the veritable storm of enthusiasm with which our action was greeted.

From thousands of cities, towns and hamlets the country over, came letters and telegrams from prospective buyers and automobile dealers.

Our sales department reports an unprecedented demand for Maxwell Cars. Our distributors everywhere foresee a volume of business heretofore without parallel in their entire experience.

All this makes us very happy. We have striven to build a motor car of character, and of unusual value—a motor car that we could be proud to endorse with our name and reputation.

Having accomplished this, our aim was to offer such a car at a price that could only be made possible by scientific manufacturing, standardization and a great volume of business.

We take this means of thanking the public for the generous recognition given our ideals, our product and the Maxwell Institution.

Roadster, $580; Touring Car, $595; Cabriolet, $865; Town Car, $915; Sedan, $985.
All prices f. o. b. Detroit. All cars completely equipped, including electric starter and lights.
Canadian prices: Roadster, $830; Touring Car, $850, f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario.

Maxwell

Motor Company · Detroit. Mich.

BLUEBIRD Photo Plays

"The Play's The Thing"

1600 Broadway, New York City

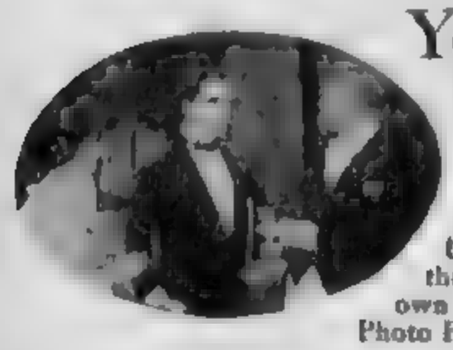
The World's Finest Screen Productions

MANY a splendid play has been lost because a *Star* refused to play it. Many another has been spoiled because a Star changed it to make himself the frequent and dominant factor. Thus the Star *sacrificed the spirit of the drama to please his personal ego,* and as a natural consequence the public was cheated. So were the people who made the picture. We don't believe the American people like or demand that sort of thing. It isn't logical or sensible or sane.

We don't believe there is an actor living who can improve a perfect play by filling it with "close-ups" of himself. We don't believe the American people are clamoring to see a Star half as much as they are clamoring to be entertained. We believe "The play's the thing," and we believe *the public believes* it's the thing. We believe that the play takes precedence over *any* of its characters, and that if it's *faithfully* cast no Star can improve it.

A Star is a good thing to have when he properly fits some character we have to hand out. But we don't believe we would ever get anywhere if we were to *write plays around Stars,* permit Stars to select the plays and change them to please their vanity. We don't believe we would accomplish anything if we were to sacrifice the drama to a personality, and the long and short of it is that we haven't done it and *we don't propose to do it* in the creation of BLUEBIRD Photo Plays.

The term BLUEBIRD means the *best photo play that it is possible to buy and produce.* We are putting our effort on the play as a whole. We are considering no individual unless he actually and naturally fits. The result is that BLUEBIRD means quality in photo plays and it means delightful entertainment *whether there is a Star in it or not.* Look for the sign of the BLUEBIRD.



You can see these artistic BLUEBIRD Productions by simply asking the Manager of your favorite Theatre to show them. The Manager is keen to learn what his patrons want most; thus you confer a favor on him and gratify your own wishes at the same time. Ask for BLUEBIRD Photo Plays today.

Recent BLUEBIRD Productions

"Shoes"—"Broken Fetters"—"The Love Girl"—
"The Silent Battle"—"The Secret of the Swamp"
—"L'Abbé Constantin"—"The Beckoning Trail"

"If it's a BLUEBIRD—it's got to be good"

The Late Lamented

By HERBERT QUICK

II

AT A PROGRESSIVE conference held in Chicago in October, 1911, attended by three hundred leading Progressives, representing thirty states, after three days of deliberation a resolution was adopted indorsing La Follette's candidacy and urging that local organizations be formed everywhere to promote it. And here the first discordant note in the La Follette chorus was sounded. It was sounded by James R. Garfield, erstwhile Secretary of the Interior under Roosevelt and a member of the celebrated Tennis Cabinet. He had come to the meeting directly from a conference with The Colonel; and, saying that he spoke only for himself, he opposed any indorsement of the Wisconsin man's candidacy.

A few days later he wrote to La Follette urging that the action of the conference be not interpreted as an indorsement of La Follette. Since it was exactly that without any interpretation, this probably did not appeal to Fighting Bob. The attitude of Roosevelt himself may or may not have been disclosed by an editorial in his magazine commenting on the conference thus: "The indorsement is to be regarded as a recommendation rather than a committal of the movement to any one man."

On the whole, the irresistible evidence to an outsider seems to show that The Colonel, at first, wanted the nomination to go to Taft by default; and that he also believed and may have wished that Taft would be beaten at the polls; that when he saw not only that the Taft strength was probably a hollow shell but that he himself was still in possession of his great hold on the people, it seemed to him that La Follette might be useful as a feeler to test Taft's strength; that La Follette, a seasoned politician, foreseeing The Colonel's strategy, tied up his supporters tight to prevent them from going to Roosevelt or Cummins, or anyone else, if he could prevent it, and in doing so bound into the sheaf a lot of men who had been fanatical friends of The Colonel for years and were still under his spell; that these men went into the La Follette pact sincerely believing Roosevelt would not under any circumstances be a candidate, and urged on by the conviction that it would be a political crime to let Taft have the nomination without a fight; that after La Follette got under way, with a fair-sized war chest behind him, he went so fast and traveled so far that it began to look to The Colonel as though it might be all up with him and his plans for 1916 if La Follette were permitted to play the deuce with things in 1912.

La Follette a Poor Compromiser

And out of these factors grew the situation which created the Progressive Party and gave Wilson the presidency; for The Colonel began to let it be guessed that he was not averse to a discussion of his own candidacy. He might have settled the matter at once, if he had wished, by telling his friends who were bound to La Follette that he would not run in any case; and he would have done so if he had not by this time made up his mind to go after the nomination himself and take the chance of a defeat at the convention rather than take the still more dangerous chance, from his viewpoint, of letting La Follette either get away with the nomination or come so near it as to make himself the big figure for 1916. It was a ticklish place in The Colonel's career and he chose according to his lights. It was also a turning point in American history.

For The Colonel's willingness acted like a corrosive acid on the La Follette pact. Garfield's defection—if Garfield was ever actually in the La Follette movement—was followed by others. Rooseveltism appeared in the very heart of the La Follette organization. Some of the senator's best friends became convinced, when the proposal came that they should divide delegates with Roosevelt in Ohio, or put on the La Follette ticket in North Dakota men who were for Roosevelt for second choice, that it would be politically expedient to do so; but La Follette is the poorest compromiser in public life. He accuses Roosevelt of compromising at the beginning of every fight; while the La Follette philosophy is that the compromise should come, if at all, at the end of it. Since his fights are never supposed to end, his practice in compromising has been entirely inadequate.

He knew, too, that Roosevelt's spear knows no brother; and, carrying one of the same sort himself, it was clearly not one of those political arguments that can be settled by an agreement as to the Vice Presidency or a place in the Cabinet. La Follette sternly held to the view that those who deserted him were deserters. The deserters themselves insisted that they reserved the right to leave the forces when the battle seemed lost, but none of them seem to be very proud of the episode. They say that Roosevelt would not have come out if it had not been for the weakness of the La Follette candidacy. La Follette insists that The Colonel would have laid low, like Brer Rabbit, if it had not been for its strength.

Be that as it may, at a time when the La Follette meetings were the sensation of every community in which they were held, the nose of the Roosevelt camel came thrusting, thrusting more and more, into the La Follette tent; a heartbreaking portion of the senator's pact-bound strength went over to T. R.; Cummins came out on his own hook; and the opposition to Taft was split, like Gaul, into three parts.

The Feel of The Colonel's Foot

The Progressive Party came into existence because Roosevelt was defeated in the convention of 1912. It went out of existence because in the four years between 1912 and 1916 Roosevelt had made up his mind that his best place is in the Republican Party. It will go into history as the most impressive exhibition ever made in America of the power of the Man on Horseback—for the Man on Horseback is not necessarily a military man, but a man who rallies great forces to his flag, military or political, because he is himself. Out of the fervor of the formation of it grew the song: "We'll follow, follow, follow wherever he may lead." This told the story of the conversion of Insurgency into the Progressive Party. It was wrought by the outsiders, who were not seasoned Insurgents, who came into the movement from the Roosevelt retinue, and by outsiders who entered it for purposes purely Rooseveltian.

What did these people do for the Progressive Party? William Allen White, in the dark days of June, 1916, gave an interview to a Chicago paper in which he told what they did, both for and to the party. The Progressives went to their convention this year with one object, and one only—to nominate Roosevelt themselves and to force him on the Republican Party. When it was formed, in 1912, it still possessed the evangelistic urge of the Insurgents, for most of the Insurgents were still in it; and its platform of four years ago is a Great Charter of reform: but this year all this was gone and social reform was swallowed up in "We Want Teddy!" Not a word or a whisper of its great program of social legislation. Nothing but a yearning for the feel of The Colonel's foot on its neck; no impulse to utterance save to say the things that would help The Colonel's prospects.

It was in explanation of this that Mr. White said: "Mr. Perkins had paid his good money for the party and in him rested the title of the party. It was natural that Colonel Roosevelt should recognize that title. And when Mr. Perkins spoke in the councils of the party it was only natural that his judgment should prevail." Now this situation was so destructive of the party that when Roosevelt refused longer to lead it, it blew up. There was nothing left of it. How the elements came into it which, if Mr. White is not mistaken, bought and paid for the body of the Progressive Party, whatever may have become of its soul, is an integral part of the story of its collapse.

In the summer of 1911 writers who hunt politics and stalk politics—and, therefore, learn about events before they happen—began to hear rumors that Roosevelt was sure to be nominated. These rumors emanated from Wall Street. They came through men who heard the talk of Wall Street and repeated it. The gist of the

chatter was that "this wave of Anarchy, Socialism, La Folletteism, rolling in from the West, is getting so strong that it is dangerous. The only man in the Republican Party who is powerful enough to bridle it, ride it and control it is Roosevelt. Some things about him we don't like, but we prefer him a thousand times to La Follette and as for Taft, he is a dead cock in the pit. Roosevelt for ours!"

These hints and rumors emanated from Wall Street, while Roosevelt's friends in the La Follette camp were convinced that T. R. would not only not run for the Republican nomination but would be for La Follette in the end. It would seem probable, therefore, that powerful Wall Street influences knew that The Colonel would be a candidate, either before his Insurgent friends knew it or before he knew it himself.

The presence in the Progressive Party of such men as Mr. Perkins, Mr. Dan Hanna, Mr. Walter F. Brown, Mr. William Flinn, Mr. Frank A. Munsey, and others of what may be called the capitalistic group, would be puzzling were it not for the fact that they came in with The Colonel; and they have gone out with him. They came in with money and political machinery—some with one, some with the other, and some with both. They represented in The Colonel's organization the "good trust" pole of his system of balanced utterances, while the Insurgent group represented the "bad trust" mood.

They would not have touched the old Insurgent group and the things for which it stood with a pair of tongs; and yet they came into the Progressive Party, which T. R. built up out of the Insurgent voting strength; and after they were in they "paid their good money for the party" and took title to it, according to William Allen White, who in June, 1916, gave out the above interview. On New Year's Day, 1912, White was for La Follette. On January 10, 1912, he published an editorial in the Emporia Gazette under the title: "Roosevelt or Bust!" Mr. White's case illustrates pretty well the history of Insurgency, Rooseveltism, Progressive third-partyism and disillusionment, which, when reproduced in the mass, accounts for the formation, strength, glory and collapse of the Progressive Party.

Killed for the Last Time

The Progressive Party was formed to save The Colonel's "place in history" when he was defeated in the Republican convention of 1912. Rather than see a big Progressive Republican movement master the party and give to it a big Progressive Republican leader, he took a chance at defeating Taft, though he knew it was a chance—and failed. Then he took another chance with a party of his own—and failed again. Truly, this is a chancy world. He and his new party claimed that the Old Guard steam-rollered him out of a nomination he had honestly won, by packing the convention with fraudulently elected and fraudulently seated delegates.

It is not probable that history will take this view. History will say that neither Taft nor Roosevelt controlled the convention with honestly elected delegates. History will say that on a fair organization any candidate nominated would have been obliged to have the votes of the La Follette and Cummins delegates—something more than fifty in number.

The history of the blowup of the Progressive Party is nearly told when one has related the course of events from the time of Roosevelt's return from Africa to the day of election in November, 1912. For the last three and a half years a thing has existed called the Progressive Party until The Colonel killed it for the last time on June twenty-six, ultimo, by refusing its nomination; but its soul had departed and everybody knew it. The Colonel knew it better than anyone else, and from election day in 1912 to June 26, 1916, his whole course seems to have been steered with the intention of finding a way back into the fold from which he did not stray but bolted frantically, carrying on his horns a panel of the fence.

Finally the European war gave him his chance. It was a new condition. It was a situation that was admirably adapted to The Colonel's uses. It offered the chance to ask the question "Are you heroic?"—and, in case of an affirmative answer, to put on a great revival of the Onward-Christian-Soldier pageant; and to use the "We'll follow, follow, follow" motif for a march back into the Republican Party. Reform, said The Colonel, is a fine thing, and we'll certainly take it up when we can do so without degrading ourselves to a level lower than the beasts; but just now we must rescue the perishing soul of the nation from the yawning hell beneath it by making the Kaiser crawl—and crawl right now! We must do something in Mexico and do it now! The Mexicans must be made to crawl too—and crawl instanter! Let us not fritter away our time on the Charter of Reform we put into the Progressive platform four years ago. Let us first dispose of the Byzantine logothete, the schoolmaster, the debaucher of our collective soul—Wilson.

In short, The Colonel, within three months of the outbreak of the European war, was in position stormily to accept and heartily to support any man—absolutely any man—whom the Republican Party might nominate for the presidency. And the Old Guard knew it—make no mistake about that.

A Kick and a Hint

So, when the Progressive Party met in convention assembled in Chicago the other day, getting rid of the darned thing must have been a sickening job for The Colonel and Mr. Perkins. It was so affectionate and trustful! It was too much like the task of disposing of the faithful dog of the family when that necessity confronts the household. And yet there was something provocative to wrath in the situation.

Why couldn't the thing go off and die alone, and not bother us, busy as we are, getting back in line? Yet that was the thing the noble creature would not do. It insisted on asking The Colonel to lead a forlorn hope, when anybody could see that he had arranged for service in the opposing trenches. One forlorn hope for The Colonel was an elegant sufficiency—and why couldn't they see it? It wagged its tail, looked up into the Colonel's face, and in eloquent dog language said: "Let's go out and die some more!" Disgusting!

By offering to the Republicans the name of Henry Cabot Lodge as his candidate Roosevelt gave the Progressives the kick that it seemed was required to go with the hint; and still, losing sight of their ancient radicalism, they insisted on follow-follow-following wherever he would lead. And, at last, he absolutely refused to lead—and they blew up.

If, back in 1911, the elements, which for convenience may be represented by Messrs. Perkins, Munsey, Flinn, Hanna, Walter Brown, Medill McCormick, and others, really put Roosevelt forward as the broncho buster, capable of breaking, branding, saddling and riding to harmless futility the Insurgent movement, it was the most subtly successful piece of maneuvering ever performed in American politics. For the Insurgent movement ended when the Progressive Party was born. Where now are Bourne, Clapp, Cummins, Dixon, Borah, Norris, Lenroot, Pinchot, La Follette, Johnson, Heney, Kent, Bristow, and the rest? Either stalled in futile isolation or back in the standpat ranks. Many of them are lost to public life. Clapp is the latest to go, petering out as a political force in the scattering list in the Minnesota poll. They expect to get La Follette's scalp in the senatorial election in Wisconsin this fall.

It is probably a good thing to have the Republican Party purged of its radical elements and made a consistently conservative party—or it would be if the Democratic Party could be converted into a consistently radical one; for the country has long needed such a clean-cut division of parties along lines of political philosophy. But, desirable as the thing may be, the process, to some of our finest minds, has been nothing less than tragic.

Whither the old Insurgents may go to hide their foreheads and their eyes is rather obvious. They can go home and, as Artemus Ward said, "till the sile." Can the Insurgent movement ever come back from its five years' interview with the Teddy Bear? Some of them think it can.

Maybe it can; but it will need new leaders and new times. Not from such dregs of life as the movement now possesses can be obtained what its first sprightly runnings failed to give. The song of radicalism will still be sung—as it has been from time immemorial; but can these old birds ever again recapture their first fine careless rapture? Probably not.

(THE END)

A Year To Pay!

"America's Greatest Truck Value"

Mail Coupon Below For Book!

All Worm Drives

1-Ton,	$1385
2-Ton,	2000
3½-Ton,	2750
5-Ton,	3500

All with Big Safety Factors! All Well-Known Standardized Parts!

Here is the *wonder-opportunity* to benefit your business by adding a stalwart, silent, worm-drive Indiana Truck *without paying cash*—just a moderate sum down, $300 to $750 (depending on size) on delivery. Then the truck "works out" its price on twelve equal monthly payments. Indiana Trucks *are lower in price than any others of similar sizes, built of standardized parts!*

INDIANA Trucks

"Pay-Their-Own-Way"

Installment Plan

20,000 Miles of Service While Truck Earns Itself!

Service Stations in 200 Cities

Let our plan finance your trucks and business to this extent! Look at the magnificent, silent Indiana One-Ton Worm-Drive Truck at $1385—has oversize dimensions and a hundred superiorities. Other Indianas are correspondingly unrivalled values at their prices—2-Ton, $2000; 3½-Ton, $2750; 5-Ton, $3500. *All pay their way.*

Features That Insure Service:

Worm Drive—Powerful Indiana Motor, built especially for Indiana Trucks; Large Crankshafts; Long Crankshaft Bearings and Connecting Rod Bearings—Special Heat Treated, High Grade Alloy Channel Steel Frame—Lavine Steering Gear—Borg & Beck Multiple Dry Disc Clutch, Raybestos against Steel—Bosch Magneto Ignition—Sheldon Springs and Axles—Hyatt Quiet High-Duty Bearings—Covert Transmission—Strombers Carburetor.

$1,500,000 Worth of Indianas Now Paying Their Own Way!

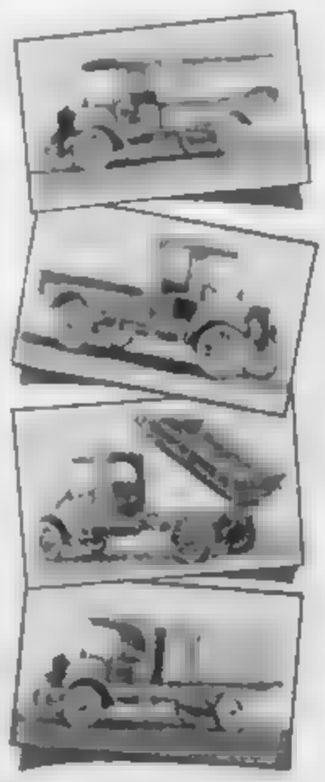
—in the service of America's leading industries. Every one has *made good*. Thousands who have tried practically every other kind of commercial car, *now adopt Indiana protected construction and high mechanical excellence.* Our 1916 sales-increase 200 per cent—*75 per cent repeat orders.*

Immediate Deliveries! The doubled capacity of our plants guarantees this. We build handsome bodies that advertise your business. Act today. Here's a real *prosperity plan for you.* Mail Coupon Today. Know *all* the advantages resulting from the easy-purchase offer of a year to pay. Write today to

INDIANA TRUCK COMPANY

Established 1898. Former Corporate Name, Harwood-Barley Mfg. Co.

Dept. D MARION, INDIANA, U. S. A.



DEALERS

WIRE to double your business, secure territory on this enormously successful combination of Indiana trucks and Installment Plan. Indiana dealers are financed so no great capital is tied up in trucks.

Wire or write today!

MOTORIZE AND ECONOMIZE INDIANA MARION, IND. U.S.A.

INDIANA TRUCK COMPANY
Dept. D, Marion, Indiana, U. S. A.

Please send complete details of your Installment Plan. Also send the Catalogue of all Indiana Trucks. Interested especially in _____ Ton Capacity

Individual Name _____

Firm Name _____

Address _____

206 SAXON "SIXES"

travel 61,800 miles without stopping average 23.5 miles per gallon of gasoline

ON July 1st 206 Saxon dealers in all parts of the country, ***driving stock model Saxon "Sixes,"*** staged a 300 mile ***non-stop*** run to prove the remarkable gasoline economy of "Saxon Six."

The winner averaged 34 2-3 miles per gallon of gasoline. The grand average for the 206 Saxon "Sixes" was ***23.5 miles*** per gallon.

The total distance traveled was 61,800 miles—more than twice around the world—nearly 20 times across the continent. During the entire 61,800 miles not a single motor stopped running.

Men from a leading newspaper in each of the 206 cities acted as official observers, and their affidavits certify to the correctness of the records.

Stop for a moment and picture to yourself this remarkable scene in its entirety.

Don't think of just one Saxon "Six" traveling 300 miles without stopping, and averaging 23.5 miles per gallon.

Don't think of just one car "tuned to the minute" for a gasoline test on a measured gallon of gas over a specially selected piece of roadway, all conditions ideal.

But think of 206 Saxon "Sixes," each traveling 300 miles without stopping, meeting every condition of road and weather, running through congested city traffic, through mud and deep sand, through rock strewn canyons, over hills and mountains and average country roads.

And then the full significance of this average of 23.5 miles per gallon of gasoline will strike you.

This country-wide Saxon "Six" test proves what any Saxon owner can do with his own car. Remember that in most instances, each Saxon "Six" carried five passengers.

Ask yourself (if you would know just how great an achievement this is) what other car, of equal size and power at less than $1,000, could match this record.

Yet, after all, the average of 23.5 miles per gallon of gasoline is not the only remarkable thing about this 61,800 mile run.

For there is the fact that not a single one of these 206 motors stopped running once.

There is the fact that no mechanical troubles occurred.

There is the fact of the extraordinary stability and strength of Saxon "Six" that this run establishes.

In no other way could the pledge of STRENGTH, ECONOMY, SERVICE, made to Saxon "Six" owners by the Saxon Motor Car Corporation, be proved more vividly, more clearly, more impressively than by this performance of the car itself.

Facts Proved by 300 Mile Non-Stop Run

Saxon Six can consistently average over 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

Saxon Six can consistently average over 175 miles to the quart of oil.

Saxon Six can perform with an equal degree of satisfaction in any climate.

Saxon Six is so rugged and durable that it can withstand the hardest pounding of the roughest roads.

Saxon Six is possessed of power sufficient to overcome the steepest hills, or pull through the roughest going.

Saxon Six is a steady performer in any part of the country.

Saxon Six is reliable, reliable, reliable—capable of steady day-in-and-day-out service that satisfies—which is the supreme virtue in any machine.

Saxon "Six" $815 Saxon Roadster $395

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT

AVERAGE 23.5 MILES

300 MILE NON-STOP RUN

read these telegrams from a number of drivers telling how Saxon "Six" performed

Atwood, Kans.—Averaged 25 53-100 miles per gallon of gasoline on 300 mile non-stop run. Used ordinary low test gasoline. Gas tank and carburetor drained before starting. Speedometer carefully tested for accuracy. 50 miles of course lay over new, soft, graded road.—Dealer, E. E. Howard. Observer, F. D. Greason, Square Deal.

Portland, Ore.—With stock model standard equipped Saxon Six, in 300 mile non-stop run, an average was made of 27 3-11 miles per gallon of gasoline. Most of the time traveling was through a heavy rainstorm. Car stuck in mud seven minutes; motor did not stop. Road conditions terrible, but car performed wonderfully.—Saxon Motor Sales Co. of Oregon. Observer, Stanley Werschkul, Evening Telegram.

Toronto, Ont.—Stock model Saxon Six made 300 mile non-stop run over very rough roads, carrying four passengers and regular equipment, on 12½ gallons of gasoline, averaging 24 miles per gallon.—Saxon Sales Co. of Toronto.—Observer, W. B. Hastings, Canadian Motorist.

St. Louis, Mo.—Saxon Six 300 mile non-stop run started at 7:20 and finished at 8:20; averaged 34⅔ miles per gallon of gasoline.—Frye Motor Car Co.—Observer, Allen Branin, Star.

Minneapolis, Minn.—In Saxon Six 300 mile non-stop run, stock model regularly equipped car averaged 33 96-100 miles to the gallon of gasoline. Car made absolutely perfect non-stop run.—Northwestern Automobile Co. Observers, I. J. Hentschell, Tribune; Roy Camp, Daily News; J. R. Baker, Journal.

Geneva, N. Y.—Finished 300 mile non-stop run with stock model Saxon Six in 10 hours and 20 minutes, averaging 32 15-100 miles per gallon of gasoline. The car ran perfectly. The newspaper observer remarked that Saxon Six ran better at finish than at start, and suggested non-stop run for 500 miles, and that Saxon Six could easily do it in the daylight.—Dealer, C. J. Allen. Observer, R. B. Halstead, Rushville Chronicle.

Lincoln, Nebr.—Made 300 mile non-stop run in stock model, standard equipped Saxon Six, in 12 hours, with an average of 18 miles per gallon of gasoline. Had no trouble of any kind; finished in fine shape; road conditions very bad.—Dealer, Lord Auto Co. Observers, Mr. Doyle, State Journal; Mr. Clark, Daily Star.

Dayton, Ohio—Finished 300 mile non-stop run without any trouble. Used stock model Saxon Six, carrying 3 passengers, and two extra casings. Averaged 23⅓ miles per gallon of gasoline. Used only one quart of oil.—Borchers Automobile Co. Observer, Francis Powers, Daily News.

Pasadena, Calif.—On 300 mile non-stop run, went from Pasadena to San Diego and return, made detours and mountain passes without shifting gears; covered exactly 300 miles on 10 gallons of gasoline. Used stock model Saxon Six regularly equipped. Car performed beautifully.—Dealer, Stanley S. Turner. Observer, Chas. Moody, Star-News.

Memphis, Tenn.—Driving 2-3 of the 300 mile non-stop run over heavy, newly worked country roads, Saxon Six averaged 21 1-10 miles per gallon of gasoline. Had no trouble of any kind.—Memphis Motor Car Co. Observer, C. W. Miller, Commercial Appeal.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Stock model Saxon Six traveled 300 miles without stopping, on 10 gallons and 7 pints of gasoline, averaging 27½ miles per gallon, and 150 miles to the quart of oil.—Grand Rapids Saxon Co. Observer, P. Nickel, Evening Press.

Cincinnati, Ohio—Finished 300 mile non-stop run in Saxon Six standard model in 12 hours and 30 minutes with perfect score. Used 11½ gallons of gasoline and 2 quarts of oil. Averaged 26 1-10 miles to gallon of gasoline. Had no tire trouble; used one-half gallon of water. Weather very hot.—Heilman Motor Car Co. Observer, R. C. Crowthers, Commercial Tribune.

Chicago, Ill.—On 300 mile non-stop gasoline mileage test, in Saxon Six standard touring car, drove 50 miles over Chicago boulevards and the remainder on Indiana and Illinois country roads. Had no mechanical trouble, hood was not raised once. Gears shifted 3 times—once to rescue motoring party. Motor kept running every minute. Finished run in 13 hours and 13 minutes flat. Averaged 24 miles per gallon of gasoline. Pulled through 9 miles of mud up to hubs.—Saxon Auto Co. of Illinois. Observer, Ed. Westlake, Evening Post.

Providence, R. I.—Averaged 24 6-10 miles to the gallon of gasoline on 300 mile non-stop run in stock model Saxon Six.—Saxon Motor Vehicle Co. Observer, Representative of Providence Bulletin.

Lancaster, Pa.—Perfect performance characterized the 300 mile non-stop gasoline economy test made here. Averaged 34.20 miles per gallon of gasoline. Absolutely no adjustments made during entire trip. Newspaper representative on trip said run convinced him absolutely that the Saxon Six possesses the qualities that make exceptional performance possible, and offer the Saxon owner a positive guarantee of every-day high standard service.—Penn Auto Co. Observer, Harry E. Nelson, Intelligencer and News Journal.

Des Moines, Iowa—On Saxon Six national 300 mile non-stop gasoline economy run, left Des Moines at 4:00 A. M., ran to Ames, Webster City, Fort Dodge, Palmeroy, Rockwell City, Lake City, Paton, Jefferson, Boone, and arrived back at the sales room at 3:20 P. M. Had absolutely no trouble. Made no repairs; used ¼ gallon of water; 1½ quarts of oil, and averaged 26.64 miles per hour. Gasoline average was 22 2-10 miles per gallon of gasoline.—Taylor Motor Co. Observer, A. Bramberg, Register & Leader.

Waukegan, Ill.—Saxon Six stock model, regular equipment, finished 300 mile non-stop run in 12 hours and 27 minutes; over rough country roads. No adjustment or changes were made during entire trip, nor was the motor stopped. Averaged 25 miles per gallon of gasoline, and used only two quarts of oil.—Lux Auto Sales Co. Observer, Matt Smith, Daily Sun.

Hastings, Nebr.—Did not have a single bit of mechanical trouble on the entire 300 mile non-stop run in Saxon Six. One half of course was over extremely rough road, newly made. Temperature of 92 degrees prevailed, with high wind all the time, average, 23 miles per gallon of gasoline.—Stitt Motor Company. Observer, Walter McCarthy, Tribune Observer.

Kansas City, Mo.—In economy contest as to gasoline mileage of regularly equipped standard model Saxon Six, we covered 303 1-10 miles without stopping, on 11¼ gallons of gasoline; averaged 26 69-100 miles per gallon.—Bond Motor Co. Observer, F. Hinckle, Star.

Freeport, Ill.—Non-stop run over 300 mile course in Saxon Six standard touring car averaged 26 9 10 miles per gallon of gasoline.—Dealer, C. H. Wright. Observer, Wm. Bunham, Daily Democrat.

Lack of space prevents printing reports on every car taking part in this remarkable test of endurance and economy, but the above telegrams are truly representative of the entire number of reports sent in by the drivers.

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT

PER GALLON OF GASOLINE

503

BLUE STREAKS

GOODYEAR centers all of its resources, all of its facilities, all of its experience, in making one single tube bicycle tire—the *Guaranteed* Goodyear Blue Streak.

Goodyear Blue Streaks sell everywhere for $2.50 each, non-skid.

One standard quality, one standard price, one standard *guarantee*—that is the policy of the great Goodyear plant.

Never pay more than $2.50—the Goodyear Blue Streak price—because Blue Streaks carry exactly the same guarantee as tires that sell for as high as $10.00 a pair. You can buy Goodyear Blue Streaks from any reliable bicycle tire dealer.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON
Bicycle Tires

SANITAX
HAIR BRUSHES
Price $2 Up
SANITAX BRUSH CO
2343 So. Wabash Ave. Chicago

Keeps Your Shirt Down
MISSIN LINK

You Can
MAKE MONEY
SELLING STEWART.
IRON FENCE
OPPORTUNITY FOR LIVE MEN—INVESTIGATE
THE STEWART IRON WORKS CO.
411 STEWART BLOCK—CINCINNATI, OHIO

POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
THE STANDARD IMPORTED OLIVE OIL

GTD

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced Rates on Shipments of Automobiles
443 Marquette Building, Chicago; 324 Whitehall Building, New York; 640 Old South Building, Boston; 435 Oliver Building, Pittsburg; 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis; 518 Central Bldg., Los Angeles; 855 Monadnock Building, San Francisco. *Write Nearest Office.*

THE FLOWER OF SPAIN

(Continued from Page 18)

slowly moving head, an uneasy tail. The Spaniard secured a small milking stool and, carrying it to the middle of the yard, sat and comfortably rolled another cigarette. He was searching for a match when the bull moved forward a pace; he had found and was striking it when the bull increased his pace; he was guarding the flame about the cigarette's end when the animal broke into a charging run.

The Flower of Spain inhaled a deep breath of smoke, which he expelled in deliberate globes.

"Oh, don't! Oh——" Lavinia exclaimed, an arm before her eyes.

Mochales shifted easily from his seat and apparently in the same instant the bull crushed the stool to splinters.

"*Bravo! Bravo!*" Anna Mantegazza called again, and the man bowed until his extended hat rested on the ground.

He straightened slowly; the bull whirled about and flung himself forward. The Spaniard had secured one of the discarded poles; and, waiting until the horns had almost encircled him, he vaulted lightly and beautifully over the running animal's shoulder. He waited again, avoiding the infuriated charge by a scant step; and when the bull stopped he had Mochales' hat placed squarely upon his horns.

Lavinia watched now in fascinated terror; she could not remove her gaze from the slim figure in the short black jacket and narrow crimson sash. At the moment when her tension relaxed, Mochales, with a short, running step, vaulted cleanly to the top of the wall. His cigarette was still burning. She wanted desperately to add her praise to Anna Mantegazza's enthusiastic plaudits, Gheta's subtle smile; but only the utmost banalities occurred to her.

They descended the stone steps and slowly mounted toward the house. Cesare Orsi resolutely dropped back beside Lavinia.

"You are really superb!" he told her in his highly colored Neapolitan manner. "Most women—Anna Mantegazza for example—are like children before such a show as that back there. Your sister, too, was pleased; it appealed to her vanity, as the fellow intended it should. But you only disliked it. . . . I could see that in your attitude. It was the circus—that's all."

Lavinia gazed at him out of an unfathomable contempt. She thought: What a fool he is! It wasn't Abrego y Mochales' courage that appealed to her most, although that had afforded her an exquisite thrill, but his powerful grace, his absolute physical perfection. Orsi was heated again and his tie had slipped up over the back of his collar.

She recalled the first talk she had had with him about Mochales and the manner in which she had masked her true feeling for the latter.

How easy Orsi had been to mislead! Now she was seized by the desire to show him the actual state of her mind; she wanted, in bitter sentences, to tell him how infinitely superior the Spaniard was to such fat, easy grubs as himself. She longed to make it clear to him exactly what it was that women admired in men—romance and daring and beautiful strength. It might suit Gheta, who had wrinkles, to encourage such men as Cesare Orsi; their wealth might appeal to cold and material minds, but they could never hope to inspire passion; no one would ever cherish for them a hopeless lifelong love.

"Do you know," Orsi declared with firm conviction, "you are even handsomer than your sister!"

"Fool! fool! fool!" But she could not, of course, say a word of what was in her thoughts. She met his admiring gaze with a blank face, conscious of how utterly her exterior belied and hid the actual Lavinia Sanviano. She felt wearily old, sophisticated. In her room, dressing for the evening, she made up her mind that she must have a black dinner gown—later she would wear no other shade.

IV

ANNA MANTEGAZZA knocked and entered just as Lavinia had finished with her hair and was slipping into the familiar white dress. There had been, within the last few hours, a perceptible change in the former's attitude toward her. Lavinia realized that Anna Mantegazza regarded her with a new interest, a greater and more personal friendliness.

"My dear Lavinia!" she exclaimed, critically overlooking the other's preparations. "You look very appealing—like a snowdrop; exactly. I should say the toilet for Sunday at the convent; but no longer appropriate outside. Really, I must speak to the marchesa—parents are so slow to see the changes in their own family. Gheta has been a little overemphasized.

"I wonder," she continued with glowing vivacity, "if you would allow me—I assure you it would give me the greatest pleasure in the world. . . . Your figure is a thousand times better than mine; but, thank heaven, I'm still slender. . . . A little evening dress from Vienna! It should really do you very well. Will you accept it from me? I'd like to give you something, Lavinia; and it has never been out of its box."

She turned and was out of the room before Lavinia could reply. There was no reason why she shouldn't accept a present from Anna—Pier Mantegazza and her father had been lifelong friends, and his wife was an intimate of the Sanvianos. It would not, probably, be black. It wasn't. Anna returned, followed by her maid, who bore carefully over her arm a shimmering mass of glowing pink.

"Now!" Anna Mantegazza proclaimed. "Your hair is very pretty, very original - but hardly for a dress by Verlat. Sara!"

The maid moved quietly forward and directed an appraising gaze at Lavinia. She was a flat-hipped Englishwoman, with a cleft chin and enigmatic, greenish eyes.

"I see exactly, madame," she assured Anna; and with her deft, dry hands she took down Lavinia's carefully arranged hair.

She drew it back from the brow apparently as simply as before, twisted it into a low knot slightly eccentric in shape, and recut a bang. Lavinia's eyes seemed bluer, her delicate flush more elusive; the shape of her face appeared changed, it was more pointed and had a new, willful charm.

"The stockings," Anna commanded.

Dressed, Lavinia Sanviano stood curiously before the long mirror; she saw a fresh Lavinia that was yet the old; and she was absorbing her first great lesson in the magic of clothes. Verlat, a celebrated dressmaker, was typical of the Viennese spirit—the gown Lavinia wore resembled, in all its implications, an orchid. There was a whisper here of satin, a pale note of green, a promise of chiffon. Her crisp round shoulders were bare; her finely molded arms were clouded, as it were, with a pink mist; the skirt was full, incredibly airy; yet every movement was draped by a suave flowing and swaying.

Lavinia recognized that she had been immensely enriched in effect; it was not a question of mere beauty—beauty here gave way to a more subtle and potent consideration. It was a potency which she instinctively shrank from probing. Curiously enough, for a moment she experienced a gust of passionate resentment, followed by a quickly passing melancholy, a faint regret.

Anna Mantegazza and the maid radiated with satisfaction at the result of their efforts. The former murmured a phrase that bore Gheta's name, but Lavinia caught nothing else. The maid said:

"Without a doubt, madame."

Lavinia lingered in her room, strangely reluctant to go down and see her sister. She was embarrassed by her unusual appearance and dreaded the prominence of the inevitable exclamations. At last she was obliged to proceed. The others stood by the entrance of the dining room. Anna Mantegazza was laughing at a puzzled expression on the good-natured countenance of Cesare Orsi; Gheta was slowly waving a fan of gilded feathers; Abrego y Mochales was standing rigid and somberly handsome; and, as usual, Pier Mantegazza was late.

Gheta Sanviano turned and saw Lavinia approaching, and the elder's face, always pale, grew suddenly chalky; it was drawn; and the wrinkles, carefully treated with paste, became visible about her eyes. Her hands shook a little as she took a step forward.

"What does this mean, Lavinia?" she demanded. "Why did I know nothing about that dress?"

"I knew nothing myself until a little bit ago," Lavinia answered apologetically, filled with a formless pity for Gheta. "Isn't it pretty? Anna Mantegazza gave it to me."

She could see, over Gheta's shoulder, Cesare Orsi staring at her in idiotic surprise.

"Don't you like it, Gheta?" Anna asked, moving forward.

She didn't answer, but closed her eyes for a moment in an effort to control the anger that shone in them. The silence deepened to constraint, and then Gheta Sanviano laughed lightly.

"Quite a woman of fashion!" she observed of Lavinia. "Fancy! It's a pity that she must go back to the convent so soon."

Her gaze while she was speaking was fixed on Anna Mantegazza and her resentment changed to hatred. The other shrugged her shoulders indifferently and moved toward the dining room, catching Lavinia's arm in her own.

Mantegazza entered at the soup and was seated on Gheta's right; Cesare Orsi was on Anna's left; and Lavinia sat between the two men, with Mochales opposite. Whatever change had taken place in her appearance made absolutely no impression upon the latter; it was clear that he saw no one besides Gheta Sanviano.

In the candlelight his face more than ever resembled bronze; his hair was dead-black; above the white linen his head was like a superb effigy of an earlier and different race from the others. It was almost savage in its still austerity. Cesare Orsi, too, said little, which was extraordinary for him. If Lavinia had made small impression on Mochales, at least it had overpowered the other to a ludicrous degree. It seemed that he had never before half observed Lavinia; he even muttered to himself and smiled uncertainly when she chanced to gaze at him.

But what the others lacked conversationally Anna Mantegazza more than supplied; she was at her best, and that was very sparkling, touched with malice and understanding, and absolute independence. She insisted on including Lavinia in every issue. At first Lavinia was only confused by the attention pressed on her; she retreated, growing more inarticulate at every sally. Then she became easier; partly spurred by Gheta's direct unpleasantness and partly by the consciousness of her becoming appearance, she retorted with spirit; engaged Pier Mantegazza in a duet of verbal confetti. She gazed challengingly at Abrego y Mochales, but got no other answer than a grave perfunctory smile.

She thought of an alternative to the black gowns and unrelieved melancholy—she might become the gayest member of the gay Roman world, be known throughout Italy for her reckless exploits, her affairs and Vienna gowns, all the while hiding her passion for the Flower of Spain. It would be a vain search for forgetfulness, with an early death in an atmosphere of roses and champagne. Gheta was gazing at her so crossly that she took a sip of Mantegazza's brandy; it burned her throat cruelly, but she concealed the choking with a smile of high bravado.

After dinner they progressed to a drawing-room that filled an entire end of the villa; it lay three steps below the hall, the imposing walls and floor covered with tapestries and richly dark rugs. Lavinia more than ever resembled an orchid, here in a gloom of towering trees curiously suggested by the draperies and space. She went forward with Anna Mantegazza to an amber blur of lamplight, the others following irregularly.

Cesare Orsi sat at Lavinia's side, quickly finishing one long black cigar and lighting another; Pier Mantegazza and Mochales smoked cigarettes. Anna was smoking, but Gheta had refused. Lavinia's feeling for her sister had changed from pity to total indifference. The elder had been an overbearing and thoughtless superior; and now, when Lavinia felt in some subtle, unexplainable manner that the other was losing rank, her store of sympathy was small. Lavinia hoped that she would marry Orsi immediately and leave the field free for herself. She wondered whether her father would buy her a dress by Verlat?

"Honestly," Orsi murmured, "more beautiful than your ——."

She stopped him with an impatient gesture, wondering what Mochales was saying to Gheta. A possibility suddenly filled her with dread—it was evident that the Spaniard was growing hourly more absorbed in Gheta, and the latter might —— Lavinia

could not support the thought of Abrego y Mochales married to her sister. But, she reassured herself, there was little danger of that—Gheta would never make a sacrifice for feeling; she would be sure of the comfortable, material thing, and now more than ever.

Anna Mantegazza moved to a piano, which, in the obscurity, she commenced playing. The notes rose deliberate and melodious. Gheta Sanviano said to Orsi:

"That's Iris. Do you remember, we heard it at the Pergola in the winter?"

"Do go over to her," Lavinia whispered.

He rose heavily and went to Gheta's side, and Lavinia waited expectantly for Mochales to change too. The Spaniard moved, but it was toward the piano, where he stood with the rosy reflection of his cigarette on a moody countenance. It was Pier Mantegazza who sat beside her, with a quizzical expression on his long gray visage. He said something to her in Latin, which she only partly understood, but which alluded to the changing of water into wine.

"I am a subject of jest," he continued in Italian, "because I prefer water."

She smiled with polite vacuity, wondering what he meant.

"You always satisfied me, Lavinia, with your dark, smooth plait and white simplicity; you were cool and refreshing. Now they have made you only disturbing. I suppose it was inevitable, and with you the change will be temporary."

"I'll never let my hair down again," she retorted. "I've settled that with Gheta. Mother didn't care, really."

She was annoyed by the implied criticism, his entire lack of response to her new being. He had grown blind staring at his stupid old coins.

A step sounded behind her; she turned expectantly, but it was only Cesare Orsi.

"The others have gone outside," he told her, and she noticed that the piano had stopped.

Mantegazza rose and bowed in mock serious formality, at which Lavinia turned an impertinent shoulder and walked with Orsi across the room and out upon the terrace.

Florence had sunk into a dark chasm of night, except for the curving double row of lights that marked the Lungarno and the indifferent illumination of a few principal squares. The stars seemed big and near in deep blue space. Orsi was standing very close to her, and she moved away; but he followed.

"Lavinia," he muttered, and suddenly his arm was about her waist.

She leaned back, pushing with both hands against his chest; but he swept her irresistibly up to him and kissed her clumsily. A cold rage possessed her. She stopped struggling; but there was no need to continue—he released her immediately and commenced a stammering apology.

"I am a madman," he said abjectly—"a little animal that ought to be shot. I don't know what came over me; my head was in a carnival. You must forgive or I shall be a maniac, I ——"

She turned and walked swiftly into the house and mounted to her room. All the pleasure she had had in the evening, the Viennese gown, evaporated, left her possessed by an utter loathing of self. Now in the mirror she seemed hateful, the clouded chiffon and airy and clinging satin unspeakable. Looking back out of the dim glass was a stranger who had betrayed and cheapened her. Her pure serenity revolted against the currents of life sweeping down upon her, threatening to innundate her.

She unhooked the Verlat gown with trembling fingers and—once more in simple white—dropped into a deep chair, where she cried with short, painful inspirations, her face pressed against her arm. Her emotion subsided, changed to a formless dread, and again to a black sense of helplessness. Suddenly she rose and mechanically shook loose her hair—footsteps were approaching. Her sister entered, white and vindictive.

"You are to be congratulated," she said thinly; "you made a success with everybody—that is, with all but Mochales. It was for him, wasn't it? You were very clever, but you failed ridiculously."

Lavinia made no reply.

"I hope Mochales excuses you because of your greenness."

"Youth isn't any longer your crime," Lavinia retorted at last.

"That dress—it would suit Anna Mantegazza; but you only looked indecent."

"Perhaps you're right, Gheta," Lavinia said unexpectedly. "I'm going to bed now, please."

Her balance, restored by sleep, was once more normal when she had returned to the Lungarno. It was again late afternoon, the daily procession was returning from the Cascine, and Gheta was at the window, looking indifferently down. The Marchesa Sanviano was knitting at prodigious speed a shapeless gray garment. They all turned when a servant entered.

"Signor Orsi wishes to see the marchese," he said.

This unusual formality on the part of Cesare Orsi could have but one purpose, and Lavinia and their mother gazed significantly at the elder sister.

"The marchese is dressing," his wife directed.

She drew a long breath of relief and nodded over her needles. Gheta raised her chin; her lips bore the half-contemptuous expression that lately had become habitual; her eyes were half closed.

Lavinia sat with her hands loose in her lap. She was wondering whether now, should she make a vigorous protest, they would send her back to the convent. The Verlat gown was carefully hung in her closet. Last night she had been idiotic.

The Marchese Sanviano entered hurriedly and alone; his tie was crooked and his expression very much disturbed. His wife looked up, startled.

"What!" she demanded directly. "Didn't he ——"

"Yes," Sanviano replied, "he did! He wants to marry Lavinia"

Lavinia half rose, with a horrified protest; Gheta seemed suddenly turned to stone; the knitting fell unheeded from the marchesa's lap. Sanviano spread out his hands helplessly.

"Well," he demanded, "what could I do? . . . A man with Orsi's blameless character and the Orsi banks!"

V

THE house to which Cesare Orsi took Lavinia was built over the rim of a small steep island in the Bay of Naples, opposite Castellamare. It faced the city, rising in an amphitheater of bright stucco and almond blossoms, across an expanse of glassy and incredibly blue water. It was evening, the color of sky and bay was darkening, intensified by a vaporous rosy column where the ascending smoke of Vesuvius held the last upflung glow of the vanished sun. Lavinia could see from her window the pale distant quiver of the electric lights springing up along the Villa Nazionale.

The dwelling itself drew a long irregular façade of white marble on its abrupt verdant screen—a series of connected pavilions, galleries, pergolas, belvedere, flowering walls and airy chambers. There were tesselated remains from the time of the great pleasure-saturated Roman emperors, a later distinctly Moorish influence, quattrocento-painted eaves, an eighteenth-century sodded court, and a smoking room with the startling colored glass of the nineteenth.

The windows of Lavinia's room had no sashes; they were composed of a double marble arch, supported in the center by a slender twisted marble column, with Venetian blinds. She stood in the opening, gazing fixedly over the water turning into night. She could hear, from the room beyond, her husband's heavy, deliberate footfalls; and the sound filled her with a formless resentment. She wished to be justifiably annoyed by them, or him; but there was absolutely no cause. Cesare Orsi's character and disposition were alike beyond reproach—transparent and heroically optimistic. Since their marriage she had been insolent, she had been captious and continuously indifferent, equally without unsettling the determined, eager good nature with which he met her moods.

He went by launch into Naples during the week in the interests of his banking, and did not return for lunch; and she had long uninterrupted hours for the enjoyment of her pleasant domain. Together, his demands upon her were reasonable to the point of self-effacement. He laughed a great deal; this annoyed her youthful gravity and she remonstrated sharply more than once, but he only leaned back and laughed harder. Then she would either grow coldly disdainful or leave the room, followed by the echo of his merriment. There was something impervious, like armor, in his good humor. Apparently she could not get through it to wound him as she would have liked; and she secretly wondered.

He was prodigal in his generosity—the stores of the Via Roma were prepared to empty themselves at her desire. Cesare Orsi's wife was a figure of importance in Naples. She had been made welcome by the Neapolitan society—lawn fêtes had been given in villas under the burnished leaves of magnolias on the height of Vomero. The Cavaliere Nelli, Orsi's cousin and a retired colonel of Bersaglieri, entertained lavishly at dinner on the terrace of Bertolini's; she went out to old houses looking through aged and riven pines at the sea.

She would have enjoyed all this hugely if she had not been married to Orsi; but the continual reiteration of the fact that she was Orsi's wife filled her with an accumulating resentment. The implication that she had been exceedingly fortunate became more than she could bear. The consequence was that, as soon as it could be managed, she ceased going about.

She was now at the window, immersed in a melancholy sense of total isolation; the water stirring along the masonry below, a call from a shadowy fishing boat dropping down the bay, filled her with longing for the cheerful existence of the Lungarno. She had had a letter from Gheta that morning, the first from her sister since she had left Florence, brief but without any actual expression of ill will. After all was said, she had brought Gheta a great disappointment; if she had been in the elder's place probably she would have behaved no better. . . . It occurred to her to ask Gheta to Naples. At least then she would have someone with whom to recall the pleasant trifles of past years. She would have liked to ask Anna Mantegazza, too; but this she knew was impossible—Gheta had not forgiven Anna for her part on the night that had resulted in Orsi's proposal for Lavinia.

She wondered, more obscurely, whether Abrego y Mochales was still in Florence. He loomed at the back of her thoughts, inscrutably dark and romantic. It piqued her that he had not made the slightest response to her palpable admiration. But he had been tremendously stirred by Gheta, who was never touched by such emotions. A desire to see Mochales grew insidiously out of her speculations; a desire to at least talk about him, hear his name. Lavinia deliberately shut her eyes to the fact that this last became her principal reason for wishing to see Gheta.

She told Cesare, with a diffidence which she was unable to overcome, that she had written asking her sister for a visit. He apparently didn't hear her. They were at breakfast, on the wine-red tiling of a pergola by the water, and he had shaken his fist, with a rueful curse, in the direction of Naples. Before him lay an open letter with an engraved page heading.

"I said," Lavinia repeated impatiently, "that Gheta will probably be here the last of the week."

"The sacred camels!" Orsi exclaimed; then: "Oh, Gheta—good!" But he fell immediately into an angry reverie. "If I dared ——" he muttered.

"What has stirred you up so?"

"It's difficult to explain to anyone not born in Naples. Here, you see, all is not in order, like Florence; we have had a stormy time between brigands and secret factions and foreign rulers; and certain societies sprang up, necessary once, but now—when one still exists—a source of bribery and nuisance. This letter, for example, congratulates me on the possession of a charming bride; it expresses the devotion of a hidden organization, but points out that in order to guarantee your safety in a city where the guards are admittedly insufficient it will be necessary for me to forward two thousand lire at once."

"You will, of course, ignore it."

"I will certainly send the money at once."

"What a cowardly attitude!" Lavinia declared contemptuously. "You allow yourself to be blackmailed like a common criminal."

Orsi laughed, his equilibrium quickly restored.

"I said a stranger could not understand," he reminded her. "If the money wasn't sent in ten days, or two weeks, perhaps, there would be a little accident on the Chiaja—your carriage would be run into; you would be upset, confused, angry. There would be profuse apologies, investigation, perhaps arrests; but nothing would come of it. If the money was still held back something a little more serious would occur. Nothing really dangerous, you understand; but finally the two thousand lire would be gladly paid over and the accidents would mysteriously cease."

(Continued on Page 48)

Ivory Garter

No Metal
Can't Rust

Prices
Silk . . 50c
Lisle . . 25c

It's the men's standard garter—light, sanitary—non-binding—the ideal garter. At all haberdashers'.

No Metal

Men's Side Garter

This garter is made for those who do not like a garter around their legs. It is used with athletic underwear, and if you are troubled with swollen veins in your legs it will help you.

Price 25c

No Metal

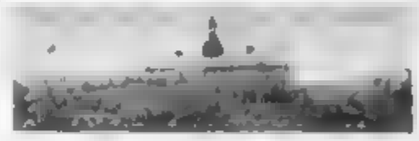
Woman's Negligee Garter

This garter opens in the middle—you don't have to stoop down to put it on over the knee. A great convenience for all, especially for stout women. It can also be worn in the suit

Prices: Silk 75c, Lisle 35c

Dealers: Order from your jobber or direct from us.

IVORY GARTER CO.,
Sole Manufacturers
New Orleans



The Tome School

An Endowed Preparatory School

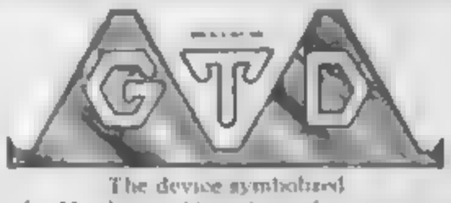
Offers the best possible preparation for college or technical school, the most generous provision for the physical fitness and welfare of students.

The most beautiful and complete school buildings and grounds in America. 20 buildings. Single room for each boy. Exceptional manual training facilities. 175 acres, 9-hole golf course, 5 athletic fields, gymnasium, batting cage, quarter-mile track, tennis courts

Lower School for Little Boys

THOMAS S. BAKER, Ph. D., Port Deposit, Md.

Ask for and Get
SKINNER'S
THE HIGHEST QUALITY
MACARONI
36 Page Recipe Book Free
SKINNER MFG. CO., OMAHA, U.S.A.
LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA



The device symbolized above is 20 times older than the steam engine

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 3 [illegible] you market your invention without charge.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D.C.

The lower price of the new Six is due to economies effected by greatly increased production and to the fact that the car is actually 93 per cent Jeffery built. While other makers are compelled to meet rising costs in parts-buying, the Jeffery Company, by making these parts themselves, is enabled to offer greater value than ever at a lower price.

The Triumph of Precision

In the New Jeffery Six Are Crystallized the Ideals and Traditions of Two Generations of Accuracy

MERE announcement of the latest Jeffery Six, at $1365, would not convey to the world the real story of achievement signalized in the advent of this car.

It is more than a fine automobile. It is the embodiment of a fine ideal.

To trace the conception of this car you must look in retrospect upon the life of Thomas B. Jeffery, the late founder of the Company, who gained his early training in England as a *maker of instruments of precision.*

He developed, during an exacting, old-world apprenticeship, that passion for accuracy and ultra-refinement which he bequeathed to the Company bearing his name.

Upon entering the field of motor-car building —then in its infancy—his fine ideals as a maker of microscopes, telescopes and delicate measuring instruments found immediate application.

Under his inspired direction there took form the giant producing center which now so truly mirrors the man. And, to-day in the Jeffery plant, every workman — every machine — reflects the master-artisan whose passion was precision.

$1365 Seven-Passenger Touring Model—53 horsepower, 6 cylinder motor—125-inch wheel base.

Upon each new Jeffery Six there appears the Jeffery device, shown above. It is more than a hallmark—more than a trade-mark. It is the symbol of mechanical precision and refinement. It tokens the ideals of accuracy for which Thomas B. Jeffery stood. And as such it is the owner's guaranty of inherent worth, just as is the hallmark upon the finished product of a maker of instruments of precision.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

In this mammoth factory there are safeguarded the ideals of its founder. True—there is greater production; there are lowered costs—but always a religious adherence to the original ideals of mechanical nicety.

Preciseness in materials, preciseness in workmanship, preciseness in the co-ordination of parts! These are the creed of the Jeffery Company.

The ideals which were the compelling force in the life of Thomas B. Jeffery, are a living part of the giant Jeffery organization of today. They glint from the tool of every workman. They are reflected in the making and assembling of every part. They are the reason why the Jeffery automobile is Jeffery built, rather than assembled. Few are the tasks that are entrusted to other than Jeffery builders.

And, now, in the new Jeffery Six there is bodied forth the spirit of the European instrument maker —symbolizing a triumph of precision—a fitting denouement for a two-world mechanical drama.

SIXES—
Seven-Passenger Touring . . . $1365
Seven-Passenger Sedan . . . 1540
Roadster 1345
FOURS—
Seven-Passenger Touring . . . $1095
Seven-Passenger Sedan 1260
Roadster 1065
F. O. B. Kenosha

—and Exquisite Performance

Supple Ability of the New Six Brings Jeffery Owner a New and Intimate Car-Comradeship

TO the owner of a Jeffery car, this heritage of traditional accuracy becomes more than a pleasing romance.

For, to him, in actual, daily performance the new Six reflects all the inherent ideals of precision and the exacting niceties of mechanical perfection for which the elder Jeffery stood.

And in this knowledge, the Jeffery owner finds a peculiar satisfaction. His car takes on a new personality.

Ride in the new Six with such an owner! Share with him the fellow-feeling that mates the man and the car. Every ounce of supple power, at a crawl or at sixty miles, if you want it, flows magically into the steel sinews of this road comrade.

Faithful in performance always—not only when ideal roads invite! The new Six is hungry for hardship. Give it a gnarly path, a forbidding hill. See how it ploughs through, clings to the pike like ivy and goes forward and up with an unswerving vigor that leaves you rapture-bound.

More—there is luxurious comfort! You try all seats under every condition—and always you ride unconscious of mechanism. The road is ironed out before you into serene and peaceful travel. You feel that this car is doing its work well—and cheerfully.

$1365 Seven-Passenger Touring Model—63 horsepower, 6 cylinder motor—125-inch wheel base.

The inherently balanced, overstead crank-shaft—an exclusive development of Jeffery engineers—is largely responsible for the wonderful softness of the New Six motor. It makes possible, to an even greater degree, the liquid-like speed modulations which have always delighted the Jeffery owner. This remarkable motor, without vibration at ANY speed, is the result of the company's home-construction policy, which actually confines 93 per cent of parts-building to the Jeffery factory.

For a longer wheel-base, a low, hammock-hung body and long, flat springs are the Jeffery builder's final contribution to ease of riding.

And within the compass of six compact cylinders there is all the ready power and speed you will ever want—and more.

Jeffery coach-makers have provided an exquisite body to match the exquisite performance of the new Six. Long, low lines in which bigness and beauty blend, a rich, deep-toned finish, a loungy interior! All these invite you to enter and enjoy the car which wins friends from the first.

And you, too, will realize, in this new Six the beautiful tribute to a high ideal—the concrete result of two generations of loyalty to traditions of ultra-mechanical refinement.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

10,000 Miles

Without a puncture!

In a competitive road test with a representative list of the best known and most widely advertised bicycle tires made,

VITALIC TIRES

(For Bicycles)

not only outran every other make of tire by thousands of miles but on both front and rear wheels the Vitalic ran over 10,000 miles *and made this distance without a puncture!*

Write for folder [illegible] Proof [illegible] Vitalic Tire Supremacy. It tells all about the test mentioned above

Continental Rubber Works
1904 Liberty St.
Erie, Pa.

"Well!"

Polar Cub
Electric Fan

Complete with cord and plug

$5.00

Ten new 1916 improvements

Polar Cub is the original, individual electric fan for home and office. Handsomely finished in nickel and jet enamel; has six-inch blade diameter; operates on direct or alternating current of 105 to 115 volts at the same speed, weight three pounds—just the right size for desk or table

Thousands of satisfied users. Fully guaranteed. Sold by electrical and hardware dealers everywhere. Write us if yours cannot supply you.

The A. C. Gilbert Co., 301 Fox St., New Haven, Conn.

Dealers: If you haven't stocked Polar Cubs write at once for particulars and prices.

Buckskin Auto Gauntlets $2.00 Pair

[illegible]

BADGER GLOVE CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

LAW Chattanooga College of Law. [illegible] LL.B. and practice in State and U. S. Courts. An institution of recognized high standing. Lectures so arranged that

Students May Earn Living

Strong faculty of 15. School opens Sept. 20th, 1916. Write for illustrated catalogue

CHATTANOOGA COLLEGE OF LAW
Chattanooga Tennessee

Don't try to pronounce these letters—you will see them again.

(Continued from Page 45)

"An outrage!" Lavinia declared, and Orsi nodded.

"If you had an enemy," he continued, "you could have her gown ruined in the foyer of the San Carlos; if it was a man he would be caught at his club with an uncomfortable ace in his cuff. At least so I'm assured. I haven't had any reason to look the society up yet." He laughed prodigiously. "Even murders are ascribed to it. Careful, Cesare, or a new valet will cut your throat some fine morning and your widow walk away with a more graceful man!"

"Your jokes are so stupid," Lavinia said, shrugging her shoulders.

He laid the letter on the table's edge and a wandering air bore it slanting to the floor, from where he promptly recovered it.

"That must go in the safe," he declared; "it is well to have a slight grasp on those gentlemen."

He rose; and a few minutes later Lavinia saw his trim brown launch, with its awning and steersman in gleaming white, rushing through the bay toward Naples.

VI

THE basin from which the launch plied lay inside a seawall inclosing a small placid rectangle with a walk all about and iron benches. Steps at the back, guarded by two great Pompeian sandstone urns, and pressed by a luxuriant growth, led up to the villa. Gheta looked curiously about as she stepped from the launch and went forward with her brother-in-law. Lavinia followed, with Gheta's maid and a porter, at the rear.

Lavinia thought that her sister looked badly; in the unsparing blaze of midday the wrinkles about her eyes were apparent, and they had multiplied. Although it was past the first of June, Gheta was wearing a linen suit of last year; and—as her maid unpacked—Lavinia saw the familiar pink tulle and the lavender gown with the gold velvet buttons.

"Your dressmaker is very late," she observed thoughtlessly.

A slow flush spread over the other's countenance; she did not reply immediately and Lavinia would have given a great deal to unsay her period.

"It isn't that," Gheta finally explained; "the family find that I am too expensive. You see, I haven't justified their hopes and they have been cutting down."

Her voice was thin, metallic; her features had sharpened like folded paper creased between the fingers.

"It's very good form here," she went on, dancing about her room. It was hardly more than a marble gallery, the peristyle choked with flowering bushes, camellias and althea and hibiscus, barely furnished, and filled with drifting perfumes and the savor of the sea. "What a shame that these things must be got at a price!"

Lavinia glanced at her sharply; that, until the present moment, would have expressed her own attitude, but said by Gheta it seemed a little crude. It was, anyhow, painfully obvious, and she had no intention of showing Gheta the true state of her being.

"Isn't that so of everything—worth having?" she asked, adding the latter purely as a counter.

The elder drew up her fine shoulders.

"That's very courageous of you," she observed—"especially since everybody knew what you thought of Orsi. Heaven knows you made no effort to disguise your feeling to others."

Lavinia smiled calmly; Cesare was really very thoughtful, and she said so. Gheta replied at a sudden tangent:

"Mochales has been a great nuisance."

Lavinia was gazing through an opening in the leaves at the sparkling blue plane of the bay. She made no movement, conscious of her sister's unsparing curiosity turned upon her, and only said:

"Really?"

"Spaniards are so tempestuous," Gheta continued; "he's been whispering a hundred mad schemes in my ear. He gave up an important engagement in Madrid rather than leave Florence. I have been almost stirred by him, he is so slender and handsome.

"Simply every woman—except perhaps me—is in love with him."

"There's no danger of your loving anyone besides yourself."

"I saw him the day before I left; told him where I was going. Then I had to beg him not to take the same train. He said he was going to Naples, anyhow, to sail from there for Spain. He will be at the Grand Hotel and I gave him permission to see me here once."

Lavinia revolved slowly.

"Why not?" she observed indifferently. "He turned my head round at least twice." She moved toward the door. "Ring whenever you like," she said; "there are servants for everything."

She wondered, with burning cheeks, in her room when Abrego y Mochales would come. Her sentimental interest in him had waned a trifle during the past busy weeks; but, in spite of that, he was the great romantic attachment of her life. If he had returned her feeling no whispered scheme would have been too mad. What would he think of her now? But she knew instinctively that there would be no change in Mochales' attitude. He was in love with Gheta; blind to the rest of the world.

She sat lost in a daydream—how different her life would have been, married to the bullfighter! She would have become a part of the fierce Spanish crowds at the ring, traveled to South America, seen the people heap roses, jewels, upon her idol. . .

Cesare Orsi stood in the doorway, smiling with oppressive good nature.

"Lavinia," he told her, "I've done something, and now I'm in the devil of a doubt." He advanced, holding a small package, and sat on the edge of a chair, mopping his brow. "You see," he began diffidently, "that is, as you must know, at first—you were at the convent—I thought something of proposing for your sister. Thank God," he added vigorously, "I waited! Well, I didn't; although, to be completely honest, I knew that it came to be expected. I could see the surprise in your father's face. I thought afterward that if I had brought Gheta any embarrassment I'd like to do something in a small way, a sort of acknowledgment. And today I saw this," he held out the package; "it was pretty and I bought it for her at once. But now, when the moment arrives, I hesitate to give it to her. Gheta has grown so—so formal that I'm afraid of her," he laughed.

Lavinia unwrapped the paper covering from a green morocco box and, releasing the catch, saw a shimmering string of delicately pink pearls.

"Cesare!" she exclaimed. "How gorgeous!" She lifted the necklace, letting it slide cool and fine through her fingers. "It's too good of you. This has cost hundreds and hundreds. I'll keep it myself."

He laughed, shaking all over; then fell serious.

"Everything I have—all, all—is yours," he assured her. Lavinia turned away with an uncomfortable feeling of falseness. "What do you predict—will Gheta take it, understand, or will she play the frozen princess?"

"If I know Gheta, she'll take it," Lavinia promptly replied.

Orsi presented Gheta Sanviano with the necklace at dinner. She took it slowly from its box and glanced at the diamond clasp.

"Thank you, Cesare, immensely!" she acknowledged the gift.

"What a shame that pink pearls so closely resemble coral! No one gives you credit for them."

A feeling of shame for her sister's ungraciousness possessed Lavinia and mounted to angry resentment. She had no particular desire to champion Cesare, but the simplicity and kindness of his thought demanded more than a superficial indifference. At the same time she had no intention of permitting Gheta any display of superiority here.

"You need only say they were from Cesare," she observed coldly; "with him, it is always pearls."

Such a tide of pleasure swept over her husband's countenance that Lavinia bit her lip in annoyance. She had only intended to rebuke Gheta and had not thought of the effect of her speech upon Cesare. She was scrupulously careful not to mislead the latter with regard to her feeling for him. She went to a rather needless extreme to demonstrate that she conducted herself from a sense of duty and propriety alone.

Her married life, she told herself, already resembled the Mantegazzas', whose indifferent courtesy she had marked and wondered at. Perhaps in time, like them, she would grow accustomed to it; but now it took all her determination to maintain the smallest daily amenities. It was not that her actual condition was unbearable, but only that it was so tragically different from what she had imagined; she had dreamed of romance, it had been embodied for her eager gaze—and she had married Cesare Orsi!

Gheta returned the necklace to its box and the dinner progressed in silence. The coffee was on when the elder sister said:

"I had a card from the Grand Hotel a while ago; Abrego y Mochales is there."

"And there," Orsi put in promptly, "I hope he'll stay, or sail for Spain. I don't want the clown about here."

Gheta turned.

"But you will regret that," she addressed Lavinia; "you always found him so fascinating."

Lavinia's husband cleared his throat sharply; he was clearly impatiently annoyed.

"What foolishness!" he exclaimed. "From the first, Lavinia has been scarcely conscious of his existence."

Lavinia avoided her sister's mocking gaze, disturbed and angry.

"Certainly Signore Mochales must be asked here," she declared.

"I suppose it can't be avoided," Orsi muttered.

It was arranged that the Spaniard should dine with them on the following evening and Lavinia spent the intervening time in exploring her emotions. She recognized now that Gheta hated both Cesare and herself, and that she would miss no opportunity to force an awkward or even dangerously unpleasant situation upon them. Gheta had sharpened in being as well as countenance to such a degree that Lavinia lost what natural affection for her sister she had retained.

This, in a way, allied her with Cesare. She was now able at least to survey him in a detached manner, with an impersonal comprehension of his good qualities and æsthetic shortcomings; and in pointing out to Gheta the lavish beauty of her—Lavinia's—surroundings, she engendered in herself a slight proprietary pride. She met Abrego y Mochales at the basin with a direct, bright smile, standing firmly upon her wall

Against the blue water shadowed by the promise of dusk he was a somber and splendid figure. Her heart undeniably beat faster and she was vexed when he turned immediately to Gheta. His greeting was intensely serious, his gaze so hungry that Lavinia looked away. It was vulgar, she told herself. Cesare met them above and greeted Mochales with a superficial heartiness. It was difficult for Cesare Orsi to conceal his opinions and feelings. The other man's gravity was superb.

At dinner conversation languished. Gheta, in a very low dress, had a bright-red scarf about her shoulders, and was painted. This was so unusual that it had almost the effect of a disguise; her eyes were staring and brilliant, her fingers constantly fidgeting and creasing her napkin. Afterward she walked with Mochales to the corner of the belvedere, where they had all been sitting, and from there drifted the low, continuous murmur of her voice, briefly punctuated by a deep masculine note of interrogation. Below, the water was invisible in the wrap of night. Naples shone like a pale gold net drawn about the sweep of its hills. A glow like a thumb print hung over Vesuvius; the hidden column of smoke smudged the stars.

Lavinia grew restless and descended to her room, where she secured a fan. Returning, she was partly startled by a pale, still figure in the gloom of a passage. She saw that it was Gheta, and spoke; but the other turned away without reply and quickly vanished. Above, she halted at the strange spectacle—clearly drawn against the luminous depths of space—of Mochales and her husband rigidly facing each other.

"I must admit," Orsi said in an exasperated voice, "that I don't understand."

Lavinia saw that he was holding something in a half-extended hand. Moving closer, she identified the object as the necklace he had given Gheta.

"What is it that you don't understand, Cesare?" she demanded.

"Some infernal joke or foolishness!"

"It is no joke, signore," Mochales responded; "and it is better, perhaps, for your wife to leave us."

Orsi turned to Lavinia.

"He gives me back this necklace of Gheta's," he explained; "he says that he has every right. It appears that Gheta is going to marry him, and he already objects to presents from her brother-in-law."

"But what stuff!" Lavinia pronounced.

A swift surprise overtook her at Cesare's announcement—Gheta and Mochales to

marry! She was certain that the arrangement had not existed that morning. A fleet, inchoate sorrow numbed her heart and fled.

"Orsi has been only truthful enough to suit his own purpose," Mochales stated. "Signora, please ——" He indicated the descent from the belvedere.

She moved closer to him, smiling appealingly.

"What is it all about?" she queried.

"Forgive me; it is impossible to answer."

"Cesare?" She turned to her husband.

"Why, this—this donkey hints that there was something improper in my present. It seems that I have been annoying Gheta by my attentions, flattering her with pearls."

"Did Gheta tell you that?" Lavinia demanded. A growing resentment took possession of her. "Because if she did, she lied!"

"Ah!" Mochales whispered sharply.

"They're both mad," Orsi told her, "and should be dipped in the bay."

Never, she thought, had Abrego y Mochales appeared handsomer; never more like fine bronze. That latter fact struck her forcibly. His face was no more mobile than a mask of metal. Its stark rigidity sent a cold tremor to her heart.

"And," she went on impetuously, "since Gheta said that, I'll tell you really about this necklace: Cesare gave it to her because he was sorry for her; because he thought that perhaps he had mused her. He spoke of it to me first."

"No, signora," the Spaniard deliberately responded; "it is not your sister who lies."

Cesare Orsi exclaimed angrily. He took a hasty step forward; but Lavinia, quicker, moved between the two men.

"This is impossible," she declared, "and must stop immediately! It is childish!"

There was now a metallic ring in Mochales' voice that disturbed her even more than his words. The bullfighter, completely immobile, seemed a little inhuman; he was without a visible stir of emotion, but Orsi looked more puzzled and angry every moment.

"This," he ejaculated, "in my own house—infamous!"

"Signor Mochales," Lavinia reiterated, "what I have told you is absolutely so."

"Your sister, signora, has said something different. . . . She did not want to tell me, but I persisted—I saw that something was wrong—and forced it from her."

"Enough!" Orsi commanded. "One can plainly see that you have been duped; some things may be overlooked. . . You have said enough."

Mochales moved easily forward.

"You pudding!" he said in a low, even voice. "Do you talk to me—Abrego y Mochales?"

A dark tide of passion, visible even in the night, flooded Orsi's countenance.

"Leave!" he commanded. "Or I'll have you flung into the bay."

A deep silence followed, in which Lavinia could hear the stir of the water against the walls below. A sharp fear entered her heart, a new dread of the Spaniard. He was completely outside the circle of impulses to which she reacted and understood. He was not a part of her world; he coldly menaced the foundations of all right and security. Her worship of romance died miserably. In a way, she thought, she was responsible for the present horrible situation; it was the result of the feeling she had had for Mochales.

Lavinia was certain that if Gheta had not known of it the Spaniard would have been quickly dropped by the elder. She was suddenly conscious of the perfume he always bore; that, curiously, lent him a strange additional oppression.

"Mochales," he said in a species of strained wonderment, "threatened . . . thrown into the bay! Mochales—the Flower of Spain! And by a helpless mound of fat, a tub of entrails ——"

"Cesare!" Lavinia cried in an energy of desperation. "Come! Don't listen to him."

Orsi released her grasp.

"I believe you are at the Grand Hotel?" he addressed the other man.

"Until I hear from you."

"To-morrow ——"

All the heat apparently had evaporated from their words; they spoke with a perfunctory politeness. Cesare Orsi said:

"I will order the launch."

In a few minutes the palpitations of the steam died in the direction of Naples.

VII

LAVINIA followed her husband to their rooms, where he sat smoking one of his long black cigars. He was pale; his brow was wet and his collar wilted. She stood beside him and he patted her arm.

"Everything is in order," he assured her.

A species of blundering tenderness for him possessed her; an unexpected throb of her being startled and robbed her of words. He mistook her continued silence.

"All I have is yours," he explained; "it is your right. I can see now that—that my money was all I had to offer you. The only thing of value I possess. I should have realized that a girl, charming like yourself, couldn't care for a mound of fat."

Her tenderness rose till it choked in her throat, blurred what she had to say.

"Cesare," she told him, "Gheta was right; at one time I was in love with Mochales." He turned with a startled exclamation; but she silenced him. "He was, it seemed, all that a girl might admire—dark and mysterious and handsome. He was romantic. I demanded nothing else then; now something has happened that I don't altogether understand, but it has changed everything for me. Cesare, your money never made any difference in my feeling for you—it didn't before and it doesn't to-night ——" She hesitated and blushed painfully, awkwardly.

The cigar fell from his hand and he rose, eagerly facing her.

"Lavinia," he asked, "is it possible—do you mean that you care the least about me?"

"It must be that, Cesare, because I am so terribly afraid."

Later he said ruefully:

"But no man should resemble, as I do, a great oyster. I shall pay very dearly for my laziness."

"You are not going to fight Mochales!" she cried. "It would be insanity."

"Insanity," he agreed promptly. "Yet I can't permit myself to be the target for vile tongues."

Lavinia abruptly left him and hurried to her sister's room. The door was locked; she knocked, but got no response.

"Gheta," she called, low and urgent, "open at once! Your plans have gone dreadfully wrong. Gheta!" she said more sharply into the answering silence. "Cesare has had a terrific argument with Mochales, and worse may follow. Open!" There was still no answer, and suddenly she beat upon the door with her fists. "Liar!" she cried thinly through the wood. "Liar! You bitter old stick! I'll make you eat that necklace, pearl for pearl, sorrow for sorrow!"

A feeling of impotence overwhelmed her at the implacable stillness that succeeded her hysterical outburst. She stood with a pounding heart, and clasped straining fingers.

Abrego y Mochales could kill Cesare without the slightest shadow of a question. There was, she recognized, something essentially feminine in the saturnine bullfighter; his pride had been severely assaulted; and therefore he would be—in his own, less subtle manner—as dangerous as Gheta. Cesare's self-esteem, too, had been wounded in its most vulnerable place—he had been insulted before her. But, even if the latter refused to proceed, Mochales, she knew, would force an acute conclusion. There was nothing to be got from her sister and she slowly returned to her room, from where she could hear Orsi's heavy footfalls.

She mechanically removed the square emerald that hung from a platinum thread about her neck, took off her rings, and proceeded to the small iron safe where valuables were kept. As she swung open the door a sheet of paper slipped forward from an upper compartment. It bore a printed address . . . in the Strada San Lucia. She saw that it was the blackmailing letter Cesare had received from the Neapolitan secret society, demanding two thousand lire. She recalled what he had said at the time—if she had an enemy her gown could be spoiled in the foyer of the opera; a man ruined at his club. . . . Even murders were ascribed to it.

She held the letter, gazing fixedly at the address, mentally repeating again and again the significance of its contents. She thought of showing it to Cesare, suggesting —— But she realized that, bound by a conventional honor, he would absolutely refuse to listen to her.

Almost unconsciously she folded the sheet and hid it in her dress. Kneeling before the safe she secured a long red envelope. It contained the sum of money her father had given her at the wedding. It was her dot—a comparatively small amount, he had said, with an apologetic smile at the time; but it was absolutely, unquestionably her own. This, when she locked the safe, remained outside.

When she had hid the letter and envelope in her dressing table Cesare stood in the doorway. He was still pale, but composed, and held himself with simple dignity.

"Some men," he said, "are not so happy, even for an hour."

A sudden passionate necessity to save him swept over her.

In the morning Orsi remained at the villa, but he sent the launch in early with an urgent summons for the Cavaliere Nelli. Later, when he asked for Lavinia, he was told that she had gone to Naples; and when the boat returned, Nelli—a military figure, with hair and mustache like yellowish white silk—assisted her to the wall. She was closely veiled against the sparkling flood of light and bay, and hurried directly to her room.

There she knelt on a praying chair before a small alcoved altar, with tall wax tapers, and remained a long while. She was disturbed by a sudden ringing report below; it was Cesare practicing with a dueling pistol. Lavinia remembered, from laughing comments in Florence, that her husband was an atrocious shot. The sound was repeated at irregular intervals through an unbearably long morning.

Gheta, she learned, had refused the morning chocolate and, with her maid, had collected and packed all her effects. Lavinia had no desire to see her. The situation now was past Gheta's mending.

After lunch Lavinia remained in her room, Nelli departed for Naples and Cesare joined her. It was evident that he was greatly disturbed; but he spoke to her evenly. He was possessed by an impotent rage at his unwieldy body and clumsy hand. This alternated with an evident wonderment at the position in which he found himself and a great tenderness for Lavinia.

At dusk they were in Lavinia's room waiting for a message from Naples. Lavinia was leaning across the marble ledge of her window, gazing over the dim blue sweep of water to the distant flowering lights. She heard sudden footfalls and, half turning, saw her husband tearing open an envelope.

"Lavinia!" he cried. "There has been an accident in the elevator of the Grand Hotel, and Mochales—is dead!" She hung upon the ledge now for support. "The attendant, a new man, started the car too soon and caught Mochales ——" She sank down upon her knees in an attitude of prayer, and Cesare Orsi stood reverently bowed.

"The will of God!" he muttered.

A long, slow shiver passed over Lavinia, and he bent and lifted her in his arms.

At your service

The economy of long life is but half the advantage you get in the use of ACME Rapid Fire Batteries.

Miss-fires mean wasted fuel. An extra amount of current-producing materials crowded into the cells of ACME Rapid Fire Batteries generate sparks that insure strong, steady ignition.

Use ACME Rapid Fire Batteries for the greatest gas engine power and efficiency.

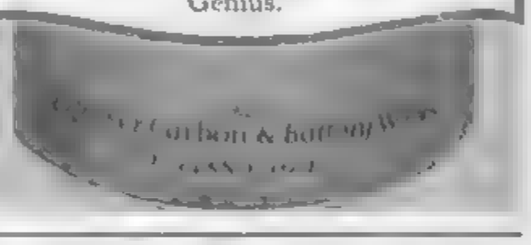
The **1900** is recommended for general dry battery use, including ignition. It is the favorite battery for Telephone Service.

Its lasting qualities and recuperative powers make the **1900** a most economical battery.

Nungesser Batteries are sold by leading hardware dealers, electric shops and garages.

"First—because they last."

Write for free booklet, "Sparks of Genius."



What Does It Cost to Have Your Car Cleaned

YOU know—if you've ever had it cleaned at a garage. One dollar to three dollars is a pretty steep price to have your car gone over with just soap and water.

ZIT AN AUTOMOBILE DRY WASH

gives a bright, lustrous and durable polish in a jiffy. Simply spray a little on your car with our Westfield Junior Sprayer and polish with a soft cheesecloth. It will positively not harm the original gloss of the most expensive car. If your dealer doesn't sell ZIT, send us his name and $1.25 for a can and sprayer. Guaranteed satisfactory.

WESTFIELD CHEMICAL COMPANY, Westfield, Mass.

GTD

Within a year this mark will be printed 500,000,000 times.

TYPEWRITERS All Makes

SOLD or RENTED anywhere at ¼ to ½ Manufacturers Prices. Rental to Apply on Price FREE TRIAL. Installment payments if desired. Write for circular 295. Typewriter Emporium, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago

The Ford Motor Company Says:

"After careful experiments and tests, we have adopted White Star Extra Quality Motor Oil here at the factory and for use and sale at our branch houses, as best adapted for Ford cars.

[Signed] FORD MOTOR CO.
Detroit, Mich."

THE above is final *proof* of White Star Extra Quality Motor Oil supremacy—a sure guide to *safe buying* when you select a Ford lubricant. When you ask your dealer for oil, insist upon getting

White Star
Extra Quality Motor Oil

and get the kind that satisfies the Ford Motor Co.—the kind that insures smooth running for thousands of cars.

Take home one of the six-gallon containers and learn what it is to forget lubricating troubles; learn the added efficiency and economy there is in your Ford car as the result of proper oiling.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for booklet and name of nearest distributor.

White Star Refining Co., Detroit, Mich.

"Solve the problem of lubrication and you have solved 75% of all the difficulties you may have with motor cars."—FORD TIMES, May, 1915

YOUR STATE UNIVERSITY

was built to educate boys and girls for success. But the expenses, though not great, may be keeping you from the college course you want.

The Educational Division of this Company meets that need. Thousands of young men and women have paid all the expenses of an education through its help.

Before college opens, hundreds of new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* will be secured in every locality. To those who engage in this work, we are offering a scholarship or cash. If you want either, we want you.

Educational Division, Box 521

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

YOU CAN HAVE THIS

Wholly visible (42 key), single shift, standard of standards, for your own and commissions besides, if you will show your friends wherein it excels other $100 typewriters, and explain our most liberal offer ever made on a strictly modern, single shift typewriter and a Woodstock at that. By post card or letter simply say, *"Mail Particulars."*

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 401, Chicago, Ill.

DEALERS AND AGENTS establishing everywhere. Many sales easily made. Self-selling Woodstock the latest great seller. Write for terms and territory

LEARNING TO FLY

(Continued from Page 7)

there were a good many small air holes. None of these, however, was serious enough to cause *perte de vitesse*, but they did keep the machine bumping like a bronco. On finishing the second leg of the triangle I mistook another flying-field for my destination and lost an hour while I landed, rose again, and found my way. Otherwise I passed this test perfectly. The misty day, though it rendered flying dangerous for a novice, really helped me. One has to make his triangle in any sort of weather, and aviators who have passed all the other tests fail sometimes to get their brevets through losing their way in fog or rain.

I was now a full aviator, with the rank of corporal, with regular pay of five cents a day, and with an additional allowance of forty-five cents as a member of the Flying Corps. I was not finished with my instruction, however. I had two months more at the school learning the arts of observation and of bomb-dropping. During that time I did a little practical work in bringing machines back from the front to the school; and once I flew with another aviator above the battle of Verdun. This was my first experience of flying under fire. There was a big artillery attack on the Mort Homme that day, and I had a chance to see a battle from above. The Mort-Homme position looked to me more like a boiling kettle than anything else I can think of; and over it all hung a yellow mist. Several shrapnel shells burst near us. At nine or ten thousand feet in the air one is almost deaf with air pressure, and the sharp crack of exploding shrapnel came to us only as a kind of a dull "whung." The whistling of the shells, which sounds so loud when you hear it from the ground, was scarcely audible to us at all. At those heights it is almost impossible to hear the loudest conversation. When it is necessary for you to have a talk with your observer, you close your nostrils by pinching your nose and blow out your ears with one sharp blast of breath. After that you can hear quite plainly for a minute or two; then the internal pressure gets you again. Incidentally, you are always stone deaf for a few minutes after landing.

Under the present French system aviators and observers are trained together in observation work. During most of my study my partner was a young man just promoted from the ranks of the artillery. You go up together, and the instructors on the ground below burst bombs of a certain kind made to imitate the action of shells. You are obliged to guess their distance from a given object, until you develop the faculty of reading distances. You are trained also in map making and in photography. In real observation work the observer does all this. The pilot merely flies and occasionally fights his machine. But it is thought best for the pilot to have the same technique as the observer in case anything should happen to the latter. Then again, if the observer and pilot are on good terms the pilot can occasionally help with observations and advice.

Lessons in Aërial Gunnery

We were taught aërial gunnery. Besides the machine gun, the pilot and the observer of a reconnaissance machine usually carry rapid-fire rifles. Some of us, however, prefer pistols; and I myself, having learned the art of pistol shooting in the West, intend to trust to an old-fashioned forty-five.

Our method of learning bomb-dropping is peculiar. We have a machine with full bomb-dropping apparatus rigged on stilts perhaps forty or fifty feet high. At the foot of the apparatus there is a false landscape—a regular piece of painted theatrical scenery rigged on rollers so that it can be revolved to imitate the passage of the earth under your machine. We drop property bombs on this as on a target, and there is a system for marking hits.

We also received thorough classroom instruction in the trajectory of shells. It is necessary in observing to keep away from the artillery fire of both sides; for occasionally, at the immense range and high trajectory of modern gunnery, you may find yourself in the track of shells meant not for you, but for the troops on the ground. The little seventy-five guns at long ranges have a trajectory that describes a parabola. The very heavy shells, like those of the famous German Big Bertha guns, rise to a point almost over their target and then drop suddenly. It is necessary to know this and a hundred other peculiarities of artillery fire. If you should happen to be in the track of one of these great shells it would simply annihilate you and your machine. An aviator I know had his foot taken off by a shell. He managed to come down before he had bled too much to recover; and he is alive to-day. It was calculated at the time that this did not happen from anti-aircraft fire. He simply got into the path of a 77 or 75 caliber shell—probably one of our own.

I shall have my first experience with real reconnaissance work next week, so that anything I have to say on that subject necessarily comes second-hand; but I have heard a great deal of it in the past six months. When you go to mark for batteries your instructions are to stick it out for a certain time unless the object of your battery is accomplished, when you may return. You are not there to fight unless attacked. If the attack comes, it will be from one of the little, fast *appareils de chasse*, like the Fokkers, which are better fighting machines owing to their speed and mobility. Usually when your side expects such an attack they send out one of your own *appareils de chasse* to do your fighting for you. If you have no escort it is, nevertheless, your business to stay and fight or drop, because you are there to make the fire of your battery effective.

Duties of Observers

The observer has a wireless telegraph apparatus without receiving machinery. He flashes the results of the firing by code signals—"one hundred yards to the right, fifty yards to the left"—and your battery has a system of signals to let him know that the message is understood.

It is a curious fact that in the early days of the war many artillery officers refused to follow the directions of the aërial observers. A colonel of artillery who has been shooting big guns all his life is often disposed to think that a young observation officer and a mere aviator do not know enough about their business to tell where the shells are falling. So orders were given that the artillery must be absolutely under the direction of the observer, and that in case the battery persistently refused to follow signals the pilot had the right to come down and report the fact at headquarters. That stopped the trouble.

When you are doing artillery observation work you must stay and die if necessary; but it is another matter with reconnaissance or photographic work. Here the main thing is to get back with the information. If, therefore, you are attacked and you see no chance of bringing down the enemy, it is your business to run. There are a number of ways for a Farman biplane to escape the little *appareils de chasse*. Though they are much faster, they have developed speed at the expense of height. They cannot go much above nine or ten thousand feet, whereas you can go nearly twenty thousand in case of necessity. If you are coming back with data and you see an *appareil de chasse* approaching, you turn up your nose and rise as fast as you can. Then you can often take refuge in a near-by cloud. This, by the way, may be ticklish business. There is always a sharp belt of low temperature at the edge of a cloud. It may produce air holes; and always as you approach a cloud the machine bucks like a bronco.

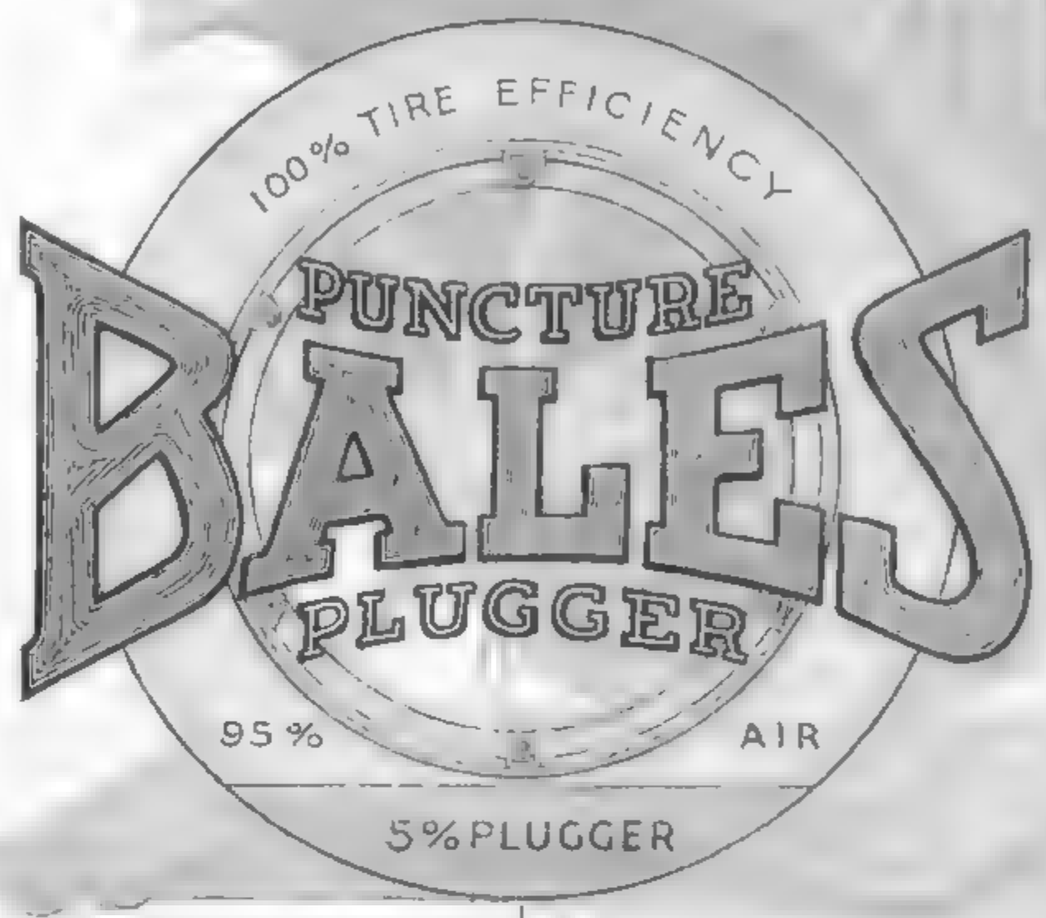
There are two varieties of anti-aircraft guns, the mitrailleuse, or machine gun, which takes care of you at low heights, and the regular anti-aircraft cannon, usually of 77 or 75 caliber, which shoot shrapnel and begin their work when you are at an altitude of about four or five thousand feet—the point where the mitrailleuse grows ineffective. It is a question among military aviators whether they would rather face machine-gun fire or anti-aircraft cannon fire. I know at least one commander of an aviation section who always sends his machine over the line at an altitude of about four or five thousand feet, because he believes that there is less danger from the mitrailleuse than from shells. Others differ with him. As a matter of fact, machines seldom come back from a reconnaissance

(Continued on Page 53)

The Final Achievement of Tire Safety

This Wonderful Discovery Means All Puncture Troubles Are Eliminated.

At last you can drive your car without fear of punctures. Bales Puncture Plugger is a long-time tested treatment which constantly circulates a charge of plastic, compound rubber against the inner walls of your tires. It quickly, positively and unfailingly plugs every puncture. It is not a "filler"—it does not harden or dry up. It has been tested and found practical in thousands of miles of service in all parts of the country.



Bales Puncture Plugger

Should Cut Tire Expenses in Half

Any good standard tire should run at least 12,000 to 15,000 miles. Manufacturers guarantee only 3,500 to 5,000 miles. Why? Simply because almost all tires are run some of the time partly deflated. This means broken fabric, rim cuts and blow-outs. You rarely *wear out* a casing. You often *blow out* one. Bales Puncture Plugger makes the tube *air-tight* and keeps the air pressure up to standard. We have shown over 19,000 miles on ordinary casings.

Moderate in Cost

An entire set of tires can be treated in two hours' time by any dealer or garage.

The prices for guaranteed treatment are:

3 to 3½ in. tires, $3.00 each; $12.00 set
4 to 4½ in. tires, $3.75 each; $15.00 set
5 to 5½ in. tires, $4.50 each; $18.00 set

Is Absolutely Guaranteed

We absolutely guarantee to replace your entire set of casings and tubes if Bales Puncture Plugger injures them in any way.

And we will refund your money if the treatment does not do everything we claim for it.

Read the Guarantee!

Could any evidence be stronger?

Not a "Filler"

Edgar L. Bales, a chemist, discovered the formula in a search for compound rubber. It is not a "tire filler" but a plastic preparation introduced into the tire and occupying but 5 per cent. of the entire air space. Bales Puncture Plugger has been on the market for two and a half years and has made good under all conditions of weather and service.

Read This Iron-clad GUARANTEE

For a consideration hereby acknowledged we, the undersigned, by this indenture, make the following guarantee, under penalty stated below, that—

Bales Puncture Plugger

Will not injure inner tubes or casings nor interfere with the resiliency of tires.

Will not harden, gum, dry up or deteriorate with use or be affected by heat or cold.

Will not stick inner tube to casing

Will stop any kind of puncture in a pneumatic tire, from the smallest to the size of a twenty-penny spike.

That where we are shown that the use of Bales Puncture Plugger has resulted injuriously to the tire or tube, to replace said tire or tube, and also refund money paid for Plugger.

Bales Distributing Co.
Indianapolis, Indiana

Distributors and Dealers: Master distributors have been selected covering practically the entire country. There are four master distributor territories still open. There are a considerable number of towns and counties in the various territories open. There are unlimited opportunities for retailers. Your inquiries will be properly handled for quick action. Write or wire today.

The Bales Distributing Company

INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA

USE THIS COUPON

Bales Distributing Co.
Indianapolis, Indiana

Please send details on BALES PUNCTURE PLUGGER and your proposition for

☐ CAR OWNERS
☐ DEALERS AND GARAGES
☐ DISTRIBUTORS AND JOBBERS
(Check proposition you are interested in)

26 Extra Features
73 Conceptions

Mitchell
MID-YEAR MODEL

$1325 f. o. b. Racine
127-in. Wheelbase

Why Cars Go Wrong

The Hundred Problems John W. Bate Has Solved

Factory economies, in Mr. Bate's opinion, form but one item in efficiency.

This wonderful plant which he built and equipped has cut our factory costs 50 per cent. It enables the value you find in the Mitchell. It pays for the 26 extra features most of which other cars omit.

But Mr. Bate's pride is the car itself. He has perfected it part by part. He has solved all the problems of weakness and trouble. The Mid-Year Mitchell—Mr. Bate's 17th model—is the result of 700 improvements.

Some Major Results

You will find in the Mitchell a car almost without castings. A car in which 440 parts are either drop-forged or steel-stamped.

A car in which no important part has less than 50 per cent margin of safety. A car with oversize parts—with a wealth of Chrome-Vanadium steel. Yet, with a 127-inch wheelbase, it weighs under 3000 pounds.

It has 52-inch cantilever springs, designed by Mr. Bate. In the 18 months since we have used them not one of those springs has broken.

Six of these cars have averaged 164,372 miles each, or over 30 years of ordinary service.

That's another side of efficiency.

Countless Inspections

Most of the troubles with motor cars come through oversights, errors and flaws. Materials are faulty, men get careless, mistakes slip through.

Mr. Bate has avoided these things in the Mitchell. He insures you a perfect car.

Mitchell materials are analyzed. None are used which fall short of our standards. Mitchell workmen are trained to one operation. And each becomes an expert.

Mitchell parts are inspected. Important parts are tested. No flaw or error can get past these hundreds of watchful eyes.

The engine is tested, the chassis is tested. Then, on our own speedway, completed cars are tried out. Thus every detail is certified perfect before a car goes out.

Outer Efficiency

But buyers today want more than finely-built cars. They want beauty and luxury. They want every convenience.

Mr. Bate insists on a 22-coat finish, on 10-inch cushion springs, on French-finished leather upholstery.

He includes a power tire pump, an easy control, a ball-bearing steering-gear. To secure fuel economy he uses a costly carburetor. He puts an engine primer at the driver's hand, a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment for valuables. There are 26 such extra features in this Mid-Year Mitchell.

And he insists on up-to-dateness. This is our second model for 1916. It is made to include—in a single car—all the best attractions found in 257 this-year models. It brings out 73 new touches.

$1325 F. o. b. Racine
For 5-Passenger Touring Car or 3-Passenger Roadster
7-Passenger Touring Body $35 Extra

High-speed economical Six—48 horsepower—127-inch wheelbase. Complete equipment including 26 extra features.

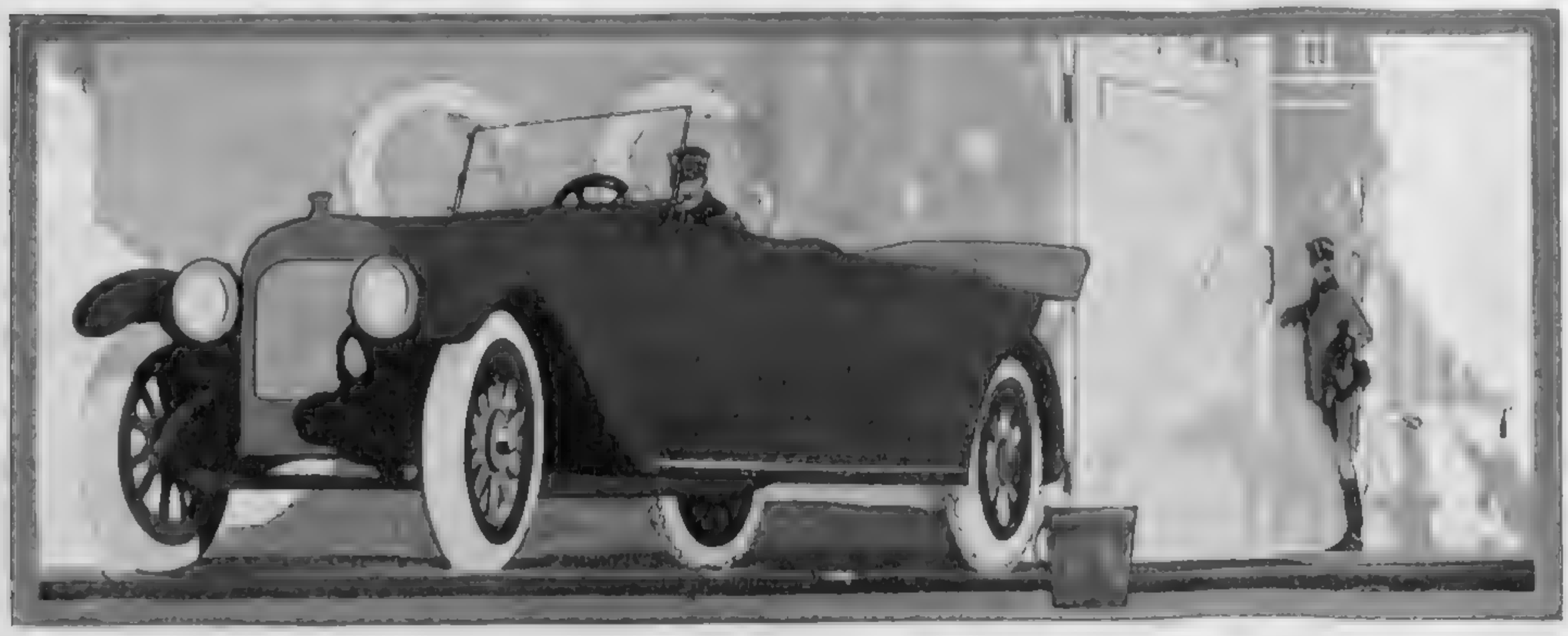
His Work is Done

John W. Bate has spent 13 years in attaining what you see in the Mitchell. But never before have we announced what he was doing. We waited until his work was done.

In the Mid-Year Mitchell you see the final result. And every man who knows will applaud and inspect it. Even a glance will show you its distinction among cars.

We urge you to see it, as a finished example of what efficiency means in car building.

MITCHELL-LEWIS MOTOR CO.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



(Continued from Page 50)

or from artillery-observation work without a few holes in their wings, and I have seen machines brought back to the school for repairs which seemed literally peppered, and still came down intact with the aviator and observer uninjured. Shells bursting above you are generally less dangerous than those bursting just below. The shock drives you toward the earth's center of gravity and eases off the blow. A baseball player knows that he lessens the force of shock from a pitched ball if he draws his hands toward him at the moment of impact. It is the same thing here. However, shrapnel often throws downward; and a shell bursting above you may strike you or some vital part of your machine.

On the days when there is what the French call a low ceiling of clouds artillery-observation work is almost impossible. That is the time set apart for certain shifts of position and for other tricks of the air service which I had best not describe here.

In thinking the matter over this week, when my real service is about to begin, I have wondered if I haven't gone past the most dangerous part of my service with the French Flying Corps. It is a fact that two or three men are killed by fool mistakes to one who is killed by the enemy. In the nature of things one makes most of his mistakes in the early days of his instruction. So far I have done nothing foolish, but I am trying not to be proud of it. Part of my immunity is due, I suppose, to the fact that I had driven racing automobiles before I entered the Flying Corps and have, therefore, the instinct for the action of an engine. However, there are certain perils of the air, quite apart from the fire of the enemy's guns and the attacks of his *appareils de chasse*, which no aviator can entirely avoid.

I have heard it said that a sailor fears only fog, fire and a lee shore. The same rule applies to the navigation of the air. Take fog, for example. As I have explained before, the most ticklish operation in flying is landing. Now in a dense fog you must land almost by chance. You cannot see the ground until it is too late for your sight to be of any use. Your altimeter is supposed to register your height above ground. However, no altimeter has yet been made delicate enough to register exactly. Moreover, it is always fifteen or twenty yards behind your real height or depth. Yet the only thing you can do is to trust to your altimeter, deducting fifteen or twenty yards to allow for this peculiarity. That is not all. The altimeter "begins at the ground"; it registers your height above the altitude from which you started. Now since all ground is more or less irregular, you may be coming down on a point a hundred feet or so lower than that from which you started, or, worst of all, a hundred feet higher. Then, of course, you may strike bad ground—houses or shrubbery or fences. In night flying you do not have this difficulty, because they light flares to guide you and to show you the ground.

A Close Call

Trees are a danger at any time, whether it is a case of fog or of your engine stopping. You can often pick bare spaces in a town, but not in a forest. If you see that you have to come down in a wood there is only one thing to do: Stop volplaning and just drop. For if you drive into a tree head on, it is all off with you and your machine—you haven't one chance in a thousand. But if you drop straight down there is a chance that the machine will break its fall by catching on the branches of a tree, and that you yourself may be able to grab a branch or may fall on top of the engine.

My closest call happened when I was bringing a machine back from the front and the engine stopped over a forest. It was a big Farman biplane, made to carry two passengers and some paraphernalia; however, I was flying in it alone and without baggage, so that it wanted to climb all the time. I was nearly exhausted with pushing forward on the levers to keep down its nose. Perhaps that is the reason why my engine stopped on me; I must have been too brutal with the machine. There was a bank of clouds above me, and I wanted to see where I was going. For that reason I had been flying very low.

There was nothing to do but volplane down and take my chances that I could reach the open field beyond the forest. I gave the machine all the height I dared without risking *perte de vitesse*. By the time I saw clear ground ahead I felt that I was shaving the tops of the trees.

Just as I was getting ready to congratulate myself I realized that my fix was tighter than ever. The wind was behind me and, as I have explained, you must always land facing the wind or else you are due for a smash-up. And right in front of me, across the open field, was a close line of poplar trees bordering a canal. I couldn't clear them. It was necessary for me to turn within that line of trees; and it was the shortest turn I have ever made. I took every chance of going off on the wing and falling sidewise under my engine. On one beam I seemed just to graze the poplars and on the other I could feel the machine beginning to slide. I probably had no more than six feet of leeway. But I brought her to the ground undamaged, crawled out, found what was wrong with the engine, started up, and finished the flight.

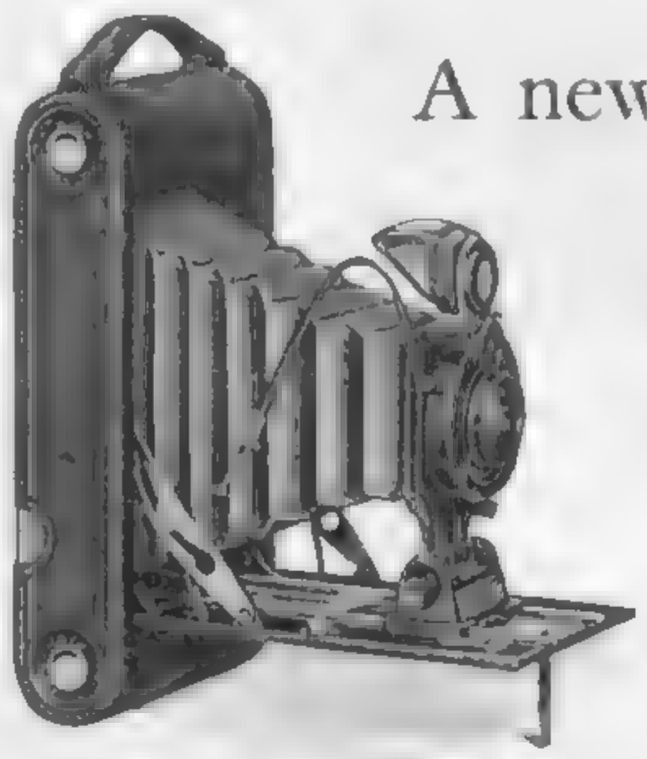
Such emergencies as this furnish the reason for the thorough drill in machinery and engines which they give you in the school before they ever let you go up. In the aëroplane bases they have mechanics to care for your machinery, but at such times you must be your own mechanic, especially when the accident happens in enemy territory.

The Perils of the Air

The danger from fire has never been eliminated, although it is not so great as it was before aëroplane engines reached the present standard of excellence. The trouble lies in the propeller. It is moving faster than anything made by man ever moved before. The slightest obstacle will break it. And if it breaks sharp off, the powerful intake of those air-cooled motors is sure to suck the flame into the carburetor, when the whole machine goes up in fire like a tin of gasoline. Of course the aviator stands no show at all. We are instructed from the first to leave nothing loose about the machine or about our clothing. Many a man has been killed because his cap blew off, caught in the propeller and broke it. It is even dangerous to leave a loose tool, such as a monkey wrench, in the chassis. If it happens to shake out backward, the powerful wind engendered by your high speed may carry it, heavy as it is, into the propeller. So fast and powerful is the motion of the propeller that I have seen machines come out of a hailstorm with the blades all split and splintered through striking the hailstones. There have been many experiments with fireproof machines, but none has succeeded as yet. Fireproofing always makes the machine too heavy and cumbersome. The trouble is that, except for aluminum, the lightest materials are also the most inflammable.

The principle of the lee shore I have partially explained already. You must land facing the wind. That is the first principle knocked into you in the schools. When flying low, an aviator dislikes to skirt any obstacle like a tree or a building on its windward—and his leeward—side; for if he is steering by compass or even by sense of direction, he is very likely to fool himself and edge over with the wind toward the obstacle. The French call this traveling *en crabe*. A course set by the compass, when you have a wind on the beam, is not a straight course at all. The wind is always sidling you away from your theoretical direction—driving you northeast-by-north when you think you are pointing due north.

This accounts for collisions in the air—an accident that happens sometimes even to experienced aviators and that is not uncommon in the schools. On my first day of instruction I saw one man killed and another crippled for life by such a collision, and it nearly took my nerve. They had started at the same time on what they thought were parallel courses. One of them made allowance for the wind and drove straight. The other did not. His machine began sliding over *en crabe* until they came near each other—and suction did the rest. As everyone probably knows, that principle of suction accounts for a great many marine disasters. Two ships run close to each other and suction brings them together. It is the same with aëroplanes, only that in the nature of things the suction is a hundred times more powerful. When I hear those stories about aëroplanes attacking each other within forty yards, I always cross my fingers. Two machines approaching each other at that distance would come together and smash. The men who run the *appareils de chasse* understand that better



A new Kodak in a new size

Pictures 2⅞ x 4⅞

The 2C Autographic Jr.

Just as surely as the 3A (post card size) picture displaced the 4 x 5, this 2C will displace the 3¼ x 4¼. The elongated shape, used horizontally, is better for landscapes—it doesn't waste film on sky and foreground. It is better for portraits when used vertically, for it gives the high, narrow picture. It *gives more picture for the area* than is usually possible in a square—and the shape of the picture is far more pleasing.

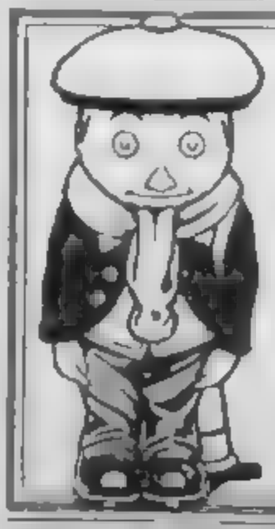
And this elongated shape in the picture makes possible a slim, thin, easily pocketed camera. The 2C Autographic Kodak Junior has a capacity of ten exposures without reloading; it has the Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with cable release, working at speeds of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second, and of course the usual "bulb" and time actions. The camera has brilliant, reversible finder, two tripod sockets, black leather bellows, is covered with fine grain leather, is well made and beautifully finished. It is furnished with a choice of lens equipment as listed below.

THE PRICE.

No. 2C Autographic Kodak Jr., meniscus achromatic lens,	$12.00
Ditto, with Rapid Rectilinear lens,	14.00
Ditto, with Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f.* 7.7,	19.00

All Dealers'.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



You'll like
DUNLOP
GOLF BALLS

ABE MITCHELL drove a Dunlop 30 yards at Henley. At the American Open [illegible] with a Dunlop No. 29.

From any golf professional buy Dunlops No. 29 or No. 31.

They'll improve your game remarkably.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., *Birmingham, England*

FOR ACUTE ACHES OF THE FEET

Sprinkle one or two Allen's Foot-Ease powders in the Foot Bath and soak and rub the feet. It takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions and smarting, aching feet. Then for lasting comfort, shake Allen's Foot Ease into your shoes. It takes the friction from the shoe, rests the feet and makes walking a delight. Do not go on your summer vacation without a package of Allen's Foot Ease. All dealers sell it, 25c. Sample package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

DISTANCE is no hindrance to saving money by mail at 4% interest with this large safe bank which has been conducting a conservative savings bank business for 48 years. No matter where you live—send today for a copy of our interesting booklet "M".

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
55 MILLION DOLLARS.

DELCO
ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION
It is Good to be the Owner of a Delco Equipped Car
Five years ago the Delco System was the pioneer in the electric cranking field.
Today four hundred and fifty thousand owners of Delco equipped cars are the living proof of Delco quality.
Five years of continuous service under all sorts of operating conditions have thoroughly established Delco leadership.
And contracts for the coming year aggregating equipment for almost four hundred thousand more cars are a fitting endorsement by both manufacturer and owner of the unfailing efficiency of the Delco System.
The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Co.
Dayton, Ohio

A dollar start in a savings bank account,
A two dollar start in a good investment,
A membership ticket in the Y. M. C. A.,
A subscription to a boys' magazine,
A fine pocket knife—

these are some of the things that boys who sell our publications receive besides their cash commissions and valuable merchandise prizes.

Best of all, while still in school they receive a thorough business training that will be invaluable in their later life.

INTERESTED? Write us, telling whether your interest is general or centered in some one boy. In either case, you'll find our booklet, "Schooling for Vocation," an absorbing document.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOX 520, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

$100 EARNED BY YOUNG ARTIST IN 2 DAYS
High Authorities Endorse This Great Course
Easy To Learn—Easy To Apply
FEDERAL SCHOOL OF COMMERCIAL DESIGNING, INC.
30 Warner Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

than I do. In maneuvering to attack they try never to approach nearer than a hundred yards.

There are a few other dangers which one would never think about until they were pointed out by experienced aviators. We are taught to fight shy of our own *saucisses*, or military balloons. There is always a line of such balloons just back of the front. They are anchored by means of cables, which are invisible to an aviator approaching through the air. To collide with one of them means a fatal smash. However, we take advantage of one of their peculiarities. The cable always bulges to leeward, and in a good wind it bulges far. When we have to fly near a military balloon we always keep to windward. Another danger of the same kind comes from the set of wire cables that surround a wireless plant. Here you cannot count on the bulge caused by the wind, and the only thing to do is to keep away.

If I survive my work with the reconnaissance machine I hope to be promoted to an *appareil de chasse*. That is the ambition of all of us. The *chasseur* is the aristocrat of the air. Thaw, Cowdin, Prince, Rockwell, Hall, and the other American aviators of whom we have rightly heard so much, all operate *appareils de chasse* and go hunting Germans in the air. In case I am promoted I shall have to go through a month or more of instruction in getting acquainted with the Nieuport machine, in aërial gunnery, in acrobatics, in attacking captive balloons and the like. Operating these fast and agile little machines is almost an art by itself. What keeps them up in the air is not so much their wing-spread as their tremendous speed. Owing to this fact, you can do all kind of things with them which you cannot do with our bigger and wider-spreading Farmans. You can loop the loop in a Farman, but you always take a risk of breaking your wings. Their spread is so great that they catch in the air. With a Nieuport it is scarcely more dangerous than any other maneuver.

One great practical trouble with a Nieuport, however, arises from that small wing area. If your engine stops when you are flying a Farman, you can volplane down to a point equal in horizontal distance to fourteen times your height. On account of its small wing-spread, a Nieuport cannot volplane to a distance of more than two or three times its height. So if a reconnaissance machine has engine trouble at a point over the enemy's trenches, the aviator can usually get back. The Nieuport, however, stands a relatively small chance. Volplaning down in one of these machines is like dropping. On account of this peculiarity, it takes much more skill to land an *appareil de chasse* than to land a reconnaissance or bombarding machine.

The Men in the Flying Corps

The theory of French army organization, as regards aviators, is peculiar but sensible. In the first place, we are all volunteers. It is true that the mobilized French among us make a choice between the aviation corps and the trenches. They can resign from the corps at any time, but they have to return to their regiments. On the other hand, we include a great number of Frenchmen who have received wounds which disqualify them from trench fighting and who, wanting to do something more for France, have volunteered for the air service. I know one man, for example, whose digestive apparatus was knocked out by a machine gun bullet. The army doctors ruled that he could not go back to the trenches because he could not live on army food; so they "reformed" him. But under the conditions wherein the flying corps lives he can get special food; and so he is flying. Most of us Americans can quit at any time.

The French army understands that flying calls for the most intense kind of concentrated effort, mental and physical. They try to absolve us from all work except that of running our machines and seeing that they are well cared for. Also they give us the greatest liberty consistent with army discipline, good quarters and special food. The French army is democratic, but the Flying Corps is the most democratic of all. It is hard to see any distinction between men and officers, except, of course, that the officers are in absolute command on the field. I am only a corporal, but about the school I have been dining two or three times every week with a set of Flying Corps officers who happen to be my friends. My old football trainer in college used to say that his principle was to wrap the men in cotton wool when they were off the field and drive them like the dickens when they were on the field. The French hold the same theory about aviation, and I believe they are right. No one who has not tried it knows the immense mental and physical strain of flying. After two hours in the air I am more exhausted than I used to be after a hard football match. Most of us sleep ten hours a night.

While the matter of personal habits is left to our own judgment, we are all very careful about drinking, smoking and even overeating. You need all the mental and physical force you have. The French, as everyone knows, drink wine as we drink tea and coffee. Yet I have noticed that the French aviators, when they are at work on the line, merely color their water with wine. Most Frenchmen smoke cigarettes in moderation. Some of our French aviators have stopped smoking entirely. The rest say that to abandon a lifelong habit of that kind would probably be bad for their nerves, but they are all careful about it.

The Best Flying Material

The human material of the aviation corps may be divided into three classes: First are men who were professional aviators or mechanics in aviation works and hangars before the war. Those of the second class were professional mechanics of some other kind, and were accepted for the aviation corps at the beginning of the war because it was felt that their knowledge of machinery would help them learn to fly. The third class is composed of those who would be called "gentlemen" in the English sense. They are men of leisure, usually sportsmen, who went into it because they preferred this greatest sport of all to plugging along in the trenches. The number of volunteers is always greater than the number of men needed for the corps. The consequence is that the *monitieurs* are very strict in weeding us out. They will forgive one or two bad mistakes in the schools if they think that the pupil has the makings of a flier, but let a man perpetrate a bonehead play at the front, and he goes immediately back to his regiment or to civil life. It often happens that men who have barely passed their brevets in the schools turn out to be star fliers when they get to the front. On the other hand, the star pupils of the schools are sometimes back to their regiments within a week after they try it over the line.

The best aviators are usually men of about twenty-five or thirty. Navarre is in his early twenties. Gunemeyer is just twenty. Boileau is about thirty. Our American aviators with the French army average about twenty-five.

We heard the other day at the flying school that the United States had increased its appropriation for military aviation by one half; and we laughed. I wonder if any Congressman knows how much it costs in damaged aëroplanes just to teach the art of flying to a small corps of aviators! I have lately seen figures which show that every aviator trained for the line costs the French Government about five thousand dollars. The biggest item in this account is smashed machines. I have been told that all the aëroplanes that went to the Mexican border are now out of repair and useless. I imagine that the American Flying Corps has overworked its machines and that the niggardly policy of the Government has made it impossible for the Flying Corps to take good care of them. I am told by an American army officer that our aviators must clean and repair their own machines. In the French Flying Corps each pilot is supposed to have two mechanics for that job.

That is all for now. To-morrow I start for the front. I have had a week's *permission* to get my kit—such items as paper mittens and socks to protect me from the intense cold of the upper air, rubber gloves to keep me from getting shocks when I fly through thunder storms, and a dozen other little necessary articles which one would never think about until he learned flying. Day after to-morrow the captain of the section will call me before dawn and give me my job for the day. The rest of the aviation camp will wake up and sing Chopin's Funeral March. They always do that when a new aviator starts on his first fighting trip. They have developed an utter indifference to death, these French, so that when they mention it at all they make it a joke.

$350 and-a FORD makes a guaranteed One Ton Truck

Now Used By Thousands of Big Concerns All Over the Country

Unprecedented sales place Smith Form-a-Truck in every line of business using delivery

The sales success of Smith Form-a-Truck is the most remarkable in the history of the motor truck industry. 40% of the total planned truck production for the United States this year will be Smith Form-a-Trucks. Records of service, established by users in all lines of business, have been so remarkable we are continuously flooded with orders from new customers. We are ready to show any manufacturer—any line of business—any individual user of the Smith Form-a-Truck—real service achievements in his own line of work.

With the second largest exclusive dealer representation, we afford wonderfully satisfactory facilities for immediate delivery of any order from one to a fleet of Smith Form-a-Trucks.

We are also prepared to help you save time and money in the matter of selecting any type of body you may require.

Practically every standard type of body used on motor trucks—and a great many special types of body especially built for the Smith Form-a-Truck are now in daily service.

Grocers—Butchers—Provision Dealers—Bakers—Save Money in Delivery

DURING AUGUST WE ARE DEVOTING SPECIAL ATTENtion to the requirements of grocers, butchers, provision dealers, bakers. The money saving that the Smith Form-a-Truck can make in your delivery service is tremendous. 4 cents a ton mile is average hauling cost.

FIGURE UP THE AVERAGE AMOUNT DELIVERED TO each one of your customers each day. Place it at 20 pounds—and this is a high figure. You can serve 100 customers within a delivery distance of one mile for a total cost of four cents, exclusive of the wages paid to driver—50 customers within a two-mile delivery distance for the same amount of money.

NO OTHER FORM OF DELIVERY THAT YOU CAN USE gives you such a low cost. The Smith Form-a-Truck has completely upset previous standards of economy in moving goods. These figures are obtained from actual service records of Smith Form-a-Trucks now in use all over the country.

AND IN ADDITION TO THIS LOW COST OF HAULING, one Smith Form-a-Truck will do the work of from 3 to 4 teams, cutting down the investment in delivery vehicles and in wages paid to drivers.

LIGHT WEIGHT, STRONGLY BUILT, THE SMITH FORM-a-Truck attachment is practically everlasting. The original investment is only $350 and the price of a Ford chassis. It takes only a few hours to install the Smith Form-a-Truck attachment to the Ford chassis and two men can do the work.

USING SMITH FORM-A-TRUCKS, YOU CAN DELIVER goods at an average speed of 12 to 15 miles per hour; an average gasoline consumption of 12 to 18 miles an hour and with tire service running from six to eight thousand miles per set of tires.

MOTOR DELIVERY IS BECOMING A NECESSITY TO THE properly equipped aggressive dealer in groceries, meats, provisions or bakery goods.

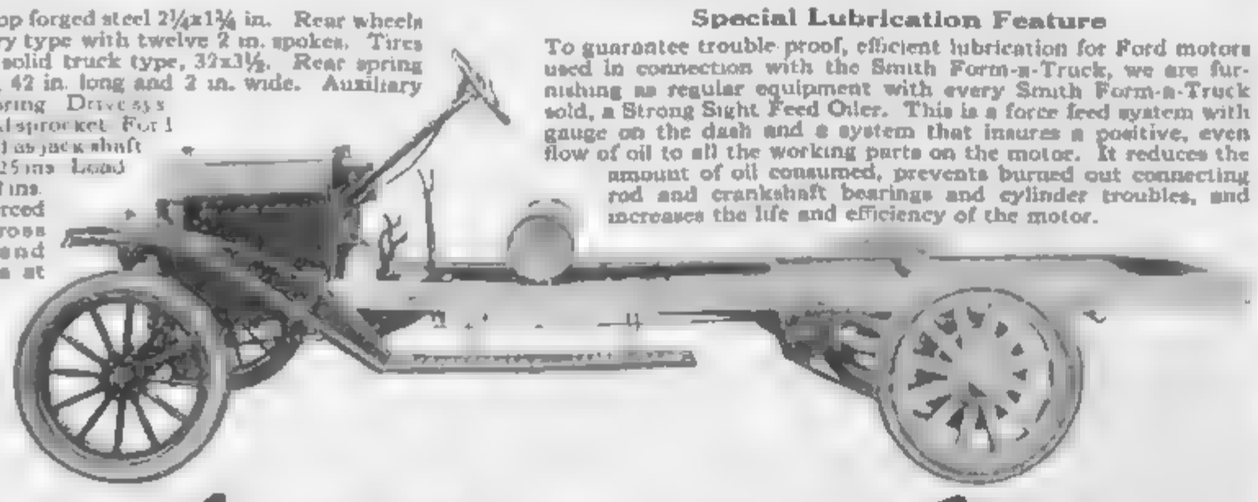
CUSTOMERS DEMAND FREQUENT DELIVERY, AND THE opportunity for meeting competition is much greater when you have the most modern, most reliable form of delivery service that you can get. Your profits are greater when you conduct your delivery with the greatest economy. Smith Form-a-Truck will give you delivery service that will be a constant builder of increased business, through satisfactory service, quality appearance, and economy of operation.

WE HAVE MADE SPECIAL ANALYSES OF YOUR PROB-lems. We know what your general requirements are. We can show you the best type of body for the work you have to do. These are facts you should have.

Sturdy, Durable Design Built for Quick, Economical Service

Smith Form-a-Truck construction is the highest type of engineering design, with only the best quality materials used and the best workmanship employed. It fits any Ford chassis, fitting over the frame throughout its entire length. The side members are steel 4-in. channel section, extra deep.

Rear axle drop forged steel 2¼x1⅝ in. Rear wheels wood artillery type with twelve 2 in. spokes. Tires—Firestone solid truck type, 32x3½. Rear spring semi-elliptic, 42 in. long and 2 in. wide. Auxiliary cross leaf spring. Drive system chain and sprocket. For 1 rear axle used as jack shaft. Wheelbase 125 ins. Loading space 108 ins. Frame reinforced by two cross members and gusset plates at rear.



Special Lubrication Feature

To guarantee trouble proof, efficient lubrication for Ford motors used in connection with the Smith Form-a-Truck, we are furnishing as regular equipment with every Smith Form-a-Truck sold, a Strong Sight Feed Oiler. This is a force feed system with gauge on the dash and a system that insures a positive, even flow of oil to all the working parts on the motor. It reduces the amount of oil consumed, prevents burned out connecting rod and crankshaft bearings and cylinder troubles, and increases the life and efficiency of the motor.

WARNING To Prospective Purchasers of Truck Attachments

Since the introduction of the Smith Form-a-Truck, numerous imitations and so-called "conversions" have been placed upon the market. We control the basic patent rights to the chain-driven truck attachment and are prosecuting vigorously any and all infringements.

THE SMITH FORM-A-TRUCK CO.

SMITH Form-a-Truck

Smith Form-a-Truck Co.

Executive Offices and Salesrooms, Suite 918 Smith Form-a-Truck Bldg.
1470 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Eastern Branch
1834 Broadway, New York

Pacific Coast Branch
Pico & Hill Streets, Los Angeles

Southern Branch
Fourth National Bank Bldg., Atlanta

CUT THIS OUT—MAIL TODAY

Smith Form-a-Truck Co. - S. E. P. 8-5
Suite 918 Smith Form-a-Truck Building
1470 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Kindly send me your booklet "It Solves Your Delivery Problems" and put before me the facts and figures proving that the Smith Form-a-Truck *gives the cheapest delivery cost in the world.*

Name

St. Address

City _____ *State* _____

Columbia Batteries

What Rings the Bells? COLUMBIAS!

From Chicago to China, and Maine to Malay—wherever doors *have* bells, COLUMBIA Batteries ring them! Columbias also buzz buzzers, run auto engines, motorboats and tractors; put light into lanterns; make telephones talk. For *every* battery use, choose COLUMBIA Batteries. There's 27 years of battery building knowledge behind them. Signed with the maker's name as a guarantee of long life *and uniformity*.

Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts save time. On Columbias exclusively. No extra charge.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbia Batteries are also made in Canada

PETE'S BOTHER-IN-LAW

(Continued from Page 5)

"Too small; I do little odd jobs—when big Injin kill soldier I skin um head."

I begged for further items, but Pete seemed to feel that he had been already verbose. He dismissed the historic action with a wise saying:

"Killing soldiers all right; but it don't settle nothing." He drew a triangle.

Indelicately then I pried into his spiritual life.

"You a Christian, Pete?"

"Injin-Christian," he amended—as one would say "Progressive-Republican."

"Believe in God?"

"Two." This was a guarded admission; I caught his side glance.

"Which ones?" I asked it cordially; and Pete smiled as one who detects a brother liberal in theology.

"Injin God; Christian God. Injin God go like this——" He brushed out his latest figure and drew a straight line a foot long. "And Christian God go so——" He drew a second straight line perpendicular to the first. I was made to see the line of his own God extending over the earth some fifty feet above its surface, while the line of the Christian God went straight and endlessly into the heavens. "Injin God stay close—Christian God go straight up. Whoosh!" He looked toward the zenith to indicate the vanishing line. "I think mebbe both O. K. You think both O. K?"

"Mebbe," I said.

Pete retraced the horizontal line of his own God and the perpendicular line of the other.

"Funny business," said he tolerantly.

"Funny business," I echoed. And then—the moment seeming ripe for intimate personal research: "Pete, how about that brother-in-law of yours? Is he a one-God Christian or a two-God, like you?"

He hurriedly brushed out his lines, flashed me one of his uneasy side glances, and seemed not to have heard my question. He sprang lightly from his heels, affected to scan a murky cloud-bank to the south, ignited his second cigarette from the first, and seemed relieved by the actual diversion of Laura, his present lawful consort, now plodding along the road just outside the fence.

Laura is ponderous and billowy, and her moonlike face of rusty bronze is lined to show that she, too, has gone down a little into the vale of years. She was swathed in many skirts, her shoulders enveloped by a neutral-tinted shawl, and upon her head was a modish toque of light straw, garlanded with pink roses. This may have been her hunt costume, for the carcasses of two slain rabbits swung jauntily from her girdle. She undulated by us, with no sign. Pete's glistening little eyes lingered in appraisal upon her noble rotundities and her dangling quarry. Then, with a graceful flourish of the new cigarette, he paid tribute to the ancient fair.

"That old mahala of mine, she not able to chew good now; but she's some swell chicken—b'lieve me!"

I persisted in the impertinence he had sought to turn.

"How about this brother-in-law of yours, Pete?"

Again he was deaf. He picked up his ax, appearing to weigh the resumption of his task against a reply to this straight question. He must have found the alternative too dreadful; he leaned upon the ax, thus winning something of the dignity of labor, with none of its pains, and grudgingly asked:

"Mebbe some liars tell you in conversation about that old bother-in-law?"

"Of course! Many nice people tell me every day. They tell me all about him. I rather hear you tell me. Is he a Christian?"

"He's one son-of-gun, pure and simple—that old feller. He caps the climax."

"Yes; I know all about that. He's a bad man. I hear everything about him. Now you tell me again. You can tell better than liars."

"One genuine son-of-gun!" persisted Pete, shrewdly keeping to general terms.

"Oh, very well!" I rose from the log I was sitting on, yawning my indifference. "I know everything he ever did. Other people tell me all the time."

I moved off a few steps under the watchful side glance. It worked. One of Pete's slim, womanish hands fluttered up in a movement of arrest.

"Those liars tell you about one time he shoot white man off horse going by?"

"Certainly!"

"That white man still have smallpox to give all Injins he travel to; so they go 'n' vote who kill him off quick, and my bother-in-law he win it."

I tried to look as if this were a bit of stale gossip.

"Then whites raise hell to say Pete he do same. What you know about that? My old bother-in-law send word he do same—twenty, fifty Injin witness tell he said so—and now he gon' hide far off. Dep'ty sheriff can't find him. That son-of-gun come back next year, raise big fight over one span mules with Injin named Walter that steal my mules out of pasture; and Walter not get well from it—so whites say yes, old Pete done that same killing scrape to have his mules again; plain as the nose on the face old Pete do same. But I catch plenty Injin witness see my bother-in-law do same, and I think they can't catch him another time once more, because they look in all places he ain't. I think plenty too much trouble he make all time for me—perform something not nice and get found out about it; and all people say, Oh, yes—that old Pete he's at tricks again; he better get sent to Walla Walla, learn some good trade in prison for eighteen years. That bother-in-law cap the climax! He know all good place to hide from dep'ty sheriff, so not be found when badly wanted—the son-of-gun!"

Pete's face now told that, despite the proper loathing inspired by his misdeeds, this brother-in-law compelled a certain horrid admiration for his gift of elusiveness.

"What's your brother-in-law's name?"

Pete deliberated gravely.

"In my opinion his name Edward; mebbe Sam, mebbe Charlie; I think more it's Albert."

"Well, what about that next time he broke out?"

"Whoosh! Damn no-good squaw man get all Injins drunk on whisky; then play poker with four aces. 'What you got? No good—four aces—hard luck—deal 'em up!'" Pete's flexible wrists here flashed in pantomime. "Pretty soon Injin got no mules, no blanket, no spring wagon, no gun, no new boots, no nine dollars my old mahala get paid for three bushel wild plums from Old Lady Pettengill to make canned goods of—only got one big sick head from all night; see four aces, four kings, four jacks. 'What you got, Pete? No good. Full house here. Hard luck—my deal. Have another drink, old top!'"

"Well, what did your brother-in-law do when he heard about this?"

"Something!"

"Shoot?"

"Naw; got no gun left. Choke him on the neck—I think this way."

The supple hands of Pete here clutched his corded throat, finger tips meeting at the back, and two potent thumbs uniting in a sinister pressure upon his Adam's apple. To further enlarge my understanding he contorted his face unprettily. From rolling eyes and outthrust tongue it was apparent that the squaw man had survived long enough to regret the inveteracy of his good luck at cards.

"Then what?"

"Man tell you before?" He eyed me with frank suspicion.

"Certainly; you tell too!"

"That bother-in-law he win everything back this poor squaw man don't need no more, and son-of-gun beat it quick; so all liars say old Pete turn that trick, but can't prove same, because my bother-in-law do same in solitude.

"And old judge say: 'Oh, well, can't prove same in courthouse, and only good squaw man is dead squaw man; so what-the-bad-place!' I think mebbe."

"Go on; what about that next time?"

"You know already," said Pete firmly.

"You tell too."

He pondered this, his keen little eyes searching my face as he pensively fondled the ax.

"You know about this time that son-of-gun go 'n' kill a bright lawyer in Red Gap? I think that cap the climax!"

"Certainly; I know!" This with bored impatience.

"I think, then, you tell me." His seamed face was radiant with cunning.

"What's the use? You know it already."

H.A.L. TWELVE

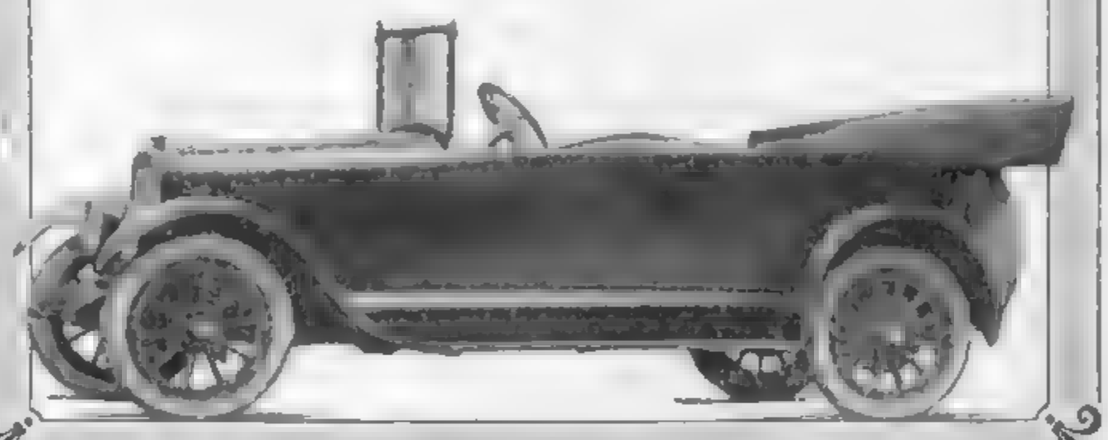
The H.A.L. Twelve

WE put into the "H. A. L. TWELVE" the best design, the best materials, the best workmanship, the best methods, the best engineering experience and practice, and the highest ideals that the motor car industry has developed.

To demonstrate the truth of this we ask you to examine carefully and critically each of the vital elements and features of the "H. A. L. TWELVE"—such as the motor, the transmission, the frame, the body design, the electric equipment, the clutch, the ignition and the general character and stamina of the car. You will find that each of them is the national standard and therefore the acknowledged best.

Twelve Cylinders, Seven Passenger Touring Car
Price $2100 f. o. b. Cleveland
Roadster, $2100 f. o. b. Cleveland
Wheelbase 135 inches

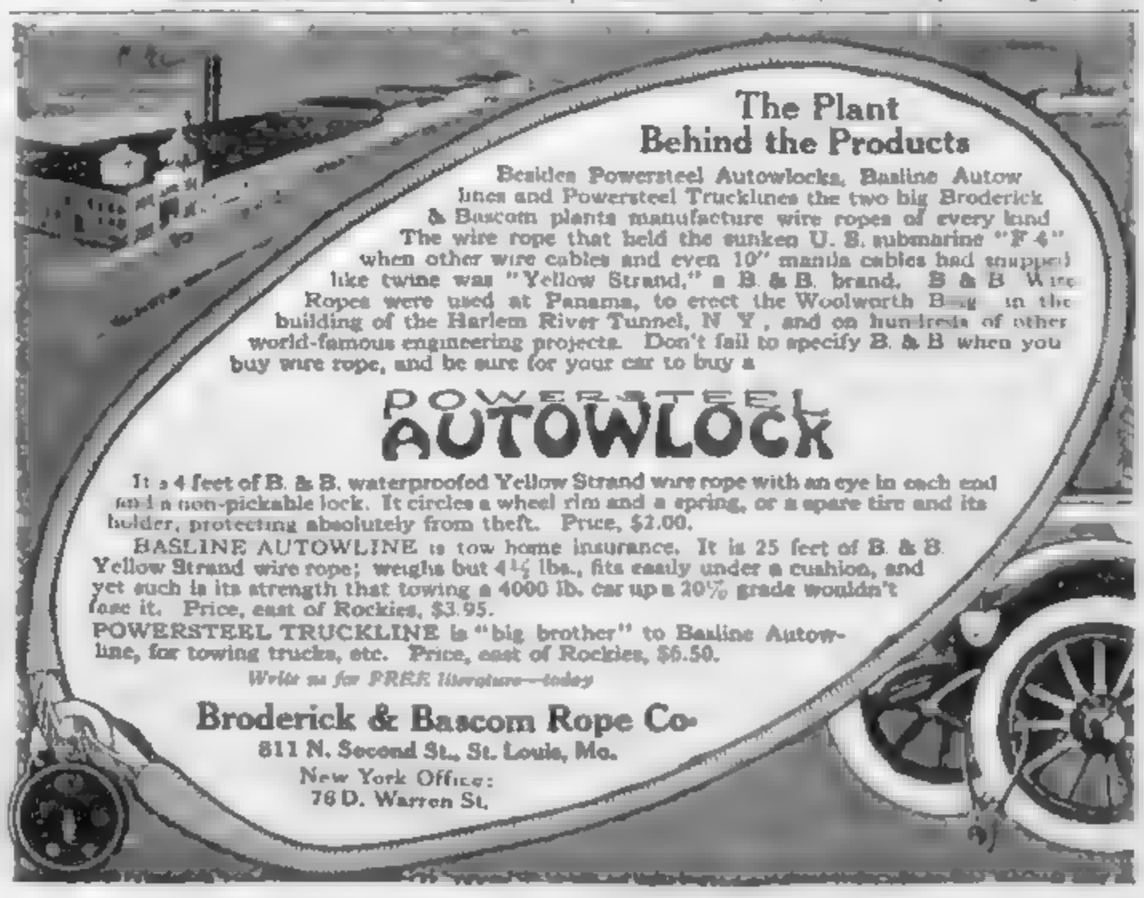
The H. A. Lozier Company
Cleveland, Ohio



Wheaton College for Women

Only small separate college for women in Massachusetts. 4 year course. A [illegible] for high school graduates. 17 buildings. 300 acres. Gymnasium. Catalog. [illegible] Pres. Norton, Massachusetts, 30 miles from Boston

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.


The Plant
Behind the Products
Besides Powersteel Autowlocks, Basline Autowlines and Powersteel Trucklines the two big Broderick & Bascom plants manufacture wire ropes of every kind. The wire rope that held the sunken U. S. submarine "F 4" when other wire cables and even 10" manila cables had snapped like twine was "Yellow Strand," a B. & B. brand. B & B Wire Ropes were used at Panama, to erect the Woolworth Bldg. in the building of the Harlem River Tunnel, N. Y., and on hundreds of other world-famous engineering projects. Don't fail to specify B. & B. when you buy wire rope, and be sure for your car to buy a
POWERSTEEL
AUTOWLOCK
It's 4 feet of B. & B. waterproofed Yellow Strand wire rope with an eye in each end and a non-pickable lock. It circles a wheel rim and a spring, or a spare tire and its holder, protecting absolutely from theft. Price, $2.00.
BASLINE AUTOWLINE is tow home insurance. It is 25 feet of B. & B. Yellow Strand wire rope; weighs but 4½ lbs., fits easily under a cushion, and yet such is its strength that towing a 4000 lb. car up a 20% grade wouldn't faze it. Price, east of Rockies, $3.95.
POWERSTEEL TRUCKLINE is "big brother" to Basline Autowline, for towing trucks, etc. Price, east of Rockies, $6.50.
Write us for FREE literature—today
Broderick & Bascom Rope Co.
811 N. Second St., St. Louis, Mo.
New York Office:
76 D. Warren St.

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

Its economy now is almost a proverb. Quietly the knowledge has spread, and thoroughly, into every nook and corner of the nation

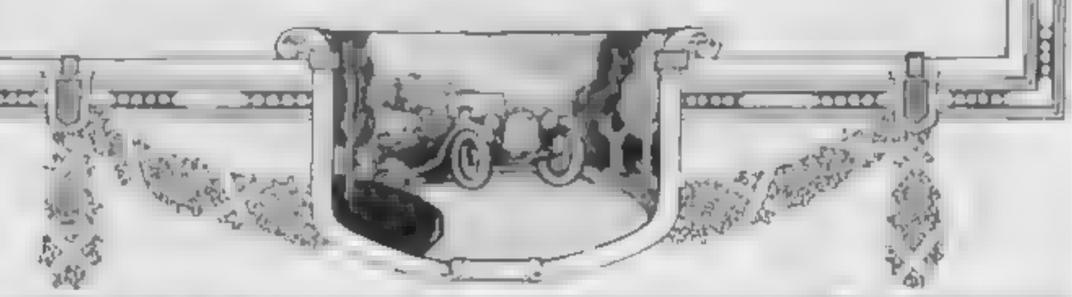
Even back in the rural communities you will hear identically the same thing said as in the busiest city.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)

Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



What's your job now?

The Curtis agent is never asked that question. His friends know that he has a business position and that it is a permanent one. They know that he is not at the mercy of conditions which may result in his discharge, yet which conditions he cannot change.

When you become a subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, you have a permanent business which can be depended upon from year to year. Your customers of this year will renew with you next year, and each succeeding year means increased earnings. You are an independent business man or woman.

We want men and women representatives in every part of the country to look after our subscription work. Between now and the first of the year alone there are over a million subscriptions to be renewed. We pay for this work in commission and salary.

If you have a position now and want to try the work experimentally at first, you can do so, devoting only your spare time to it until you have satisfied yourself as to its possibilities.

It will cost you only a two-cent stamp to find out all about the plan which has made thousands of others independent. You assume no obligation. Do it now.

Agency Division, Box 518

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

He countered swiftly:

"What's use I tell you—you know already."

I yawned again flagrantly.

"Now you tell in your own way how this trouble first begin," persisted Pete rather astonishingly. He seemed to quote from memory.

Once more I yawned, turning coldly away.

"You tell in your own words," he was again gently urging; but on the instant his ax began to rain blows upon the log at his feet.

Sounds of honest toil were once more to be heard in the wood lot; and, though I could not hear the other, I surmised that the sledge of Uncle Abner now rang merrily upon his anvil. Both he and Pete had doubtless noted at the same moment the approach of Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill, who was spurring her jaded roan up the long rise from the creek bottom.

III

MY STALWART hostess, entirely masculine to the eye from a little distance, strode up from the corral, waved a quirt at me in greeting, indicated by another gesture that she was dusty and tired, and vanished briskly within the ranch house. Half an hour later she joined me in the living room, where I had trifled with ancient magazines and stock journals on the big table. Laced boots, riding breeches and army shirt had gone for a polychrome and trailing tea gown, black satin slippers flashing rhinestone rosettes, and silk stockings of a sinful scarlet. She wore a lace boudoir cap, plenteously beribboned, and her sunburned nose had been lavishly powdered. She looked now merely like an indulged matron, whose most poignant worry would be a sick Pomeranian or overnight losses at bridge. She wished to know whether I would have tea with her. I would.

Tea consisted of bottled beer from the spring house, half a ham and a loaf of bread. It should be said that her behavior toward these dainties, when they had been assembled, made her seem much less the worn social leader. There was practically no talk for ten active minutes. A high-geared camera could have caught everything of value in the scene. It was only as I decanted a second bottle of beer for the woman that she seemed to regain consciousness of her surroundings. The spirit of her first attack upon the food had waned. She did fashion another sandwich of a rugged pattern, but there was a hint of the dilettante in her work.

And now she spoke. Her gaze upon the magazines of yesteryear massed at the lower end of the table, she declared they must all be scrapped, because they too painfully reminded her of a dentist's waiting room. She wondered if there mustn't be a law against a dentist having in his possession a magazine less than ten years old. She suspected as much.

"There I'll be sitting in Doc Martingale's office waiting for him to kill me by inches, and I pick up a magazine to get my mind off my fate and find I'm reading a timely article, with illustrations, about Cervera's fleet being bottled up in the Harbor of Santiago. I bet he's got Godey's Lady's Book for 1862 round there, if you looked for it."

Now a brief interlude for the ingestion of malt liquor, followed by a pained recital of certain complications of the morning.

"That darned one-horse post office down to Kuranche! What do you think? I wanted to send a postal card to the North American Cleaning and Dye Works, at Red Gap, for some stuff they been holding out on me a month, and that office didn't have a single card in stock—nothing but some of these fancy ones in a rack over on the grocery counter; horrible things with pictures of brides and grooms on 'em in colored costumes, with sickening smiles on their faces, and others with wedding bells ringing out or two doves swinging in a wreath of flowers—all of 'em having musny messages underneath; and me having to send this card to the North American Cleaning and Dye Works, which is run by Otto Birdsall, a smirking old widower, that uses hair oil and perfumery, and imagines every woman in town is mad about him.

"The mildest card I could find was covered with red and purple cauliflowers or something, and it said in silver print 'With Fondest Remembrance!' Think of that going through the Red Gap post office to be read by old Mis' Terwilliger, that some say will even open letters that look interesting to say nothing of its going to this fresh old Otto Birdsall, that tried to hold my hand once not so many years ago.

"You bet I made the written part strong enough not to give him or any other party a wrong notion of my sentiments toward him. At that, I guess Otto wouldn't make any mistake since the time I give him hell last summer for putting my evening gowns in his show window every time he'd clean one, just to show off his work. It looked so kind of indelicate seeing an empty dress hung up there that every soul in town knew belonged to me.

"What's that? Oh, I wrote on the card that if this stuff of mine don't come up on the next stage I'll be right down there, and when I'm through handling him he'll be able to say truthfully that he ain't got a gray hair in his head. I guess Otto will know my intentions are honest, in spite of that 'fondest remembrance.'

"Then, on top of that, I had a run-in with the Swede for selling his rotten whisky to them poor Injin boys that had a fight last night after they got tight on it. The Swede laughs and says nobody can prove he sold 'em a drop, and I says that's probably true. I says it's always hard to prove things. 'For instance,' I says, 'if they's another drop of liquor sold to an Injin during this haying time, and a couple or three nights after that your nasty dump here is set fire to in six places, and some cowardly assassin out in the brush picks you off with a rifle when you rush out—it will be mighty hard to prove that anybody did that too; and you not caring whether it's proved or not, for that matter.

"'In fact,' I says, 'I don't suppose anybody would take the trouble to prove it, even if it could be easy proved. You'd note a singular lack of public interest in it—if you was spared to us. I guess about as far as an investigation would ever get—the coroner's jury would say it was the work of Pete's brother-in-law; and you know what that would mean.' The Swede bristles up and says 'That sounds like fighting talk!' I says 'Your hearing is perfect.' I left him thinking hard."

"Pete's brother-in-law? That reminds me," I said. "Pete was telling me about him just—I mean during his lunch hour; but he had to go to work again just at the beginning of something that sounded good—about the time he was going to kill a bright lawyer. What was that?"

The glass was drained and Ma Pettengill eyed the inconsiderable remains of the ham with something like repugnance. She averted her face from it, lay back in the armchair she had chosen, and rolled a cigarette, while I brought a hassock for the jeweled slippers and the scarlet silken ankles, so ill-befitting one of her age. The cigarette was presently burning.

"I guess Pete's bother-in-law, as he calls him, won't come into these parts again. He had a kind of narrow squeak this last time. Pete done something pretty raw, even for this liberal-minded community. He got scared about it himself and left the country for a couple of months—looking for his brother-in-law, he said. He beat it up North and got in with a bunch of other Injins that was being took down to New York City to advertise a railroad, Pete looking like what folks think an Injin ought to look when he's dressed for the part. But he got homesick; and, anyway, he didn't like the job.

"This passenger agent that took 'em East put 'em up at one of the big hotels all right, but he subjects 'em to hardships they ain't used to. He wouldn't let 'em talk much English, except to say 'Ugh! Ugh!'—like Injins are supposed to—with a few remarks about the Great Spirit; and not only that, but he makes 'em wear blankets and paint their faces—an Injin without paint and blanket and some beadwork seeming to a general passenger agent like a state capitol without a dome. And on top of these outrages he puts it up with the press agent of this big hotel to have the poor things sleep up on the roof, right in the open air, so them jay New York newspapers would fall for it and print articles about these hardy sons of the forest, the last of a vanishing race, being stifled by walls—with the names of the railroad and the hotel coming out good and strong all through the piece.

"Three of the poor things got pneumonia, not being used to such exposure; and Pete himself took a bad cold, and got mad and quit the job. They find him a couple days later, in a check suit and white shoes and a golf cap, playing pool in a saloon over on Eighth Avenue, and ship him back as a disgrace to the Far West and a great common carrier. *(Continued on Page 61)*

THE DAWN OF A NEW PURE FOOD NAME

WILSON & CO.

SUCCESSOR TO SULZBERGER & SONS CO.

A personal statement by Thomas E. Wilson

THE American public has known Sulzberger & Sons for over half a century.

You know the quality of their meats and meat food products—you know the high standard maintained by **Majestic Hams and Bacon,** for example.

When the opportunity came to associate myself with Sulzberger & Sons Co. I saw a big, growing, successful institution, with large plants located in the right sections, with splendid possibilities to be made bigger and better and broader.

I knew the organization. I knew its men. I knew them to be men of big ideas—"live wires", eager and anxious for wider opportunities.

"S & S" built their business on their high quality standard. They were just as jealous of their good name as we are of that of Wilson & Co.

The advance in civilization creates new standards, no greater advances have been made than those in the preparation of foods and we, with our enlarged Company and increased capital, with our keen, live, enthusiastic force, will meet these demands and not only maintain the high standards of the old Company, but will put these standards even higher.

Already we see the results of the new organization. Increasing sales, heavier demands for **"Majestic"** products, tell the story.

We are going to co-operate with the stock-raiser; we are going to encourage stock raising in every agricultural district. We want the supply of live stock increased. With our wide facilities we should be able to bring about conditions which will lower the price of meats to you.

We believe that all meats and meat food products you are asked to buy should be handled with ***respect***. That is why, in addition to the safeguard of United States government inspection, we insist upon rigid cleanliness and sanitary conditions in every one of our plants.

We want you to know and to believe that the name "Wilson & Co." is actually a pure food name. It is a guarantee of purity, cleanliness and quality.

So here is the splendid old "S & S" institution—after more than half a century of successful growth—built into a bigger, better and broader organization.

Thos. E. Wilson
PRESIDENT.

WILSON & CO.

CHICAGO NEW YORK KANSAS CITY OKLAHOMA CITY LOS ANGELES

Distributing Branches in all Leading Cities of United States and Foreign Countries

NOTE—For a short time we will continue to use the "S & S" label—it means all that it always meant, with the added strength of the new organization of Wilson & Co.

SS

"Just say Wilson's—it's the pure food name"

If the tires on your car have had TIREOID pumped into each tire, you can simply forget about any escape of air—any need to repair the inner tube.

Tireoid will seal the puncture the instant it occurs. It will heal the whole puncture the minute you pull out the nail, tack, splinter or whatever has caused the puncture—and prevent the escape of air. It will seal and heal all the punctures your tires may receive for at least six months to come. Tireoid adds to the life of both inner tube and casing for these reasons:

1. Being a mineral compound it does not affect the substance or the properties of the rubber or fabric in the tubes or casings.
2. Being semi-liquid it prevents the excessive heat which is the greatest enemy of tires.
3. It prevents loss of air by slow leaks as well as punctures and keeps up the normal air pressure. This prevents internal friction and consequent blowouts.

Adds to the Life of Both Casing and Inner Tube

TIREOID
"IT SEALS PUNCTURES"

A Puncture Sealer—Not a Tire Filler

These Are the Directors of The Tireoid Company

HERE is the Board of Directors of The Tireoid Company. These men are nationally known in the financial and automobile worlds. Their names alone are sufficient assurance of the merit of the claims made for Tireoid. It had to prove itself to *their* satisfaction—as it does to yours.

A. WATSON ARMOUR, Vice President of Armour & Co. . . . . Chicago
MARTIN J. INSULL, President of the Middle West Utilities Co. . . . . Chicago
NELSON N. LAMPERT, Vice-President of Fort Dearborn National Bank . Chicago
JAMES LEVY President of Chalmers Motor Co. of Illinois . Chicago
LAFAYETTE MARKLE President of the L. Markle Co., Distributors for Studebaker Cars Chicago
H. H. MERRICK Gen'l Manager of Credits of Armour & Co. Chicago
H. E. OTTE Vice President of the National City Bank Chicago
W. T. PERKINS Assistant Cashier of the National City Bank Chicago
C. W. PRICE President of Overland Motor Co. of Illinois Chicago
F. F. PRICE Vice President of Anderson Electric Car Co. . . Detroit
W. L. ROHRER, President of The Tireoid Company . . . . . Chicago
MAJ. ROBERT E. WOOD General Asphalt Co. . . . . Philadelphia

Try Tireoid In Your Tires at Our Risk

Remember, if Tireoid fails to seal and heal any puncture within six months, we return to you every penny you paid for Tireoid. Your dealer can supply you a full Tireoid treatment for all four tires. (Sold only in quantities sufficient to treat all four inner tubes.) It will cost you merely $10 to $16—dependent on size of tires. You can apply the Tireoid yourself in a few minutes. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

Dealers Everywhere Are Tying Up to Tireoid

L. Markle, distributor of Studebaker cars, Chicago; C. W. Price, Pres. Overland Motor Co., Chicago, would not be risking their reputation and their money as Directors of and Stockholders in Tireoid unless they knew absolutely that Tireoid would positively do all that is claimed for it. Dealers realize that the big advertising campaign now being waged by Tireoid is stirring up a tremendous demand for Tireoid that dealers will find it profitable to supply. Dealers not yet carrying Tireoid should delay no longer.

If You are an Auto Owner, use this Coupon

The Tireoid Co.
1215 Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Send in Your Coupon Today

The Tireoid Company, 1215 Michigan Ave., Chicago

(Continued from Page 58)

"He got in here one night, me being his best friend, and we talked it over. I advised him to go down and give himself up and have it over; and he agreed, and went down to Red Gap the next day in his new clothes and knocked at the jail door. He made a long talk about how his brother-in-law was the man that really done it, and he's been searching for him clear over to the rising sun, but can't find him; so he's come to give himself up, even if they ain't got the least grounds to suspect him—and can he have his trial for murder over that afternoon, so he can come back up here the next day and go to work?

"They locked him up and Judge Ballard appointed J. Waldo Snyder to defend him. He was a new young lawyer from the East that had just come to Red Gap, highly ambitious and full of devices for showing that parties couldn't have been in their right mind when they committed the deed—see the State against Jamstucker, New York Reports Number 23, pages 19 to 78 inclusive.

"Oh, he told me all about it up in his office one day—how he was going to get Pete off. Ain't lawyers the goods, though! And doctors? This J. W. Snyder had a doctor ready to swear that Pete was nutty when he fired the shot, even if not before nor after. When I was a kid at school, back in Fredonia, New York State, we used to have debates about which does the most harm—fire or water. Nowadays I bet they'd have: Which does the most harm—doctors or lawyers? Well, anyway, there Pete was in jail——"

"Please tell in your own simple words just how this trouble began," I broke in. "What did Pete fire the shot for, and who stopped it? Now then!"

"What! Don't you know about that? Well, well! So you never heard about Pete sending this medicine man over the one-way trail? I'll have to tell you, then. It was three years ago. Pete was camped about nine miles the other side of Kulanche, on the Corporation Ranch, and his little year-old boy was took badly sick. I never did know with what. Diphtheria, I guess. And I got to tell you Pete is crazy about babies. Always has been. Thirty years ago, when my own baby hadn't been but a few weeks born, Lysander John had to be in Red Gap with a smashed leg and arm, and I was here alone with Pete for two months of one winter. Say, he was better than any trained nurse with both of us, even if my papoose was only a girl one! Folks used to wonder afterward if I hadn't been afraid with just Pete round. Good lands! If they'd ever seen him cuddle that mite and sing songs to it in Injin about the rain and the grass! Anyway, I got to know Pete so well that winter I never blamed him much for what come off.

"Well, this yearling of his got bad and Pete was in two minds. He believed in white doctors with his good sense, but he believed in Injin doctors with his superstition, which was older. So he tried to have one of each. There was an old rogue of a medicine man round here then from the reservation up north. He'd been doing a little work at haying on the Corporation, but he was getting his main graft selling the Injins charms and making spells over their sick; a crafty old crook playing on their ignorance—understand? And Pete, having got the white doctor from Kulanche, thought he'd cinch matters by getting the medicine man too. At that, I guess one would of been about as useful as the other, the Kulanche doctor knowing more about anthrax and blackleg than he did about sick Injin babies.

"The medicine man sees right off how scared Pete is for his kid and thinks here's a chance to make some big money. He looks at the little patient and says yes, he can cure him, sure; but it'll be a hard job and he can't undertake it unless Pete comes through with forty dollars and his span of mules. But Pete ain't got forty dollars or forty cents, and the Kulanche doctor has got to the mules already, having a lien on 'em for twenty-five.

"Pete hurried over and put the proposition up to me. He says his little chief is badly sick and he's got a fine white doctor, but will I stake him to enough to get this fine Injin doctor?—thus making a cure certain. Well, I tore into the old fool for wanting to let this depraved old medicine man tamper with his baby, and I warned him the Kulanche doctor probably wasn't much better. Then I tell him he's to send down for the best doctor in Red Gap at my expense and keep him with the child till it's well. I tell him he can have the whole ranch if it would cure his child, but not one cent for the Injin.

"Well, the poor old boy is about half convinced I'm right, but he's been an Injin too long to believe it all through. He went off and sent for the Red Gap doctor, but he can't resist making another try for the Injin one, and that old scoundrel holds out for his price. Pete wants him to wait for his pay till haying is over; but he won't, because he thinks Pete can get the money from me now if he really has to have it. Pete must of been crazy for fair about that time.

"'All right,' says he; 'you can cure my little chief?'

"The crook says he can if the money is in his hand.

"'All right,' says Pete again; 'but if my little chief dies something bad is going to happen to you.'

"That's about all they ever found out concerning this threat of Pete's, though another Injin who heard it said that Pete said his brother-in-law would make the trouble—not Pete himself. Which was likely true enough.

"Pete's little chief died the night the Red Gap doctor got up here. Ten minutes later this medicine man had hitched up his team, loaded his plunder into a wagon, and was pouring leather into his horses to get back home quick. He knew Pete never talks just to hear himself talk. They found him about thirty miles on his way—slumped down in the wagon bed, his team hitched by the roadside. There had been just one careful shot. As he hadn't been robbed—he had over a hundred dollars in gold on him—it pointed a mite too strong at Pete after his threat.

"A deputy sheriff come up. Pete said his brother-in-law had been hanging round lately and had talked very dangerous about the medicine man. He said the brother-in-law had probably done the job. But Pete had pulled this too often before when in difficulties. The deputy said he'd better come along down to Red Gap and tell the district attorney about it. Pete said all right and crawled into his tepee for his coat and hat—and crawled right on out the back and into the brush while the deputy rolled a cigarette.

"That was when he joined this bunch of noble red men to advertise the vanishing romance of the Great West—being helped out of the country, I shouldn't wonder, by some lawless old hound that had feelings for him and showed it when he come along in the night to the ranch where he'd nursed her and her baby. They looked for him a little while, then dropped it; in fact, everybody was kind of glad he'd got off and kind of satisfied that he'd put this bad Injin, with his skullduggery, over the big jump.

"Then he got homesick, like I told you, and showed up here at the door; and I saw it was better for him to give himself up and get out of it by fair and legal means. Now! You got it straight that far?"

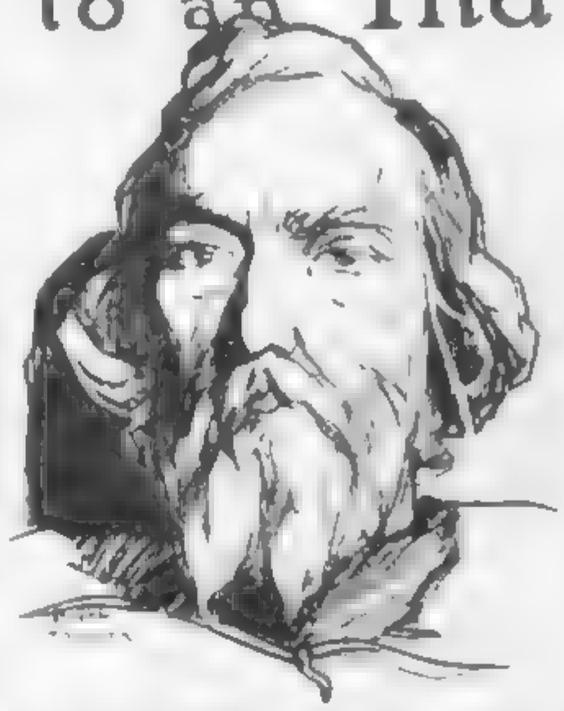
I nodded.

"So Pete took my advice, and a couple days later I hurried down to Red Gap and had a talk with Judge Ballard and the district attorney. The judge said it had been embarrassing to justice to have my old Injin walk in on 'em, because everyone knew he was guilty. Why couldn't he of stayed up here where the keen-eyed officers of the law could of pretended not to know he was? And the old fool was only making things worse with his everlasting chatter about his brother-in-law, everyone knowing there wasn't such a person in existence—old Pete having had dozens of every kind of relation in the world but a brother-in-law. But they're going to have this bright young lawyer defend him, and they have hopes.

"Then I talked some. I said it was true that everybody knew Pete bumped off this old crook that had it coming to him, but they could never prove it, because Pete had come to my place and set up with me all night, when I had lumbago or something, the very night this crime was done thirty-odd miles distant by some person or persons unknown—except it could be known they had good taste about who needed killing.

"At this Judge Ballard jumps up and calls me an old liar and shook hands warmly with me; and Cale Jordan, that was district attorney then, says if Mrs. Pettengill will give him her word of honor to go on the witness stand and perjure herself to this effect then he don't see no use of even putting Kulanche County, state of Washington, to the expense of a trial, the said county

Pere Marquette Gave half his hone to an Indian Chief



FATHER Marquette once won the lasting friendship of a powerful Indian Chief by an odd service.

The habit of the Indians was to remove the few hairs of their beards by stoically pulling them out. This Chief had been given a razor by a white trader. He prized it highly but it had grown dull by use.

Marquette gave him half of his own hone and taught him how to use it.

To appreciate a good shaving edge, just travel for a time without one. Twenty miles from a razor is an awkward place for a man with a two days' growth of beard.

Nowadays, a man packs his Gillette in his traveling bag or carries it in his pocket. The sign, "This shop closed on Sundays," has no terrors for him.

The Gillette is almost as universal as the comb and brush. When you spend a week-end at a modern house you find a Gillette on your dressing table as part of your bathroom fittings.

The Gillette shave is velvet-smooth, no matter how wiry the beard or tender the skin. A keen, fresh blade is always ready. Prices $5 to $50. Blades 50c. and $1 the packet. Dealers everywhere.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON

It was the athlete who started the custom of *shaving under the arm*—a measure of cleanliness and comfort that is becoming as general as the shower among men everywhere who follow the outdoor sports or any form of vigorous exercise.

?

WILSON OR HUGHES?

TO ANY BOY not now selling our publications, who tells us who he thinks will be elected President, we will upon request send five copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* that he can sell for five cents each—twenty-five cents clear profit.

We will also tell him how he can go to Washington for the Inauguration next March with his father or mother, travel in a Pullman car, eat in the diner, see the President, watch the monster Parade from a grand stand seat, go through the Government Buildings, and see them make money at the Mint—*all at our expense*. To learn how, don't wait; write us today.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Box 519, Sales Division, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Unseen Giant of the Brakes
Look for the Red Label on Every Foot of Testbestos
TESTBESTOS
Automobile Brake Lining
AMERICAN ASBESTOS COMPANY
NORRISTOWN PA. U.S.A.

"Criminal Negligence"

Skidded, fatally injuring a child, because he neglected to use Tire Chains

The conscience-stricken motorist knows only too well that he is directly responsible for the loss of the child's life. Failure to put on Tire Chains before driving over wet and greasy pavements was the actual and immediate cause of the accident and as such constituted "criminal negligence" on his part.

How strange it is that some men are never guided by the experiences of others. They wait until the skidding of their own bare rubber tires results in death, injury or car-damage before they believe it necessary to equip all four tires with

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

The Only Dependable Safeguard Against Skidding

The *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, Pa., said editorially that the simple adjuration to "Use Tire Chains on Wet and Slippery Pavements" deserved to find its way into a law, and that that law should by all means be enforced

Weed Chains do not injure tires, because they constantly "creep" around so the cross chains do not come in contact with the tires at the same place at any two revolutions.

Stop at your dealer's for two pairs of Weed Chains and always put them on before driving over wet pavements and roads.

Sold for ALL Tires by Dealers Everywhere

American Chain Co. Inc.

Sole manufacturers of Weed Chains

Bridgeport Connecticut

In Canada—Dominion Chain Co. Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario

Is Your Spare Time Worth $20.00 a Week?

We want to engage a large number of representatives to handle the great number of renewals for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* which "fall due" between now and the end of the year. Never before have we faced such a volume of business. We need men and women—of good address and personality—to act for us in their own towns. We will pay liberally for their spare time.

In YOUR town, among the persons YOU can reach, are doubtless hundreds of our readers whose subscriptions are about to expire. Most of them will renew their subscriptions. They will do so through you if you interview them.

For each such renewal, for each new subscription you obtain for us, we will pay you a liberal profit. Your earnings may far exceed the modest estimate suggested in the title of this advertisement.

During the remaining months of 1916 an enormous sum of money will be paid to our field workers. To secure your share of this amount you should enlist at once as our representative. Just as soon as we receive your letter we will give you full directions. Address

Agency Division, Box 517

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

already being deep in the hole for its new courthouse—but for mercy's sake to stop the old idiot babbling about his brother-in-law, that everyone knows he never had one, because such a joke is too great an affront to the dignity of the law in such cases made and provided—to wit: tell the old fool to say nothing except No, he never done it. And he shakes hands with me, too, and says he'll have an important talk with Myron Bughalter, the sheriff.

"I says that's the best way out of it, being myself a heavy taxpayer; and I go see this Snyder lawyer, and then over to the jail and get into Pete's cell, where he's having a high old time with a sack of peppermint candy and a copy of the Scientific American. I tell him to cut out the brother-in-law stuff and just say 'No' to any question whatever. He said he would, and I went off home to rest up after my hard ride.

"Judge Ballard calls that night and says everything is fixed. No use putting the county to the expense of a trial when Pete has such a classy perjured alibi as I would give him. Myron Bughalter is to go out of the jail in a careless manner at nine-thirty that night, leaving all cells unlocked and the door wide open so Pete can make his escape without doing any damage to the new building. It seems the only other prisoner is old Sing Wah, that they're willing to save money on too. He'd got full of perfumed pork and raw gin a few nights before, announced himself as a prize hatchet man, and started a tong war in the laundry of one of his cousins. But Sing was sober now and would stay so until the next New Year's; so they was going to let him walk out with Pete. The judge said Pete would probably be at the Arrowhead by sunup, and if he'd behave himself from now on the law would let bygones be bygones. I thanked the judge and went to bed feeling easy about old Pete.

"But at seven the next morning I'm waked up by the telephone—wanted down to the jail in a hurry. I go there soon as I can get a drink of hot coffee and find that poor Myron Bughalter is having his troubles. He'd got there at seven, thinking, of course, to find both his prisoners gone; and here in the corridor is Pete setting on the chest of Sing Wah, where he'd been all night, I guess! He tells Myron he's a fool sheriff to leave his door wide open that way, because this bad Chinaman tried to walk out as soon as he'd gone, and would of done so if Pete hadn't jumped him.

"It leaves Myron plenty embarrassed, but he finally says to Pete he can go free, anyway, now, for being such an honest jailbird; and old Sing Wah can go, too, having been punished enough by Pete's handling. Sing Wah slides out quickly enough at this, promising to send Myron a dozen silk handkerchiefs and a pound of tea. But not Pete. No, sir! He tells Myron he's give himself up to be tried, and he wants that trial and won't budge till he gets it.

"Then Myron telephoned for the judge and the district attorney, and for me. We get there and tell Pete to beat it quick. But the old mule isn't going to move one step without that trial. He's fled back to his cell and stands there as dignified as if he was going to lay a corner stone. He's a grave rebuke to the whole situation, as you might say. Then the judge and Cale go through some kind of a hocus-pocus talk, winding up with both of them saying 'Not guilty!' in a loud voice; and Myron says to Pete: 'There! You had your trial; now get out of my jail this minute.'

"But canny old Pete is still balking. He says you can't have a trial except in the courthouse, which is upstairs, and they're trying to cheat a poor old Injin. He's talking loud by this time, and Judge Ballard says, all right, they must humor the poor child of Nature. So Myron takes Pete by the wrist in a firm manner—though Pete's insisting he ought to have the silver handcuffs on him—and marches him out the jail door, round to the front marble steps of the new courthouse, up the steps, down the marble hall and into the courtroom, with the judge and Cale Jordan and me marching behind.

"We ain't the whole procession, either. Out in front of the jail was about fifteen of Pete's friends and relatives, male and female, that had been hanging round for two days waiting to attend his coming-out party. Mebbe that's why Pete had been so strong for the real courthouse, wanting to give these friends something swell for their trouble. Anyway, these Injins fall in behind us when we come out and march up into the courtroom, where they set down in great ecstasy. Every last one of 'em has a sack of peppermint candy and a bag of popcorn or peanuts, and they all begin to eat busily. The steam heat had been turned on and that hall of justice in three minutes smelt like a cheap orphan asylum on Christmas morning.

"Then, before they can put up another bluff at giving Pete his trial, with Judge Ballard setting up in his chair with his specs on and looking fierce, who rushes in but this J. Waldo person that is Pete's lawyer. He's seen the procession from across the street and fears some low-down trick is being played on his defenseless client.

"He comes storming down the aisle exclaiming: 'Your Honor, I protest against this grossly irregular proceeding!' The judge pounds on his desk with his little croquet mallet and Myron Bughalter tells Snyder, out of the corner of his mouth, to shut up. But he won't shut up for some minutes. This is the first case he'd had and he's probably looked forward to a grand speech to the jury that would make 'em all blubber and acquit Pete without leaving the box, on the grounds of emotional or erratic insanity—or whatever it is that murderers get let off on when their folks are well fixed. He sputters quite a lot about this monstrous travesty on justice before they can drill the real facts into his head; and even then he keeps coming back to Pete's being crazy.

"Then Pete, who hears this view of his case for the first time, he begins to glare at his lawyer in a very nasty way and starts to interrupt; so the judge has to knock wood some more to get 'em all quiet. When they do get still—with Pete looking blacker than ever at his lawyer—Cale Jordan says: 'Pete, did you do this killing?' Pete started to say mebbe his brother-in-law did, but caught himself in time and said 'No!' at the same time starting for J. Waldo, that had called him crazy. Myron Bughalter shoves him back in his chair, and Cale Jordan says: 'Your Honor, you have heard the evidence, which is conclusive. I now ask that the prisoner at the bar be released.' Judge Ballard frowns at Pete very stern and says: 'The motion is granted. Turn him loose, quick, and get the rest of that smelly bunch out of here and give the place a good airing. I have to hold court here at ten o'clock.'

"Pete was kind of convinced now that he'd had a sure-enough trial, and his friends had seen the marble walls and red carpet and varnished furniture, and everything; so he consented to be set free—not in any rush, but like he was willing to do 'em a favor.

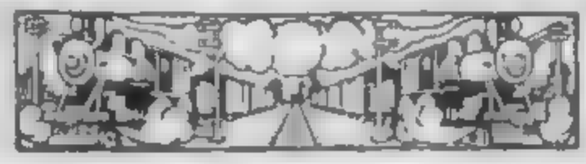
"And all the time he's keeping a bad little eye on J. Waldo. The minute he gets down from the stand he makes for him and says what does he mean by saying he was crazy when he done this killing? J. Waldo tries to explain that this was his only defense and was going on to tell what an elegant defense it was; but Pete gets madder and madder. I guess he'd been called everything in the world before, but never crazy; that's the very worst thing you can tell an Injin.

"They work out toward the front door; and then I hear Pete say: 'You know what? You said I'm crazy. My bother-in-law's going to make something happen to you in the night.' Pete was seeing red by that time. The judge tells Myron to hurry and get the room cleared and open some windows. Myron didn't have to clear it of J. W. Snyder. That bright young lawyer dashed out and was fifty feet ahead of the bunch when they got to the front door—still going strong.

"So Pete was a free man once more, without a stain on his character except to them that knew him well. But the old fool had lost me a tenant. Yes, sir; this J. W. Snyder young man, with the sign hardly dry on the glass door of his office in the Pettengill Block, had a nervous temperament to start with, and on top of that he'd gone fully into Pete's life history and found out that parties his brother-in-law was displeased with didn't thrive long. He packed up his law library that afternoon and left for another town that night.

"Yes; Pete's a wonder!

"Watch him slaving away out there. And he must of been working hard all day, even with me not here to keep tabs on him. Just look at the size of that pile of wood he's done up, when he might easy of been loafing on the job!"



Your Neighbor's Car

Suppose He Buys a Hudson Super-Six

ONE thing we can't forget in buying cars. That is pride of ownership. The car is a pleasure vehicle. And it spoils the fun to be hopelessly outrivaled in about the same-class car.

The Hudson Super-Six has proved itself supreme.

With this patented motor—certified a stock motor—it has done what no other stock car ever did.

It has made faster speed. It has done better hill-climbing. It has shown quicker pick-up. It has gone 1819 miles in 24 hours, breaking the best former stock-car record by 52 per cent.

It has beaten race cars by the dozen—cars of a very costly type. It has shown much more power than this size motor ever before developed. It has proved matchless endurance.

Suppose your neighbor gets this car. And you, while paying as much or more, get something less efficient. How will you feel when the two cars meet?

What These Things Signify

You do not care for reckless speed. Such power is rarely needed. But the Super-Six has the capacity. You know it to be the master of the road. It will do what you want without taxing half its ability. And that means economy.

It will cover more ground than lesser cars, without going any faster. This because of its quick get-away when you slow down or stop.

Its greatest supremacy—that of endurance—means years of extra service. How would you feel to have a like-class car excel yours in these respects?

Means 80% More Efficiency

The Super-Six motor—a Hudson invention—adds 80% to motor efficiency. That is, from a small, light motor it gets 76 horsepower. The same size of motor heretofore yielded us 42 h. p.

This result comes through ending vibration, the cause of motor friction. It gives such smoothness as you never knew before. And it means a long-lived motor.

It comes in a car, evolved under Howard E. Coffin, which has long stood for the acme in fine engineering. And it comes in the handsomest, best-equipped model that Hudson has ever designed.

If your neighbor gets it, and you don't, it may mean to you years of regret. In looks and performance, in prestige and endurance, he will have the advantage of you.

Your Hudson dealer can prove these things beyond any possible question. And you should know them before you buy any high-grade car.

Any Super-Six owner—there are now more than 10,000—can tell you what it means to own one.

Some Hudson Records

All made under A. A. A. supervision, by a certified stock car or stock chassis, and excelling all former stock cars in these tests.

100 miles in 80 min., 21.4 sec., averaging 74.67 miles per hour for a 7-passenger touring car with driver and passenger.

75.69 miles in one hour with driver and passenger in a 7-passenger touring car.

Standing start to 50 miles an hour in 16.2 sec.

One mile at the rate of 102.53 miles per hour.

1819 miles in 24 hours at average speed of 75.8 miles per hour.

7-Passenger Phaeton, $1475 at Detroit—*Seven Other Styles of Open and Closed Bodies*

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

MICHELIN

How to Reduce One Item of Motoring-Expense:

The "high-cost-of-motoring" makes it important to consider every means of reducing motoring-expense. You can save money on one item by using

MICHELIN Red Inner Tubes

which cost but little more than the "cheapest" makes and much less than the average, yet wear far better and longer.

To buy cheap tubes is false economy; it may mean a saving of a few cents in initial expense, but should one of these tubes burst prematurely and ruin a casing the loss amounts to dollars. To buy higher-priced tubes is likewise not advisable, for Michelin Tubes despite their moderate cost are unsurpassed in durability at any price.

Real economy is obtained by using Michelin Tubes, which last longest because:

1st: They are compounded of certain quality-giving ingredients which *preserve their velvety softness indefinitely* and prevent them from becoming brittle or porous.

2nd: Michelin Tubes, instead of being pieces of straight tubing with their ends cemented, *are formed on a ring mandrel,* exactly to the circular shape of the inside of the casing. Consequently they fit perfectly and when in service are neither stretched on their outer side nor compressed into wrinkles next to the rim. Thus *tube-destroying creases are avoided,* and pinching due to careless fitting is practically eliminated.

3rd: Michelin Tubes are made to the full size of the inside of the casing so that when in service they are not weakened by being stretched. This and their extra-heavy construction gives Michelin Tubes *greater strength and durability.*

Be sure you get this blue and orange box with seal unbroken

Give Michelin Tubes a trial—that is all we ask.

MICHELIN TIRE CO. MILLTOWN, N. J.

Canadian Headquarters: 782 St. Catherine Street W., Montreal.

Blocking Motoring Troubles with —

Firestone ACCESSORIES

IN any great system of travel service, the first duty is to safeguard public welfare and insure comfort. It is so with Firestone builders. From the first step in the making of Tires to the smallest detail of Accessories, the Firestone System blocks trouble and makes good going.

Firestone Accessories are strong in service, sure in results, and in every detail measure up to the Firestone standard of Most Miles per Dollar.

The Firestone Cementless Tube Patch is a good example of how much quality counts in little things. They are easiest to apply and they "stay put." Note the tab on protecting muslin for quick, convenient removal.

The Firestone Accessory Line includes: Hook-On Boots for Clincher or Straight Side Tires, Lace-On Boots, Blow-Out Patches, Pure Gum and Red Wrapped Tube Patches, Cure-Cut, Cement, Air Pressure Gauges, Tire Tape, Tire Mica, etc., all of that quality which has made the name "Firestone" mean confidence.

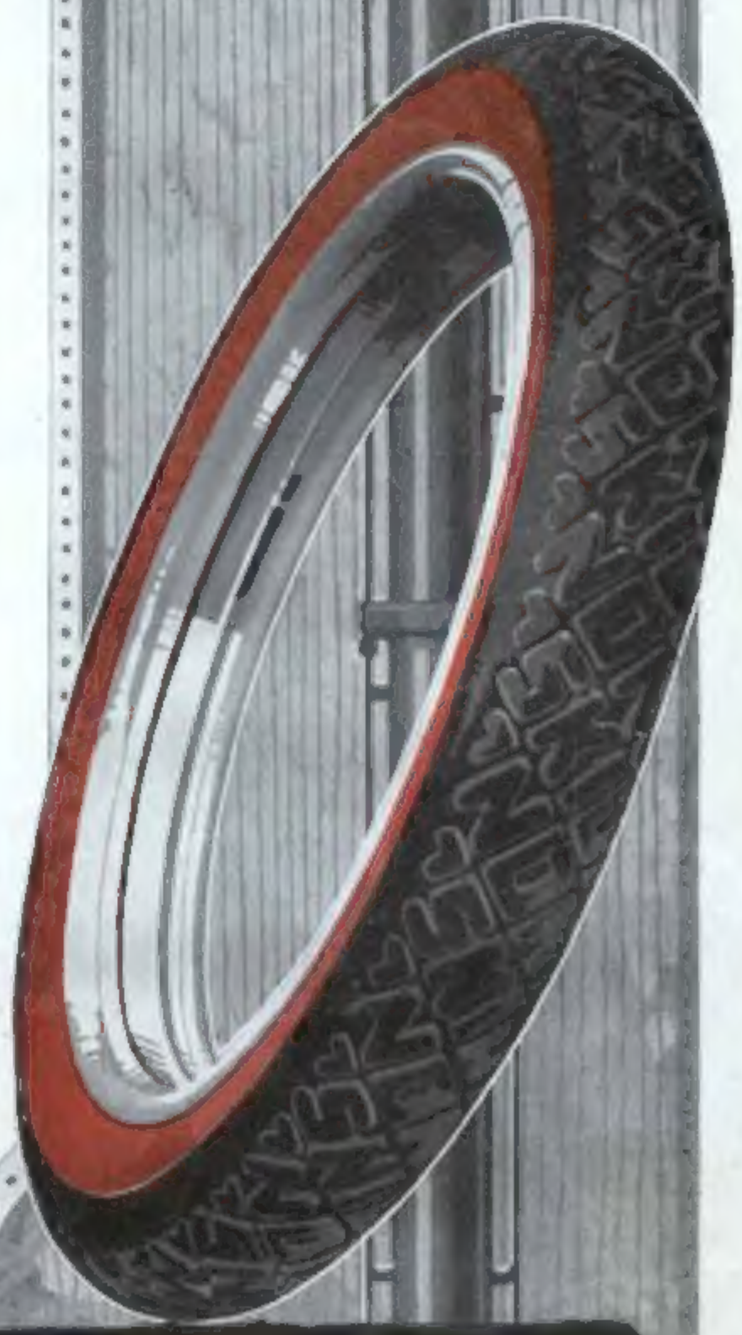
FIRESTONE CEMENTLESS TUBE PATCH FREE

To prove the success of Firestone Patches, we will send you one free. Ask also for Book No. 91, "Mileage Talks."

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

AKRON, OHIO—Branches and Dealers Everywhere



Firestone Hook-On Boot
For Clincher or Straight Side Tires. Easy to apply and sure to hold.

Firestone "Cure-Cut"
A soft, strong rubber gum for filling in tread cuts and snags.

Firestone Inside Blow-Out Patch
Strong and reliable—holds tire securely after cut or blowout.

Your Hands

and only yours—need ever touch the fruit inside Nature's germ-proof package.

In Summer, California sends you Sunkist Valencia Oranges, with all their delicious, wholesome purity *sealed in* by Mother Nature.

Remember this, especially in summertime, when *foods not sealed may not be pure.*

In Sunkist Oranges you get a *fresh fruit the year 'round*—grown in a perfect package in which it is left on the tree until ripe.

A sweet, tempting, luscious, *cooling* fruit which yields a rich and highly beneficial *juice* and lends itself ideally to incomparable summer salads and desserts.

Sunkist

California's *Selected* Oranges

Little folks *particularly* should have good oranges every day all summer. Sunkist cost no more than ordinary fruits—prices vary according to the size of the fruit—but the *eating quality is uniform.* Dealers everywhere sell Sunkist oranges and lemons.

Eat and drink a lot of Sunkist oranges. Good for you.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE

Co-operative—Non-profit

Dept. B. 67, Los Angeles, California